

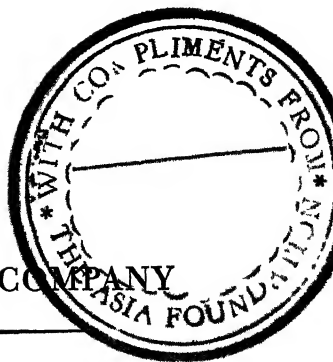
MODERN MINDS

an anthology of ideas

compiled by

Howard Mumford Jones

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Preface

THE PURPOSE of this collection is to present a group of timely, provocative, and well-written essays and short stories which will provide the student primarily with controversial ideas to write about and incidentally with varied models to write from. The choice of each selection represents a careful winnowing of many possible pieces, with the aim of providing material acceptable to teachers and students of many tastes. Such established names as those of Matthew Arnold and Thomas Henry Huxley, Robert Louis Stevenson and Lincoln Steffens, are here because teaching experience shows that they succeed in the classroom. Such relative newcomers to anthologies as C. S. Lewis, Ellis Arnall, John Hersey, and Arnold Toynbee appear because theirs are active, eloquent voices, discussing subjects which are of present importance. All the selections, regardless of when they were written, are the expressions of vigorous and modern minds.

Not only in author and subject matter but in variety of style and treatment the editors have sought to appeal to a wide range of tastes. This is especially true in the two sections of short stories and sketches, which are roughly grouped according to theme, light or serious. But here again choice has been largely governed by an insistence on stimulating, provocative ideas; stylistic excellence, however important, being secondary.

The loose organization and the avoidance of any confining type or thematic arrangement of this volume are intentional. The selections are grouped under six headings, four dealing with cultural, ethical, and political questions and two containing short stories and sketches picked for pleasure as well as for instruction. But the instructor may disregard grouping entirely and range at will throughout the volume.

Similarly, the study helps and editorial commentary have been held to a minimum. A short biographical sketch of the author precedes each selection, for the inquiring student wants to know whom as well as what he is reading. The twofold arrangement of helps following each selection is designed to test the student's knowledge of what he has read and to stimulate such independent, controversial thinking on the subject as will suggest pertinent topics for his own writing. These helps do not seek to slant issues or channel thought; their object is to deepen understanding and provoke discussion, oral and written. Teachers who wish no such crutches (and crutches can impede as well as support) may ignore this editorial material.

In the choice of these selections the editors have been guided not only by their own tastes and teaching experience but also by the suggestions of friends and colleagues who represent all types of colleges — private and state, large and small — in all sections of the United States. The editors wish

to express their particular thanks to the staffs of English A at Harvard and English 1-2 at the University of Virginia, to the college editors of D. C. Heath and Company, and to the following individuals. George Pace and Peters Rushton of the University of Virginia, Arthur R. Borden, Jr., Walter Rideout, and Richard Ulin of Harvard University, Marvin Felheim of the University of Michigan, William McBurney of the College of William and Mary, Ellen Gilliam of the University of Virginia Library, Bessie Jones, and Phoebe Donald.

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The Problems of Education

WE ARE INDICTED FOR IMMATURITY

Bernard Iddings Bell

Educator, pastor, and author, Bernard Iddings Bell (1886–) is a graduate of the University of Chicago and the Western Theological Seminary. Formerly professor of education at Columbia, he is now consultant on education to the Episcopal Bishop of Chicago and honorary canon of the Cathedral of SS Peter and Paul. Ours, he says, is “the century of the perpetually adolescent Common Man, incompetent either to rule or to be ruled, . . . not a man so much as a boy who has outgrown his britches.” Canon Bell here insists that we must revise our teaching methods if we are to recover from juvenility.

IS THE UNITED STATES a nation composed chiefly of people who have not grown up, who think and act with the impulsiveness of adolescents? Many shrewd observers of the American scene, both abroad and here at home, are saying that this is indeed the case. They intentionally disturb our patriotic complacency. They bid us view with alarm cultural immaturity revealed by current trends in journalism, by the radio, by the motion picture, by magazines and best-selling books, by mass response to emotionalized propaganda — political and otherwise, by a patent decay of good manners, by the spread of divorce and by other manifestations of parental irresponsibility, by all the various aspects of behavior which indicate to a student of human affairs the health or sickness of a civilization.

If the charge be true — and it is hard convincingly to deny its validity — how did we get this way; and what can the nation do, what can individuals help it to do, to insure our recovery from this dangerous juvenility? Not much can be expected from the present generation. Can we mature the next generation? Not unless those who have charge of the character-molding agencies — the home, the church, the school — rediscover that in a society like ours, democratic education must be not only democratic but also education.

Henry Wallace has truly said that “this is the Century of the Common Man.” The dictum is not, however, in the opinion of a good many objec-

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tive and dispassionate observers of this cultural picture, as inevitable in implication of good as Mr. Wallace and some others seem to suppose. It does not follow because the Common Man has suddenly been lifted into control that he is thereby automatically made competent properly to exert control.

Until lately the Common Man has been the servant of the Gentleman. It is, alas, true that the Gentleman has often exploited the Common Man whom he was called upon to take care of. But it has also been true that the Gentleman has been prepared for leadership by undergoing an educational discipline in those matters prerequisite to human welfare.

The thing that has marked off the Gentleman from the Common Man has not been that the former has been wealthy and the latter poor in respect to worldly goods, but rather the fact that the Gentleman has had, and the Common Man has lacked, what is commonly called "a liberal education," an education which fitted him to discriminate values and to direct his life toward reasoned and reasonable ends. Sometimes this liberal education was handed out on a silver platter, as in the case of Mr. Jefferson and the Adams family, and sometimes it was gained against heroic odds as in the case of Mr. Lincoln.

The Gentleman has not governed perfectly — he has been human — but on the whole he has exercised control with a considerable knowledge of what was involved, for him and for the commonalty, in being human. He has known this because he has learned it from the long experiment of the race. Meanwhile, the Common Man, chiefly because of sheer economic necessity, has received little more than "servile training," i. e., training in technology.

Thanks to the power machine and its enriching consequences, the servant has become almost overnight not equal in social authority to his former master but by sheer weight of numbers his superior. When the Common Man was thus suddenly emancipated, what he needed, if he was to meet his new responsibilities, was such education as would enable him to understand what hitherto only the controlling few had been encouraged to try to understand, namely, the nobler and wiser aims of the race, those visions of human greatness and possible human significance which dictate the ethical foundations of a sound society. To have given the Common Man facility in such matters would have been truly "democratic education." It would have lifted the Common Man into the stature of the Free Man, the Citizen Man, the Liberal Man; it would have resulted in an intellectual and spiritual emancipation comparable to his economic emancipation.

Instead of this, those who are supposedly the custodians of racial wisdom, those who handle education, have said in effect to the newly powerful Common Man: "You are now equal to Liberal Man, not only in authority but in understanding. You have next to nothing new to learn. What you are is enough. All that you need is that we shall make you more productive

technicians, more efficient artisans As far as we can we shall see to it that all the gentlemen's sons, too, are forced to become your fellow-artisans All are to become slaves to process, slaves to method, slaves to things. The specially trained shall govern you no more You shall govern yourselves and all other men, having never learned the wisdom necessary for government "

This ridiculous thing, this unjust and monstrous thing, is what we have done to the Common Man Ours is the century of the uneducated Common Man, of the perpetually adolescent Common Man, of the Common Man unskilled in the art of living Untaught in the wisdom of the race, he is incompetent either to rule or to be ruled. He is blatantly vulgar, ill-mannered, boorish, unsure of himself, hungry for happiness, not a man so much as a boy who has outgrown his britches For this he is not to blame. The blame rests on our schoolmasters.

Ortega y Gasset once called the Common Man as we today have him "the Vertical Intruder," the barbarian who has invaded civilization from the basement and proceeds to play havoc with the salon If only when he broke through we had said, "Welcome! Now you are here, we shall teach you not merely to own the place but also how to get the most out of living in it " Instead of that, we turned the place over to him without introducing him to the amenities of the drawing room and encouraged the poor devil to muck around in it without having learned how to enjoy it

Society has thus played the Common Man a low trick, for which those who control education are chiefly chargeable Our schoolmen have obediently vulgarized their institutions by way of pseudo-democratic subterfuge. They have been too blind or too venal to insist that they love the Common Man enough not to deprive him of his newly won birthright, not to buy it in from him with a mess of servile pottage

Well, we are where we are. The Gentleman no longer governs. The masses do not govern either, they have not been taught how to govern or to look upon government as more than a dispenser of lollipops and toy balloons But there must always be government and governors Therefore, to fill the vacuum created by the demise of the gentleman ruler, along comes the demagogue with slogans, sophisticated rhetoric, parades, pseudo-patriotic bombast, ridiculous promises of much for nothing

We have had Hitler's hullabaloo and that of Mussolini and that of Stalin. Nearer home we have had the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations *cum veto* None of these would have fooled for a moment the members of the ruling classes in former days. They would not have fooled the Common Man of today if we had bothered to educate him They have all been clamorously applauded by the untaught crowds, who first tossed their dry-cleaned, mass-produced nightcaps in the air to the political profit of the shrewd and who now sit sorrowing as they await the advent of new Caesars for whom to cheer and die.

Nor is it those disciplined to discriminate who determine any more the standards of performance in the arts, these also are controlled by profit-hungry manipulators of a populace which has not by education been assisted to arrive at judgment about beauty. Our ears are deafened and our eyes insulted by monstrous ugliness, mass-created and mass-distributed; by neon-lighted signs, by book clubs, by pulp magazines, by programs and commercials on the radio, by that prostitution of the drama which hails from Hollywood. Even our noses are insulted by plenitude of cosmetic stinks and our sense of taste afflicted by a startlingly swift degeneration of American cookery.

Precisely to the extent that they do believe in democracy, those who have to do with educational policy-making and administration, for the good of society and for the honor of their craft must rescue the Common Man from overabsorption in the servile crafts and help him to try to become the Gentleman which potentially he is but actually is not. Otherwise, with relentless inevitability the Century of the Common Man will end in a worse enslavement of the Common Man than any he has ever known before, enslavement to a standardized vulgarity sold as the good life by a group of rascals bent on their own enrichment and exaltation.

The Common Man naturally and properly desires that men and women shall be happy, but thanks to being uneducated, only trained, he devotes little or no attention to a consideration of what it is that makes people happy. In consequence he pursues ends too easy and too obvious, ends which do not conduce to contentment and joy, ends the attainment of which cannot result in other than disillusionment, fretfulness, rebellion against life, division within his own soul and conflict between frustrated men, frustrated classes, frustrated nations. It is in an atmosphere of spiritual malaise that modern educators live and move and work; most of them have by now become as confused as the rest of mankind about the nature of the good life.

So much in general for Education and the Common Man; perhaps a word or two in particular about higher education may not be amiss.

Some things our universities and colleges look after quite well. They do a decent job with training in technology. They are not half bad in giving the boys and girls a smattering of literature, snips of history, tidbits from the philosophers — enough of these for them to chatter superficially and get by. Our higher education is proficient — and this is about the best thing about it — in imparting to a few emerging scholars some considerable knowledge of facts and processes in this, that or the other specialized field. With those few we do pretty well at encouraging erudition. But none of these things, good as it is in itself, nor all of them put together, constitutes the most important business of higher education.

In 1903 I was one of a group of freshmen who entered the University of Chicago. We were put through what is now called "Orientation"; in

other words, we were exposed to a certain amount of good advice in the hope that a little of it might register. One thing did, with me anyway. There stood before us the president of the university, Dr William Ramey Harper, and this is what I remember he said.

"Young gentlemen, you have come here in hope of furthering your education. If you are to do this it would be well that you have some idea of what an educated human being is. If you have this, you will know what to aim at here, what this institution exists to assist you to become. An educated man is a man who by the time he is 25 has a clear theory, formed in the light of human experience down the ages, of what constitutes a satisfying life, a significant life, and who by the age of 30 has a moral philosophy consonant with racial experience. If a man reaches these ages without having arrived at such a theory, such a philosophy, then no matter how many facts he has learned or how many processes he has mastered, that man is an ignoramus and a fool, unhappy, probably dangerous. That is all. Good afternoon."

It is in respect to this, which not only Dr. Harper but all the greatest thinkers about education since Plato have insisted is fundamental in education, that the modern American college and university with rare exception fails. It assists next to nobody to discover what in the light of age-long experience the would-be wise man is to try to become.

By its grievous failure to attend to this which is its chief business, it graduates into the citizenry throngs of muddle-headed men and women, many of whom, if they had not been submitted to malpractice, might have turned out to be truly gay and happy people, understanding and effective benefactors of the race. Instead, blind men are ejected into society to lead the blind till both fall into the ditch. We do not produce human beings competent to live; we are content to produce technicians. What is a technician? "A technician is a man who understands everything about his job except its ultimate purpose and its place in the order of the universe." (Sir Richard Livingstone.)

This grotesque missing of the point in education is modern. Take a look at higher education in the not too distant past. Sixty years ago the curriculum of every college in America was centered around a basic study of moral philosophy. We were then in accord with what the human race has always known to be fundamental in education. The abandonment of this centralization has been not only sudden and unprecedented; it is of a near completeness that is startling. A poll of American institutions of higher learning made a couple of years ago revealed that of all the hundreds of thousands enrolled in our colleges, universities and normal schools, 96 per cent devoted no time whatever from matriculation to graduation to any systematic study of ethics, the science of the good life.

No wonder the age is an age of people who never grow up — an age of

delayed adolescents. It is the schools which have helped to make it so, it is they who help to keep it so, to our great peril as a people.

The maturing of our people is not wholly, or even primarily, a matter to be dealt with in colleges and universities. We need also to ask what needs to be done to reform our lower schools in the interest of maturing the sons and daughters of the common man.

First, we need again to realize that those who teach — in home and school and church — must devise and impart ways of giving to children a knowledge of the race's wisdom and participation in the tried and tested folkways. It is not their business to teach their pupils what the pupils may wish to study or to let them behave as they may desire, but rather to impart to them what they ought to know and do and persuade them that they like it.

This is easy to do, children desire to be grown-up. The mores can be given to them for sustenance with no great trouble, once we rid ourselves of the poisonous notion that children are at their best and happiest when encouraged to do as they please.

Second, new emphasis is needed with youngsters under 16 on those formative studies which always have been and still are prerequisite for proficiency in thinking and purpose in doing — the disciplines of word, number and form. Children need to be taught how to read, write, listen to and speak the English language, if not with elegance and charm, at least with clarity. Most Americans cannot read anything more difficult than a picture-paper or a pulp magazine, they cannot write a letter and make their meaning plain, they rarely speak except in clichés, they are unable to follow argument put in the simplest words, to understand what a speaker is driving at. What chance has a people to mature when there is no competent interchange of ideas?

Our lower schools may be ever so competent in courses in "citizenship" and "nature study," though there be those that doubt it when they look at the product, but their main business is and will remain teaching boys and girls how to read, write, speak, listen, figure and handle things. Without a great deal better job of work by the lower schools in these basic necessities, there will be less and less growing-up among Americans.

Third, there will be little increase in maturity without new emphasis, in homes and churches and schools, on decent manners. Children must be taught to respect the rights of others. Here again social pressures must be exerted, quietly but firmly, by teachers, parents, spiritual directors. We Americans have all around the world the unenviable reputation of being the most inconsiderate folk on earth. Discourtesy is at once an evidence and a cause of immaturity. If it be true that "a community without courtesy is neither civilized nor safe," what price America?

Fourth, the homes and schools must get it across to children that honest and craftsmanlike achievement is the only door to social approval, that the human being who works "to get by," seeks reward he has not earned,

is a fellow of the baser sort and to be treated accordingly. Rewards and deprivations are not fashionable any more in schools. That is deplorable, for children are quick-witted enough to see that if the sloppy worker gets the same treatment as his careful and diligent brother, there would seem to be small use going in for stiff creative endeavor

Fifth, and last, something must be done to prevent the continued rearing of a citizenry the major part of which has not learned to reverence the ultimate mystery which lies beneath and beyond the visible and tangible. The most deadly mistake Americans ever made in education has been the cleavage we have created between religion and secular learning. Such divorcement cuts off our people in their formative years from contemplation of human limitations, discourages them for sheer fear's sake from contemplation of the unavoidable frustration of earthly ambition and the inevitability of death, prevents humility and compassion.

It is neither possible nor necessary that our schools should teach any one religion, but we have a right to insist that they inspire reverence for the Unseen and that they impart some objective knowledge of what the various faiths about us are and do and teach. This must be done in the schools; the churches have not time at their disposal for the task, and parents, though ever so religious themselves, are relatively powerless in face of the "atheism by negation" which is characteristic of the educational agencies provided by the State. Americans will never be mature if all they recognize as real are the things of *this* and *now*, as long as they deal forever with *what* and never with *why*.

For the salvation of the Common Man from triviality, to sum up, we must require of the schools, both higher and lower, less fine-spun theorizings, less sentimental idealizings and a good stiff dose of realistic common sense. But shall we get it?

Checking Your Reading

What evidence does Canon Bell give for the view that the United States is a nation of people who have not grown up? In what sense, to him, is this the Century of the Common Man? What is the essential difference between the Common Man and the Gentleman? How has the Common Man become economically emancipated? What has prevented his becoming intellectually and spiritually liberated? Who is chiefly to blame? How in particular has higher education failed? What five things must our schools do in order to educate the Common Man out of triviality and immaturity?

Forming Your Opinion

Do you consider Canon Bell's indictment of American immaturity too sweeping? Are most Americans, as you know them, blatant, discourteous, vulgar? What do you think of Canon Bell's characterization of Hollywood, of the radio, of book

clubs, of modern American cooking? Does he place too much blame for the situation on the schools? What other factors, in your opinion, should share the blame? Give your opinion of each of Canon Bell's five recommendations for improving our educational system. Will the changes he urges produce educated men in the sense of President Harper's definition? Do you regard that definition as adequate? What to you now constitutes "a satisfying and significant life"? What do you understand by "a moral philosophy consonant with racial experience"?

WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN SHOULD KNOW

Roger W. Holmes

Roger W. Holmes (1905-) is well qualified to give advice to freshmen, since he has spent much of his life in American colleges. He has been undergraduate, graduate student, and teacher at Harvard, and more recently has taught at Amherst and Mount Holyoke. His special field is philosophy, particularly logic and the history of philosophy, to the wide range of his general interests the following essay furnishes genial testimony. Here is "advice to freshmen" which is offered with humor and tact, and which does not resort to dull preaching to stress the seriousness underlying its informality.

I NEVER FACE a class without wondering what would happen if students were not so docile. Why do you meet your professors and the academic taradiddle of college with such fear and respect? You are everywhere in chains because you accept a tradition about college work which at cost to you misrepresents its values and overestimates its importance. You remind me of the elephant chained to his stake at the circus. If the poor devil knew his own strength! And if you and your classmates but knew *yours!* The good things that might happen to our colleges if you would take matters in your own hands and pull up a few of the rotted stakes of academic tradition are worth dreaming about. Consider some confidential advice from one who would like to see you gain your freedom, who knows the weaknesses of academic life from the inside, and can give a few pointers on how to pull at those stakes.

One of the first things you are told is that you must study hard. But that is only half of the story. The other half is that beyond a certain point which is easily reached, the more you work the poorer the results. In my particular college you would be supposed to devote not more than fifteen hours a week to classes and another thirty to outside assignments. That means that you should be able to escape academic duties for one whole day each week and to take either the afternoon or the evening off almost every day. Work hard when you work. Mornings are the best times. But never work through both afternoon and evening. And take off part of Saturday and most of Sunday. Use three afternoons for exercise in the open air.

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and three evenings for movies or concerts or plays or for that novel you want to read. Your college work will benefit.

You will be told that classes are the most important thing at college. Don't believe it. President Eliot of Harvard said that if he wished to found a college the first thing he would build would be a dormitory. If there were money left over, he would erect a library and fill it with books. And if he had money to burn he would hire a faculty and build a classroom building. Those of us who are willing to remember find it easy to recollect that the most valuable things that happened to us in college usually happened in our dormitories, and most of them after midnight. We also recall with considerable pleasure the few occasions when we had the time and audacity to enter the college library and just browse among books utterly unconnected with our courses. Somehow we remember those books. We read them not because we had to, but because we wanted to. The difference is tremendous.

You will be told that marks are important. But they are a meager indication of a student's worth. Someday we shall have the courage to scuttle the whole marking system, and with it, I hope, will go that awful and meaningless sheepskin. Marks provide the outward and visible sign of the whole academic tradition. I wish every college student might come behind the scenes and watch his instructors doling out grades on papers and blue-books. We have such curious foibles. The odds are definitely in favor of a paper read after rather than before dinner. A typewritten paper stands a better chance than one in longhand. And that factor of length! I know one student who got himself an A by sandwiching a dozen pages of economics notes into a long term-paper on Beethoven. It is a matter of record that given the same set of papers twice we will grade them differently. Given the same paper, moreover, various teachers will assign it grades ranging from D to A, even in mathematics. Some departments give as many as 40 per cent of their students A's, while others in the same institution allow only 5 per cent of the same students to get the highest marks.

You have probably been told that your academic record as an undergraduate will make or break your life. That simply is not so. Are you going into teaching? There is not a college president worth his salt who does not know that a Phi Beta Kappa key is small indication of your promise as a teacher. Are you going to professional school? Countless men and women with average grades as undergraduates have done brilliantly in professional school. And in getting jobs, it is what they have been able to do in professional school that counts. Are you going to seek work as soon as you finish college? Letters of recommendation these days cover numerous items which have nothing to do with your academic achievement but are just as important. It would not be true to say that marks mean nothing, but if you will remember these facts every time you enter a classroom you will be on the right track.

Your professors form part of the academic taradiddle too. We stand on little raised platforms, the academic equivalents of the pedestal, we call ourselves "doctors" and smile with patient condescension when mistaken for medical men, we put high-sounding letters after our names, and we march in academic processions, clothed in magnificent medieval costumes. All in all we manage by such devices to convey the impression that we know what we are talking about. To be sure, we are not as pompous as some of our European colleagues in crime. Some of us even have the courage to sit on the same level and at the same seminar table with our students and listen to what they have to say. But it is not difficult to get the impression that your professors are founts of wisdom.

You will be told to take careful notes on our lectures and to commit those notes to memory. This whole business of note-taking is outmoded. Students started taking notes in the Middle Ages, before the printing press was invented. The student wrote his own books. Today, with large college libraries and with textbooks crowding and jostling one another for attention, the taking of notes is anachronistic. What you will do, if you are like the rest of the sheep, will be to produce pages and pages of notes, study them religiously for the examinations, then store them away. If you ever look at them again it will be simply to realize that the information they convey is far better presented in at least a dozen books immediately available, or that it is so thoroughly out of date that the notes are useless.

One of the major instruments of torture in collegiate education is the course examination. By this device the professor is enabled to discover how much of what he has said in class you have committed to memory. The night before the examination you cram the notes into your head. Next morning you enter a room heavy with the atmosphere of suspicion. You leave all notes and books in the hall, and you write on questions the answers to which you will have forgotten within a week, answers which in ordinary life no one in his right mind would ask you to remember because the information is available in the reference books where it belongs. Either you are working under the honor system, an unwitting accessory to the hocus-pocus, or you are annoyed and upset by a proctor who marches around among the desks looking for trouble. The more you understand why you are in college, the less seriously you will take examinations. Some day you may even educate us to the point where we will compose tests which will measure your ability to use your knowledge with originality, rather than your ability to ape teacher. When that day arrives we shall let you bring notes, texts, and even the *Encyclopedia Britannica* to examinations. And then you may take examinations seriously.

Now that you are in college and going to classes, pause long enough to ask yourself why *we* are teaching and *you* are learning. In spite of what you may have heard from us or your high school teachers or your parents, the answer is not that we know the final answers to the problems we are dis-

cussing We are teaching because we have studied carefully subjects in which you are a beginner, and because we have had more worldly experience than you. But neither of these facts makes us omniscient. If the truth be known, there are those of you in our classes who are more intelligent than we are — who will outstrip us in our chosen fields Question us Doubt us. Raise objections Make us think! Avoid us when we measure your achievement in terms of the proximity of your thinking to our own Welcome us when we admit that we do not know the answers to your questions, when we help you to find your own answers, when we encourage you to consider views with which we do not agree.

Why are you going to college? Not to enhance your parents' social position; not to get high marks, not to get the ultimate answers, which not even *we* can furnish. To use our own professional jargon, you come to college to get a liberal education We must admit that we do not altogether know what a liberal education is, but we have some fairly good ideas on the subject We do not entirely follow these ideas. None of us, for example, believes that there is a magic in piling up a certain number of hour-credits. Yet, sixty credits and you get your diploma. And that diploma is supposed to admit you to the company of educated men and women Why not fifty-five, or sixty-five? We do not know. Even if you pressed us we should have to admit that some students are liberally educated with thirty credits while others will not belong to the educated company if they take sixty times sixty hours of credit Do not measure your education by simple arithmetic.

Elect your courses with care. If you go to a college which requires that you juggle five courses at once, you will do well to find one easy berth and sleep in it, otherwise you cannot do justice to the other four. This is a secret practice acceptable and accepted by all. But in general easy courses should be avoided simply because they are easy and do not give you your father's money's worth.

Do not select your courses with an eye to a specific job or type of occupation More of you will make this mistake than not, and it is one of the most serious you can make. In the first place, we know at least that a liberal education involves a balance and harmony of interests. Secondly, your interests and talents are by no means fully appreciated or explored when you come to us. You do not want to wake up in your senior year and wish that you had not missed many important and interesting things. Thousands of seniors do.

When you come to college you are intellectually very young and have not yet learned to proceed safely or efficiently under your own intellectual power. You are what your environment and your elders have made you. Your ideas are not your own The first thing you must learn is to stand on your own ideas This is why you should not take us and our ideas too seriously Broaden your horizon so that as you become more and more able to take care of yourself you will move intelligently Do considerable mental

visiting in your first years in college Try to encounter the major points of view represented on the faculty and among the students Entertain them the more seriously the more they differ from your own You may return to your own, but if you do it will be with greater tolerance and broader understanding

You come to college to gain a liberal perspective. In gaining this perspective you must come to know the nature which surrounds and compels you, the society with which you must live and cooperate, the creative spirit which is your heritage, and the tools of language and of thought To express it in this specific manner is helpful It suggests certain intellectual virtues which you must possess before you can be considered an educated man or woman This does not mean that there are particular courses which can alone provide you with these virtues Do not take a course solely for its specific content.

For example, we have said that you must come to know the natural world. This does not mean that you must study physics *and* chemistry *and* astronomy *and* geology. It means that you must acquire the scientific attitude, understand the atmosphere and significance of the exact sciences, know their fundamental assumptions, their key concepts, their major contributions. And the same is true of the biological sciences A course in botany *or* zoology *or* physiology *or* psychology is enough to give you an understanding of the important aspects of biology You have not time for them all. But one is essential Far too many are ignorant of the biological forces affecting human conduct You should get into the laboratory while you are in college, and you should work in both the exact and the biological sciences.

You want also to know the society with which you must live and cooperate. And one of the ways in which you want to know it is the historical. You must be historically minded. You must recognize the importance of the past for the present. Man learns by experience, and history is social experience Greek, Roman, European, American history—you cannot study them all, *but* you can become historically minded. And you can become socially minded in your view of the present world Economic, social and political forces have your world in their grips. You must study these forces, measure them, evaluate them.

Our heritage in the field of the arts has always been recognized as liberalizing Not so much need to urge you here Most of the greatest interpretation of human living is to be found in painting, sculpture, music and literature. What are some of the things which the great creative geniuses have told us about ourselves? What are modern artists trying to do? You must find out these things, not just that you may go to museums and concerts, but that you may *want* to go to museums and concerts Elect some art or music, for pleasure, but also to increase your knowledge. Also, get a full and enthusiastic knowledge of the literature of your mother tongue.

You will have discovered a source of wisdom, good taste and pleasure. Such studies need no recommendation

Finally, you must come to understand the tools of language and of thought. And here urging is necessary. You ought to know another language, ancient or modern, inflected or non-inflected, so well that you dream in it. Such knowledge gives a far better understanding of your own tongue, both as a tool and as an art, than you could otherwise obtain. And you will have open to you another literature. Furthermore, you should be conversant with the structures and powers of thought as an intellectual tool, and you should be willing to examine fundamental assumptions. Mathematics, logic and philosophy are helpful here. You may think them difficult, but do not avoid them altogether.

If you will examine this program for the enlarging of your intellectual horizon you will see that it involves some eight subjects spread throughout the departments of your college. It is a program which you can complete in your freshman and sophomore years and one which you should carry through in order that you may be equipped intellectually to proceed to the second part of your college education. It will give you necessary breadth.

But you must also specialize when the foundation has been laid. You must do this not because specialization will prepare you for a specific job, but because a certain degree of specialization is the second essential of true intellectual endeavor. Without specialization your college work is in danger of becoming that thin veneer of "culture" which we all recognize as superficial. And now you will find the faculty more cooperative. We are specialists and we like to encourage specialization. But still be on your guard, for we shall mislead you by overemphasizing the importance of our particular little corners of learning. The important matter is not *what* you specialize in, but that you specialize. Specialization for its own sake, that is my point. If you are going on to graduate work you will find the overwhelming advice of graduate school faculties to be that you specialize in *anything but* your subject of graduate study. If you are going into medicine, you might major in history. If you will be a lawyer, major in art or music.

Even your specialization should be carefully planned. In the first place, it will probably be advisable for you to do advanced work in each of the four major fields of study: natural science, social science, art and literature; and language, mathematics or philosophy. If you studied chemistry as a freshman, you might go on to more advanced chemistry and take elementary astronomy or geology as allied work. In short, in each major field in which you took two elementary courses as an underclassman, you should follow one elementary course into advanced work and at the same time gain some knowledge in an allied field.

But this will take only half of your time as an upperclassman. You

should devote the other half of your last two years to intensive specialization in one subject in which you have the greatest interest and for which you have shown marked talent. Perhaps you have found history the most absorbing of subjects. Good! Go on in it. Devote half of your junior and senior years to history. Show that you can work intensively on the details of your chosen major, manipulate these details correctly, and fit them into a comprehensive picture of the whole. But remember—though your teachers will work against you here—remember that you are studying primarily for the sake of intensive specialization and not of the history. Your roommate is getting the same thing for majoring in mathematics or English literature.

When you have avoided the Scylla of heterogeneous meanderings among elementary facts and concepts and the Charybdis of a study so narrow that you are ignorant of what is going on outside your own little corner of interest, you will have intellectual balance and perspective. Do not take us as your models. We represent a special world and we are an academic people. You are going into a broader world and a non-academic environment. Make us realize that our interests and understandings should spread into every field. Make us see that our students are at least as important as the subjects we teach. Make us understand that marks and examinations are mere administrative conveniences to be taken far less seriously than we take them. In short, insist that we get together as a unified organization and provide you with a liberal education. Strength to you! If you will do these things you will be performing a service to us and to yourselves.

Checking Your Reading

What current academic practices does Mr. Holmes condemn? Is he entirely serious in all his attacks? Where do you detect irony or deliberate overstatement? How precise is his definition of a liberal education? Into what major areas does he divide the liberal curriculum? How is each to be represented in the ideal student program? What is Mr. Holmes's conception of specialization? What does he want students to "make their professors do"?

Forming Your Opinion

Why have you come to college? How far do your reasons check with those suggested by Mr. Holmes? Do his proposed means for achieving these ends differ from your own? How? Do you agree with Mr. Holmes's estimate of grades of examinations? Do his suggestions about allotment of time seem feasible to you? Do you think that any single subject is so important for a liberal education that it should be required of all students? What suggestions would you make for improving faculty-student relations?

I BECOME A STUDENT

Lincoln Steffens

*Lincoln Steffens (1866–1936) was something of a rebel and a nonconformist all his life. Born and brought up in San Francisco, he was educated — perhaps he would object to the verb — at the University of California and in several European universities. But scholarship did not hold him, and he returned to America to become a journalist. In New York he quickly rose to prominence as a leader in the “muckraking” movement, which, in the early years of this century, was making powerful journalistic attacks on the political and business corruption which flourished in many large American cities. As editor of McClure’s Magazine, Steffens published a series of such scathing articles, which were later collected in the volume *The Shame of the Cities* (1904). During the first World War his reporter’s “nose for news” led him to Mexico, Russia, and subsequently Versailles. After the peace, Steffens renewed his own war on political graft and corruption, a war which saw no armistice and which is most fully chronicled in his long and readable *Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens* (1931), from which the following excerpts are taken. The *Autobiography* is considerably more than the record of a colorful life, it traces the evolution of Steffens’s own theories of government, the history of the many modern liberal movements with which he was affiliated, and the course of his development from sensational journalism to something very like social philosophy.*

MY FATHER discovered and put me into the best private school in San Francisco as a special student to be crammed for Berkeley — and he retained one of the teachers there, Mr. Evelyn Nixon, to tutor me on the side. Characteristically, too, my father gave me liberty: a room to sleep and work in, with no one to watch over and care for me. I could go and come as I pleased. And I came and went. I went exploring and dreaming alone around that city as I had the country around Sacramento, and the place I liked best was the ocean shore, there I lived over the lives of the Greek heroes and the Roman generals and all the poets of all the ages, sometimes with ecstasy, but never, as in my boyhood, with myself as the hero. A change had come over me.

Evelyn Nixon formed it. He was the first teacher I ever had who interested me in what I had to learn — not in myself, but in the world outside, the world of conscious culture. He was a fanatic of poetry, especially

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of the classic poets. When he read or recited Greek verse the Greeks came to life, romance and language sang songs to me, and I was inspired to be, like him, not a hero nor even a poet, but a Greek scholar, and thus an instrument on which beautiful words might play. Life filled with meaning, and purpose, and joy. It was too great and too various for me to personify with my boyish imitations and heroism. I wrote verses, but only to learn the technique and so feel poetry more perfectly. I wanted to read, not to write; I wanted to know, not to do and be, great things — Mr. Nixon expressed it.

"I'm nobody," he used to say. "I'm nothing but one of the unknown beings Homer and Dante, Shakespeare, Caesar, and the popes and the generals and statesmen have sung and fought and worked for. I'm the appreciator of all good words and deeds."

A new, a noble rôle, and Evelyn Nixon was a fine example of it: the receiver, not the giver, of beautiful inventions. He was an Englishman; he took a double first at Oxford, I heard, and came for his health to San Francisco. There was a group of such men, most of them with one story. They were athletes as well as scholars at Oxford and Cambridge, they developed muscles and a lung capacity which they did not need and could not keep up in the sedentary occupations their scholarship put them into. Lung troubles exiled them.

"Keep out of college athletics," they advised. "Don't work up any more brawn there than you can use every day afterward."

Nixon taught me Greek, Latin, and English at school, and at his house he opened up the beauty and the meaning of the other subjects I had to cram up for entrance. I worked for him, I worked more, much more, for myself. He saw this, he saw my craving for the answers to questions, and he laughed.

"I will answer no questions of yours," he shouted. "Men know no answers to the natural questions of a boy, of a child. We can only underline your questions, make you mad yourself to answer them, and add ours to whip, to lash you on to find out yourself — one or two, and tell us! That is what youth is for: to answer the questions maturity can't answer." And when I looked disappointed and balked, he would roar at me like a demon.

"Go to, boy. The world is yours. Nothing is done, nothing is known. The greatest poem isn't written, the best railroad isn't built yet, the perfect state hasn't been thought of. Everything remains to be done — right, everything."

This said, he said it again, and again, and finally, to drive me, he set our private hour from seven till eight o'clock Saturday evenings, so that I could stay on into the night with his group of friends, a maddening lot of cultivated, conflicting minds. There were from four to ten of them, all Englishmen, all Oxford and Cambridge men, all exiles and all interested

in any and all subjects, which they discussed with knowledge, with the precise information of scholarship, but with no common opinions on anything apparently. There were Tories among them and liberals and one red. William Owen, a grandson, I think, certainly a descendant, of Robert Owen, the first of the early English socialists. There was at least one Roman Catholic, who showed me so that I never forgot it the Christianity of that church, his favorite thesis was that the Protestant churches were Old Testament, righteous sects and knew nothing really of Christ's teachings of love and forgiveness. And there were Protestants there, all schooled in church history, and when a debate came to a clinch, they could quote their authorities with a sureness which withstood reference to the books. I remember one hot dispute of the Catholic's reference to some certain papal bull. Challenged, he quoted it verbatim in the original Latin. What they knew was amazing to me, and how they knew it, but what they did not know struck me harder still. They could not among them agree on anything but a fact. With all their knowledge they knew no essential truth.

It was conversation I was hearing, the free, passionate, witty exchanges of studied minds as polished as fine tools. They were always courteous, no two ever spoke together, there were no asides, they all talked to the question before the house, and while they were on the job of exposition anyone, regardless of his side, would contribute his quota of facts, or his remembrance of some philosopher's opinion or some poet's perfect phrase for the elucidation or the beautification of the theme. When the differences rose the urbanity persisted. They drank their Californian wine with a relish, they smoked the room thick, and they pressed their views with vigor and sincerity and eloquence, but their good temper never failed them. It was conversation I had never heard conversation before, I have heard conversation sometimes since, but rarely, and never like my remembrance of those wonderful Saturday nights in San Francisco — which were my preparation for college.

For those conversations, so brilliant, so scholarly, and so consciously unknowing, seemed to me, silent in the background, to reveal the truth that even college graduates did not know anything, really. Evidences they had, all the testimony of all the wise men in the historical world on everything, but no decisions. None. I must myself go to college to find out more, and I wanted to. It seemed as if I had to go soon. My head, busy with questions before, was filled with holes that were aching voids as hungry, as painful, as an empty stomach. And my questions were explicit, it was as if I were not only hungry, I was hungry for certain foods. My curiosity was no longer vague.

When on Sundays I would take the gatherings I had made out of the talk of the night before down to the Cliff House with me and sit there on the rocks and think, I formed my ignorance into a system. I was getting a cultivated ignorance, a survey not of the solved but of the unsolved

problems in every science from astronomy to economics, from history to the next tricks in versification I thought of them, I thought, rejoicing, that there were things to do for everybody in every science, every art, every business. Why, men did not know even how to love, not technically, not beautifully! I learned of the damage done me by having my sex feelings separated from love and poetry, and as for astronomy, government, conversation, play and work, men were just crawling on their hands and knees out of their caves.

But the best that I got out of it all was objectivity. Those men never mentioned themselves; apparently they never thought of themselves. Their interest was in the world outside of themselves. I caught that. No more play-acting for me. No more dreaming I was Napoleon or a trapper, a knight, a statesman, or the younger son of a lord. It is possible that I was outgrowing this stage of a boy's growth, the very intensity of my life in subjective imagination may have carried me through it, but whether I would have come out clearly impersonal or no by myself, I don't know. All I am sure of is that their conversations, the attitude and the interest of those picked Englishmen, helped and, I think, established in me the realization that the world was more interesting than I was. Not much to see? No, but I have met men since, statesmen, scholars, business men, workers, and poets, who have never made that discovery. It is the scientific attitude, and some scientists have it — not all; and some others, too.

When I went up for my examination this time in Berkeley I passed, not well in all subjects, but I was admitted to the University, and that fall I entered the University of California with a set of examination questions for the faculty, for the professors, to answer . . .

It is possible to get an education at a university. It has been done; not often, but the fact that a proportion, however small, of college students do get a start in interested, methodical study, proves my thesis, and the two personal experiences I have to offer illustrate it and show how to circumvent the faculty, the other students, and the whole college system of mind-fixing. My method might lose a boy his degree, but a degree is not worth so much as the capacity and the drive to learn, and the undergraduate desire for an empty baccalaureate is one of the holds the educational system has on students. Wise students some day will refuse to take degrees, as the best men (in England, for instance) give, but do not themselves accept, titles.

My method was hit on by accident and some instinct. I specialized. With several courses prescribed, I concentrated on the one or two that interested me most, and letting the others go, I worked intensively on my favorites. In my first two years, for example, I worked at English and political economy and read philosophy. At the beginning of my junior year I had several cinches in history. Now I liked history; I had neglected it partly because I rebelled at the way it was taught, as positive knowl-

edge unrelated to politics, art, life, or anything else. The professors gave us chapters out of a few books to read, con, and be quizzed on. Blessed as I was with a "bad memory," I could not commit to it anything that I did not understand and intellectually need. The bare record of the story of man, with names, dates, and irrelative events, bored me. But I had discovered in my readings of literature, philosophy, and political economy that history had light to throw upon unhistorical questions. So I proposed in my junior and senior years to specialize in history, taking all the courses required and those also that I had flunked in. With this in mind I listened attentively to the first introductory talk of Professor William Cary Jones on American constitutional history. He was a dull lecturer, but I noticed that, after telling us what pages of what books we must be prepared in, he mumbled off some other references "for those that may care to dig deeper."

When the rest of the class rushed out into the sunshine, I went up to the professor and, to his surprise, asked for this memorandum. He gave it me. Up in the library I ran through the required chapters in the two different books, and they differed on several points. Turning to the other authorities, I saw that they disagreed on the same facts and also on others. The librarian, appealed to, helped me search the book-shelves till the library closed, and then I called on Professor Jones for more references. He was astonished, invited me in, and began to approve my industry, which astonished me. I was not trying to be a good boy, I was better than that. I was a curious boy. He lent me a couple of his books, and I went off to my club to read them. They only deepened the mystery, clearing up the historical question, but leaving the answer to be dug for and written.

The historians did not know! History was not a science, but a field for research, a field for me, for any young man, to explore, to make discoveries in and write a scientific report about. I was fascinated. As I went on from chapter to chapter, day after day, finding frequently essential differences of opinion and of fact, I saw more and more work to do. In this course, American constitutional history, I hunted far enough to suspect that the Fathers of the Republic who wrote our sacred Constitution of the United States not only did not, but did not want to, establish a democratic government, and I dreamed for a while — as I used as a child to play I was Napoleon or a trapper — I promised myself to write a true history of the making of the American Constitution. I did not do it; that chapter has been done or well begun since by two men: Smith of the University of Washington and Beard (then) of Columbia (afterward forced out, perhaps for this very work). I found other events, men, and epochs waiting for students. In all my other courses, in ancient, in European, and in modern history, the disagreeing authorities carried me back to the need of a fresh search for (or of) the original documents or other clinching

testimony. Of course I did well in my classes. The history professors soon knew me as a student and seldom put a question to me except when the class had flunked it. Then Professor Jones would say, "Well, Steffens, tell them about it."

Fine. But vanity wasn't my ruling passion then. What I had was a quickening sense that I was learning a method of studying history and that every chapter of it, from the beginning of the world to the end, is crying out to be rewritten. There was something for Youth to do, these superior old men had not done anything, finally.

Years afterward I came out of the graft prosecution office in San Francisco with Rudolph Spreckels, the banker and backer of the investigation. We were to go somewhere, quick, in his car, and we couldn't. The chauffeur was trying to repair something wrong. Mr. Spreckels smiled, he looked closely at the defective part, and to my silent, wondering inquiry he answered: "Always, when I see something badly done or not done at all, I see an opportunity to make a fortune. I never kick at bad work by my class. there's lots of it and we suffer from it. But our failures and neglects are chances for the young fellows coming along and looking for work."

Nothing is done. Everything in the world remains to be done or done over. "The greatest picture is not yet painted, the greatest play isn't written (not even by Shakespeare), the greatest poem is unsung. There isn't in all the world a perfect railroad, nor a good government, nor a sound law." Physics, mathematics, and especially the most advanced and exact of the sciences, are being fundamentally revised. Chemistry is just becoming a science; psychology, economics, and sociology are waiting a Darwin, whose work in turn is awaiting an Einstein. If the rah-rah boys in our colleges could be told this, they might not all be such specialists in football, petting parties, and unearned degrees. They are not told it, however, they are told to learn what is known. This is nothing, philosophically speaking

Checking Your Reading

Why did Steffens consider Nixon a great teacher? What was the essential weakness underlying the brilliant conversation of Nixon and his friends? What was "the best" that Steffens got out of it? What is "the scientific attitude"? What does Steffens mean by "the whole college system of mind-fixing"? By what methods did he try to circumvent it? Why does he say (echoing Nixon), "Nothing is done. Everything in the world remains to be done or done over"?

Forming Your Opinion

Steffens says of Nixon, "I worked for him; I worked more, much more, for myself." What light does this statement throw on Steffens's attitude toward

knowledge and education? Would every student profit from the kind of college preparation that Steffens experienced? Do you think that most college students want to be told what to do? Should students in your college have more or less freedom in selecting their courses? What are the dangers of specialization? of unrestricted freedom of election? Do you think that Steffens is too hard on the majority of his college contemporaries? How would you characterize the present-day American undergraduate? What are his chief faults? his good points? Do you agree with Nixon's attitude toward college athletics?

THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING EDUCATED

Albert Jay Nock

Albert Jay Nock (1873–1945), clergyman-editor, wrote widely in the fields of history, education, politics, and literature under the pseudonyms of Historicus and Journeyman as well as under his own name. Always his work is marked by urbane wit, elegant style, and determined individualism. He was at one time editor of The Freeman, a weekly magazine of political and literary criticism. His biographies of Rabelais and Jefferson, his volumes The Myth of a Guilty Nation (1922) and The Theory of Education in the United States (1932), and his personal reminiscences called A Journal of These Days (1934) are perhaps his best-known works.

MY INTEREST in education had been comfortably asleep since my late youth, when circumstances waked it up again about six years ago. I then discovered that in the meantime our educational system had changed its aim. It was no longer driving at the same thing as formerly and no longer contemplated the same kind of product. When I examined it I was as far “out” on what I expected to find as if I had gone back to one of the sawmills familiar to my boyhood in Michigan, and found it turning out boots and shoes.

The difference seemed to be that while education was still spoken of as a “preparation for life,” the preparation was of a kind which bore less directly on intellect and character than in former times, and more directly on proficiency. It aimed at what we used to call training rather than education, and it not only did very little with education, but seemed to assume that training *was* education, thus overriding a distinction that formerly was quite clear. Forty years ago a man trained to proficiency in anything was respected accordingly, but was not regarded as an educated man, or “just as good,” on the strength of it. A trained mechanic, banker, dentist, or man of business got all due credit for his proficiency, but his education, if he had any, lay behind that and was not confused with it. His training, in a word, bore directly upon what he could do or get, while his education bore directly on neither; it bore upon what he could become and be.

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Curiosity led me to look into the matter a little more closely, and my observations confirmed the impression that the distinction between training and education was practically wiped out. I noticed, too, that there was a good deal of complaint about this: even professional educators, many of them, were dissatisfied with it. Their complaints when boiled down seemed to be that education is too little regarded as an end in itself, and that most of the country's student population take a too strictly vocational view of what they are doing, while the remainder look at it as a social experience, encouraged largely in order to keep the cubs from being underfoot at home, and reciprocally appreciated mostly because it puts off the evil day when they must go to work, and that our institutions show too much complacency in accommodating themselves to these views.

These complaints, I observed, were not confined to educators, one heard them from laymen as well, and the laymen seemed to be as clear in their minds about the difference between education and training as the professional educators were. For example, one of America's most distinguished artists (whom I am not authorized to quote, and I therefore call him Richard Roe) told a friend of mine that when his ship came in he proposed to give magnificent endowments to Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale on the sole condition that they should shut up shop and go out of business forever. Then he proposed to put up a bronze plate over the main entrance to each of these institutions, bearing this legend:

CLOSED
THROUGH THE BENEFACTION
OF
RICHARD ROE
AN HUMBLE PAINTER
IN BEHALF OF EDUCATION

As I saw the situation at the moment, these complaints seemed reasonable. Training is excellent, it cannot be too well done, and opportunity for it cannot be too cheap and abundant. Probably a glorified *crèche* for delayed adolescents here and there is a good thing, too, no great harm in it anyway. Yet it struck me as apparently it struck others, that there should also be a little education going on. Something should be done to mature the national resources of intellect and character as well as the resources of proficiency; and, moreover, something should be done to rehabilitate a respect for these resources as a social asset. Full of this idea, I rushed into print with the suggestion that in addition to our present system of schools, colleges, and universities which are doing first-class work as training schools, we ought to have a few educational institutions. My notion was that the educable person ought to have something like an even chance with the ineducable, because he is socially useful. I thought

that even a society composed of well-trained ineducables might be improved by having a handful of educated persons sifted around in it every now and then. I therefore offered the suggestion, which did not seem exorbitant, that in a population of a hundred and twenty-odd million there should be at least one set of institutions, consisting of a grade school, a secondary school, and an undergraduate college, which should be strictly and rigorously educational, kept in perpetual quarantine against the contagion of training.

II

This was five years ago. My modest proposal was hardly in print before I received a letter from a friend in the University of Oxford, propounding a point which — believe it or not — had never occurred to me

But think of the poor devils who shall have gone through your mill! It seems a cold-blooded thing . . . to turn out a lot of people who simply can't live at home Vivisection is nothing to it As I understand your scheme, you are planning to breed a patch of cultivated, sensitive beings who would all die six months after they were exposed to your actual civilization. This is not Oxford's superciliousness, I assure you, for things nowadays are precious little better with us I agree that such people are the salt of the earth, and England used to make some kind of place for them . . . But now — well, I hardly know It seems as though some parts of the earth were jolly well salt-proof. The salt melts and disappears, and nothing comes of it.

As I say, I had never thought of that It had never occurred to me that there might be disadvantages in being educated I saw at once where my mistake lay. I had been looking at the matter from the point of view of an elderly person to whom such education as he had was just so much clear gain, not from the point of view of a youth who is about to make his start in the world I saw at once that circumstances, which had been more or less in favor of my educated contemporaries, were all dead against the educated youngster of today. Therefore, last year, when I was appointed to deal again with the subject in a public way, I went back on all I had said, and ate my ration of humble pie with the best grace I could muster.

Every shift in the social order, however slight, puts certain classes irrevocably out of luck, as our vulgarism goes. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the French feudal nobility were out of luck. They could do nothing about it, nobody could do anything about it, they were simply out of luck. Since the middle of the last century, monarchs and a hereditary aristocracy are out of luck. The *Zeitgeist* seems always arbitrarily to be picking out one or another social institution, breathing on it with the devouring breath of a dragon; it decays and dissolves, and those who represent it are out of luck. Up to a few years ago an educated person,

even in the United States, was not wholly out of luck, since then, however, an educated young man's chance, or an educated young woman's, is slim. I do not here refer exclusively to the mere matter of picking up a living, although, as I shall show, education is a good bit of hindrance even to that, but also to conditions which make any sort of living enjoyable and worth while.

So in regard to my championship of education it turned out again that everybody is wiser than anybody, at least from the short-time point of view, which is the one that human society invariably takes. Some philosophers think that society is an organism, moving instinctively always toward the immediate good thing, as certain blind worms of a very low order of sensibility move toward food. From the long-time point of view, this may often be a bad thing for the worm, it may get itself stepped on or run over or picked up by a boy looking for fish-bait. Nothing can be done about it, however, for the worm's instinct works that way and, according to these philosophers, so does society's, and the individual member of society has little practical choice but to go along.

Hence our institutions which profess and call themselves educational have probably done the right thing — the immediate right thing, at any rate — in converting themselves, as our drug stores have done, into something that corresponds only very loosely to their profession. No doubt the lay and professional complaint against this tendency is wrong; no doubt the artist Richard Roe's proposal to close up our four great training schools is wrong. No doubt, too, our young people are right in instinctively going at education, in the traditional sense of the term, with very long teeth. If I were in their place, I now think I should do as they do; and since I am in the way of recantation, as an old offender who has at last seen the light of grace, I may be allowed to say why I should do so — to show what I now plainly see to be the disadvantages of being educated.

III

Education deprives a young person of one of his most precious possessions, the sense of cooperation with his fellows. He is like a pacifist in 1917, alone in spirit — a depressing situation, and especially, almost unbearably, depressing to youth. "After all," says Dumas's hero, "man is man's brother," and youth especially needs a free play of the fraternal sense; it needs the stimulus and support of association in common endeavor. The survivor of an older generation in America has had these benefits in some degree; he is more or less established and matured and can rub along fairly comfortably on his spiritual accumulations; and besides, as age comes on, emotions weaken and sensitiveness is dulled. In his day, from the spiritual and social point of view, one could afford to be educated — barely and with difficulty afford it perhaps, but education

was not a flat liability. It netted enough to be worth its price. At present one can afford only to be trained. The young person's fellows are turning all their energy into a single narrow channel of interest, they have set the whole current of their being in one direction. Education is all against his doing that, while training is all for it, hence training puts him in step with his fellows, while education tends to leave him a solitary figure, spiritually disqualified.

For these reasons: education, in the first place, discloses other channels of interest and makes them look inviting. In the second place, it gives rise to the view that the interest which absorbs his fellows is not worth mortgaging one's whole self, body, mind, and spirit, to carry on. In the third place, it shows what sort of people one's fellows inevitably become, through their exclusive absorption in this one interest, and makes it hard to reconcile oneself to the thought of becoming like them. Training, on the other hand, raises no such disturbances, it lets one go on one's chosen way, with no uncertainty, no loss of confidence, as a man of the crowd. Education is divisive, separatist, training induces the exhilarating sense that one is doing with others what others do and thinking the thoughts that others think.

Education, in a word, leads a person on to ask a great deal more from life than life, as at present organized, is willing to give him; and it begets dissatisfaction with the rewards that life holds out. Training tends to satisfy him with very moderate and simple returns. A good income, a home and family, the usual run of comforts and conveniences, diversions addressed only to the competitive or sporting spirit or else to raw sensation — training not only makes directly for getting these, but also for an inert and comfortable contentment with them. Well, these are all that our present society has to offer, so it is undeniably the best thing all round to keep people satisfied with them, which training does, and not to inject a subversive influence, like education, into this easy complacency. Politicians understand this — it is their business to understand it — and hence they hold up "a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage" as a satisfying social ideal. But the mischief of education is its exorbitance. The educated lad may like stewed chicken and motor cars as well as anybody, but his education has bred a liking for other things too, things that the society around him does not care for and will not countenance. It has bred tastes which society resents as culpably luxurious and will not connive at gratifying. Paraphrasing the old saying, education sends him out to shift for himself with a champagne appetite amid a gin-guzzling society.

Training, on the other hand, breeds no such tastes; it keeps him so well content with synthetic gin that a mention of champagne merely causes him to make a wry face. Not long ago I met a young acquaintance from the Middle West who has done well by himself in a business way and is fairly rich. He looked jaded and seedy, evidently from overwork,

and as I was headed for Munich at the moment I suggested he should take a holiday and go along. He replied, "Why, I couldn't sell anything in Munich — I'm a business man." For a moment or two I was rather taken aback by his attitude, but I presently recognized it as the characteristic attitude of trained proficiency, and I saw that as things are it was right. Training had kept his demands on life down to a strictly rudimentary order and never tended to muddle up their clear simplicity or shift their direction. Education would have done both, he was lucky to have had none.

It may be plainly seen, I think, that in speaking as he did, my friend enjoyed the sustaining sense of cooperation with his fellows. In his intense concentration, his singleness of purpose, and in the extremely primitive simplicity of his desires and satisfactions he was completely in the essential movement of the society surrounding him, indeed, if his health and strength hold out, he may yet become one of those representative men like Mr. Ford, the late Mr. Eastman, or Mr. Hoover, who take their tone from society in the first instance and in turn give back that tone with interest. Ever since the first westward emigration from the Atlantic seaboard, American civilization may be summed up as a free-for-all scuffle to get rich quickly and by any means. In so far as a person was prepared to accept the terms of this free-for-all and engage in it, so far he was sustained by the exhilaration of what Mr. Dooley called "th' common impulse fr th' same money." In so far as he was not so prepared, he was deprived of this encouragement.

To mark the tendency of education in these circumstances, we need consider but one piece of testimony. The late Charles Francis Adams was an educated man who overlived the very fag-end of the period when an American youth could afford, more or less hardly, to be educated. He was a man of large affairs, in close relations with those whom the clear consenting voice of American society acclaimed as its representative men, and whose ideals of life were acclaimed as adequate and satisfying, they were the Fords, Eastmans, Owen Youngs, Hoovers of the period. At the close of his career he wrote this:

As I approach the end, I am more than a little puzzled to account for the instances I have seen of business success — money-getting. It comes from rather a low instinct. Certainly, as far as my observation goes, it is rarely met in combination with the finer or more interesting traits of character. I have known, and known tolerably well, a good many "successful" men — "big" financially — men famous during the last half-century and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or in the next nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought, or refinement. A set of mere money-getters and traders, they were essentially unattractive and uninteresting. The fact is that money-getting, like everything else, calls for a special aptitude and great concentration, and for

it I did not have the first to any marked degree, and to it I never gave the last. So, in now summing up, I may account myself fortunate in having got out of my ventures as well as I did.

This is by no means the language of a man who, like my acquaintance from the Middle West, is sustained and emboldened by the consciousness of being in cooperation with his fellows — far from it. It will be enough, I think, to intimate pretty clearly the divisive and separatist tendency of education, and to show the serious risk that a young person of the present day incurs in acquiring an education. As matters now stand, I believe that he should not take that risk, and that anyone advising or tempting him to take it is doing him a great disservice.

IV

An educated young man likes to think; he likes ideas for their own sake and likes to deal with them disinterestedly and objectively. He will find this taste an expensive one, much beyond his means, because the society around him is thoroughly indisposed toward anything of the kind. It is preeminently a society, as John Stuart Mill said, in which "the test of a great mind is agreeing in the opinions of small minds." In any department of American life this is indeed the only final test; and this fact is in turn a fair measure of the extent to which our society is inimical to thought. The president of Columbia University is reported in the press as having said the other day that "thinking is one of the most unpopular amusements of the human race. Men hate it largely because they cannot do it. They hate it because if they enter upon it as a vocation or avocation it is likely to interfere with what they are doing." This is an interesting admission for the president of Columbia to make — interesting and striking. Circumstances have enabled our society to get along rather prosperously, though by no means creditably, without thought and without regard for thought, proceeding merely by a series of improvisations, hence it has always instinctively resented thought, as likely to interfere with what it was doing. Therefore, the young person who has cultivated the ability to think and the taste for thinking is at a decided disadvantage, for this resentment is now stronger and more heavily concentrated than it ever was. Any doubt on this point may be easily resolved by an examination of our current literature, especially our journalistic and periodical literature.

The educated lad also likes to cultivate a sense of history. He likes to know how the human mind has worked in the past, and upon this knowledge he instinctively bases his expectations of its present and future workings. This tends automatically to withdraw him from many popular movements and associations because he knows their like of old, and knows to a certainty how they will turn out. In the realm of public affairs, for

instance, it shapes his judgment of this or that humbugging political nostrum that the crowd is running eagerly to swallow, he can match it all the way back to the politics of Rome and Athens, and knows it for precisely what it is. He cannot get into a ferment over this or that exposure of the almost incredible degradation of our political, social, and cultural character, over an investigation of Tammany's misdoings, over the federal government's flagitious employment of the income tax law to establish a sleeping partnership in the enterprises of gamblers, gangsters, assassins, and racketeers, over the wholesale looting of public property through official connivance, over the crushing burden which an ever-increasing bureaucratic rapacity puts upon production. He knows too much about the origin and nature of government not to know that all these matters are representative, and that nothing significant can be done about them except by a self-sprung change of character in the people represented. He is aware, with Edmund Burke, that "there never was for any long time a corrupt representation of a virtuous people, or a mean, sluggish, careless people that ever had a good government of any form." He perceives, with Ibsen, that "men still call for special revolutions, for revolutions in politics, in externals. But all that sort of thing is trumpery. It is the soul of man that must revolt."

Thus in these important directions, and in others more or less like them, the educated youth starts under disadvantages from which the trained youth is free. The trained youth has no incentive to regard these matters except as one or another of them may bear upon his immediate personal interest. Again, while education does not make a gentleman it tends to inculcate certain partialities and repugnances which training does not tend to inculcate, and which are often embarrassing and retarding. They set up a sense of self-respect and dignity as an arbiter of conduct, with a jurisdiction far outreaching that of law and morals; and this is most disadvantageous. Formerly this disadvantage was not so pressing, but now it is of grave weight. At the close of Mr. Jefferson's first term, some of his political advisers thought it would be a good move for him to make a little tour in the North and let the people see him. He replied, with what now seems an incomprehensible austerity, that he was "not reconciled to the idea of a chief magistrate parading himself through the several states as an object of public gaze, and in quest of an applause which, to be valuable, should be purely voluntary." In his day a chief magistrate could say that and not lose by it; Mr. Jefferson carried every northern state except Connecticut and every southern state except Maryland. At the present time, as we have lately been reminded, the exigencies of politics have converted candidacy for public office into an exact synonym for obscene and repulsive exhibitionism.

Again education tends toward a certain reluctance about pushing oneself forward; and in a society so notoriously based on the principle of

each man for himself, this is a disadvantage. Charles Francis Adams's younger brother Henry, in his remarkable book called *The Education of Henry Adams*, makes some striking observations on this point. Henry Adams was no doubt the most accomplished man in America, probably the ablest member of the family which as a whole has been the most notable in American public service since 1776. His youth was spent in acquiring an uncommonly large experience of men and affairs. Yet he says that his native land never offered him but one opportunity in the whole course of his life, and that was an assistant professorship of history at Harvard, at four dollars a day, and he says further that he "could have wept on President Eliot's shoulder in hysterics, so grateful was he for the rare good-will that inspired the compliment." He recalls that at the age of thirty.

No young man had a larger acquaintance and relationship than Henry Adams, yet he knew no one who could help him. He was for sale, in the open market. So were many of his friends. All the world knew it, and knew too that they were cheap, to be bought at the price of a mechanic. There was no concealment, no delicacy, and no illusion about it. Neither he nor his friends complained, but he felt sometimes a little surprised that, as far as he knew, no one seeking in the labor market even so much as inquired about their fitness. . . . The young man was required to impose himself, by the usual business methods, as a necessity on his elders, in order to compel them to buy him as an investment. As Adams felt it, he was in a manner expected to blackmail.

Such were the disabilities imposed upon the educated person fifty years ago, when, as Adams says, "the American character showed singular limitations which sometimes drove the student of civilized man to despair." Owing to increased tension of the economic system, they are now much heavier. Even more than then, the educated youth emerges, as Adams and his friends did, to find himself "jostled of a sudden by a crowd of men who seem to him ignorant that there is a thing called ignorance, who have forgotten how to amuse themselves; who cannot even understand that they are bored."

One might add a few more items to the foregoing, chiefly in the way of spiritual wear and tear — specific discouragements, irritations, disappointments — which in these days fall to the lot of the educated youth, and which the trained youth escapes; but I have mentioned enough for the purpose. Now, it is quite proper to say that the joys and satisfactions of being educated should be brought out as an offset. One cannot get something for nothing, nor can one "have it going and coming." If an education is in itself as rewarding a thing as it is supposed to be, it is worth some sacrifice. It is unreasonable to court the joy of making oneself at home in the world's culture, and at the same time expect to get Standard Oil dividends out of it. Granted that your educated lad is out of step, lonesome, short on business acumen and concentration, and all

the rest of it — well, he has his education, nobody can get it away from him, his treasure is of the sort that moth and rust do not corrupt, and stock market operators cannot break through and mark down quotations on it. Agreed that if Charles Francis Adams had not been an educated gentleman he might have become another Gould, Fisk, Harriman, Rockefeller, Huntington, Morgan, but given his choice, would he have swapped off his education and its satisfactions for the chance to change places with any of them? Certainly not

Certainly not, but times have changed. If economic opportunity were now what it was even in Henry Adams's day, a young person just starting out might think twice about balancing the advantages of an education against its disadvantages. In that day, by a little stretching and with a little luck, a young person might come to some sort of compromise with society, but the chance of this is now so remote that no one should take it. Since the closing of the frontier, in or about 1890, economic exploitation has tightened up at such a rate that compromise is hardly possible. It takes every jot of a young person's attention and energy merely to catch on and hang on, and as we have been noticing these last two years, he does not keep going any too well, even at that. The question is not one of being willing to make reasonable sacrifices, it is one of accepting every reasonable prospect of utter destitution. The joys and satisfactions of an education are all that Commencement orators say they are, and more, yet there is force in the Irishman's question, "What's the world to a man when his wife's a widdy?"

V

Things may change for the better, in time; no doubt they will. Economic opportunity may, by some means unforeseen at present, be released from the hold of its present close monopoly. The social value of intellect and character may some day be rediscovered, and the means of their development may be rehabilitated. Were I to be alive when all this happens, I should take up my parable of five years ago, and speak as strongly for education as I did then. But I shall not be alive, and I suspect also that none of the young persons now going out into the world from our training schools will be alive, so there is no practical point to considering this prospect at present. Hence I can only raise my voice in recantation from the mourner's bench, a convert by force of expediency if not precisely in principle — rice-Christian style, perhaps, and yet, what is one to say? I belong to an earlier time, and for one reason or another the matter of rice does not present itself as an overimportunate problem, but nevertheless I see that the Christians have now "cornered" all the rice, so I cannot advise young persons to do as I and my contemporaries did. No, they are right, their training schools are right; Richard Roe and I are wrong. Let them be honest Christians if they can possibly manage the will

to believe — one can make astonishing successes with that sometimes by hard trying — but if not, let them be rice-Christians, they can do no better.

Checking Your Reading

What is the difference between education and training? What qualities are developed by education? How do these conflict with modern society as Mr. Nock sees it? What solution does he propose in this essay? To what extent is his solution ironic? What evidence is there for your answer? How would you state Mr. Nock's view without benefit of irony? What does he mean by rice-Christians? Is the figure an appropriate one?

Forming Your Opinion

How effective do you consider Mr. Nock's method of presenting his views? Do you feel that he overstates either the results of education or the nature of contemporary society? The essay was written in 1932, are its arguments more or less valid today? Does society demand more of the educated man today than it did formerly? Are colleges meeting the demands of society? Should our colleges make a more effective compromise between education and training? Is there room in the educational system for institutions which make varying degrees of compromise between them? Of what sort? What chances do you think exist for the rediscovery of "the social value of intellect and character"? What are these social values? How would they be useful to our present society?

THE UNIVERSITY IN A FREE SOCIETY

James Bryant Conant

President of Harvard University and an outstanding American scientist, James Bryant Conant (1893–) has displayed in his writings and his public service a vision and an ability which range far beyond laboratory and university walls. Educated at Harvard, he began teaching chemistry there and rose steadily from instructor to chairman of the department. In 1933 he became President of the University. A major in the Chemical Warfare Service in the first World War, he was a member of the Military Policy Committee (atom bomb project) and chairman of the National Defense Research Committee in the second World War. He has been the recipient of numerous degrees and honors, including the 1947 American Education Award of the National Education Association. A lecturer and writer on scientific and educational subjects, he is the author of Organic Chemistry (1928), The Chemistry of Organic Compounds (1933), Our Fighting Faith (1942), and On Understanding Science: An Historical Approach (1947). The following essay is taken from his book on Education in a Divided World (1948), based on his Sachs lectures at Teachers College, Columbia University, in 1945.

THE CRITICAL PERIOD in a young man's life as far as the relation of his education to his career is concerned lies between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. If he drops out of high school, or finishes high school and does not go on to a university, many roads are barred; for example, only with the greatest difficulty can he become a doctor, lawyer, or engineer. On the other hand, if he graduates from a four-year liberal arts college, in many cases he will consider that his "higher education" was thrown away if he takes up an occupation largely recruited from non-college men. Assuming for the moment that all barriers of economics and geography and national origins were swept aside by a magic wand, how would a wise educator proceed to plan the education of thousands of young men in any one of the forty-eight different states? Is everyone to go to college? If so, what kind of college? If not, on what basis are some to be denied "the privileges of a higher education"?

To my mind the crux of the problem is to be found in such phrases as "the privileges of a higher education." If we could eliminate the word "higher" we could at least make a start toward thinking more clearly

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about the relation of our colleges to the structure of American society. For the adjective "higher" implies at once that those who do not go to a university or a four-year college are forever on a lower plane. And any discerning teacher in our secondary schools will testify that the social implications of "going to college" weigh quite as heavily with parents and children as does proven aptitude for college work. Furthermore, any placement officer of a college knows full well that it is a rare holder of a bachelor's degree who is eager to take up as his lifework a trade or vocation for which he might have been trained in a technical high school.

In the last fifty years in many sections of the country the colleges have been considered to no small degree as vocational ladders (though many a professor would shudder at the term) not because of the intellectual content of their curricula or the training of the mind, but because of the "friends one made." The tendency of management to hire only college men as junior executives is merely one manifestation of the undefined but very definite recognition on the part of ambitious people that "without a college education you cannot get ahead." The practice of the Armed Services during the war and the public statements of some high ranking officers have increased this feeling. The extent to which such ideas confuse our thinking about education beyond the high school can hardly be exaggerated.

Let us eliminate all the hierarchical overtones from the word "higher" and get squared away for a discussion of high school and college in terms of the ideal of equality of educational opportunity. Instead of raising the question, "Who should be educated?" let us rather consider the problem, "How long should be the education of the members of each vocation?" Of course, those who consciously or unconsciously reject the premise of working toward a more fluid social order should stick to the phrase "higher education" and underline the adjective. Anyone who wishes to solve our educational problems along hereditary class lines is well advised to support an educational pattern in which collegiate training is primarily for students who can pay for it — this training to be suitable both for those who enter the professions and for those who are to be managers of industry and commerce. Public education would then be largely concerned with providing another type of terminal schooling for future clerical workers, still another for manual workers, and so on through a close-knit stratified social system. The exceptionally brilliant boy, measured in academic terms, can be taken care of under such an arrangement by a relatively inexpensive system of scholarships, or at least he can in theory.

On the other hand, if we want to move toward a more flexible social structure, we must consider the final years of formal education not as a privilege of those who can afford to pay, or to be won by a few with high scholastic skill — but something open to all who deserve it and *need* it.

And the emphasis on the word "need" is all-important, provided we define "need" in terms of subsequent vocation.

It seems evident at first sight that certain vocations require longer periods of formal training than do others. As now conceived, public health tops the list, medicine and the academic careers requiring a Ph D. in arts or letters are next, research in science is not far behind, then come law and engineering — to name only a few of the well-recognized professions. All of these have demanded, in the past, at least four years beyond high school, medicine usually eight. Not only do these vocations require a long period of formal education, but the nature of the general as well as the specialized work corresponds to the orientation of the able student measured in terms of college grades. The path to these occupations might well separate from the main educational road at the end of high school. In the first years of this century this path was the main road and indeed almost the only way to the learned professions. The universities supplied professional education, the four-year colleges either as separate institutions or within the universities fed the university professional schools.

But, as already indicated, during the last fifty years the four-year colleges have been the pathway not only to the professions but to white-collar jobs in business. The number and nature of the professions have expanded, to be sure, and the success of the agricultural colleges has blurred the distinction in certain states. By and large the opinion that higher education is to be equated with a bachelor's degree from a four-year institution has been gaining ground for a generation.

I hope to show in this and the following chapter that this pattern can and should be altered. The time has come, it seems to many educators, when we must distinguish more clearly between professional training (the characteristic educational function of a university) and a combination of general education and vocational training which may be accomplished in local two-year terminal colleges. In presenting this thesis, it would be logical to consider the two-year college first and then go on to analyze the functions of a university. But such a procedure would be unrealistic, for today the two-year local college is still in the process of development whereas the university has already assumed a very definite status. Before urging reforms, therefore, which alter to some degree the accepted pattern of education beyond the high school, we need to examine the present state of advanced education in the United States. In particular, we must understand the history of American universities and the way their growth has reflected some of the characteristics of our society.

A century and a half ago no one could have foreseen that the university tradition as imported to this continent in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was to undergo a significant mutation. No one then could have predicted that exposure to the social and political climate of the United States, to alternate blasts of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian

democracy in particular, was to bring about an academic revolution and that the state universities were to play a leading role in the transformation; but such was in fact the case.

Only in the last fifty years has the reality of the change in species become apparent to all observers, and only in the last twenty-five years has the true significance of the alteration been widely understood. Even today there are those who regard the change as a mere temporary and extremely regrettable aberration to be attacked by drastic surgery — pruned or cut back, as it were, to conform to the older European model of a perfect university.

But what is this university tradition which has undergone a revolution in American hands — a revolution equivalent to a biological mutation? Indeed, what is a university? How shall we define the *genus*? For nearly a thousand years there have been universities in the Western World, to understand the present institutions, we must therefore comprehend something of their history. For while there have been several clear and distinct changes in the pattern, the essence of the university tradition has through all these years remained constant. We can describe a university, it seems to me, as a community of scholars with a considerable degree of independence and self-government, concerned with professional education, the advancement of knowledge, and the general education of the leading citizens. To accomplish these three ends, it has been found desirable often — but not always — to incorporate into the community of scholars a community of students. Thus arose what has been termed the “collegiate way of living.” Thus came about the emphasis on what we now call the “extracurricular” educational values.

As the university tradition came to America, it was based on four ultimate sources of strength: the cultivation of learning for its own sake, the educational stream that makes possible the professions, the general educational stream of the liberal arts, and, lastly, the never-failing river of student life carrying all the power that comes from the gregarious impulses of human beings. According to my view, universities have flourished when these four elements have been properly in balance; on the other hand, when one or more of these same elements has diminished or dried up, the academies of advanced instruction have failed signally in performing a relevant social function.

The cultivation of learning alone produces not a university but a research institute, sole concern with student life produces in these days either an academic country club or a football team maneuvering under a collegiate banner; professional education by itself results in nothing but a trade school; an institution concerned with general education, even in the best liberal arts tradition, divorced from research and training for the professions is admittedly not a university but a college. Therefore, to my mind, the future of the American university depends primarily on keeping

a balance between these four traditional elements of strength. These four elements were the basis of the properly balanced plan in a time when universities were flourishing, they must continue to be in balance if the American university is to fulfill its proper functions in the times that are to come.

But what is there new, one may ask, about the American university, and how does the novelty (if any) affect the prospects for its future? The mutation, I believe, occurred in two of the four historic elements of which I speak. namely, professional education, and general education of the leading citizens. The first was a change in content, an enormous growth, the second, a change in type of student. Both represent a vast broadening of the educational goals, both present us with problems still unsolved. The changes have been to a large degree unconscious responses to social forces, and often the rationalization of the transformations has been in other terms than I shall use.

As public secondary education expanded in the last decades of the nineteenth century and in the first half of the twentieth, the colleges and universities likewise expanded. Not only were the applicants more numerous, they were much more heterogeneous as to backgrounds and ambitions. Furthermore, the political, social, and economic development of the United States vastly altered the way in which the public regarded education. As the years went by, it became more and more evident that in our complex industrialized society mere ability to read and write, added to native wit, was not enough. With the passing of the frontier, the pioneer spirit was turned away from new lands toward new industries. And to manage modern industry requires more than a high school education — at least for all but the very exceptional man.

With increasing industrialization went increasing urbanization, a higher standard of living, and a vast number of services available for city and town dwellers, more and more new mechanical and electrical devices distributed widely among the population — automobiles, electric refrigerators, and radios, to mention the most obvious examples. All this industrial expansion required more and more men and women with a larger and different educational experience than would have been necessary fifty years earlier to run a farm, a store, or even a bank.

The pressure on the universities, therefore, to educate men and women for specific vocations both increased and diversified. Beginning with the Morrill Act, the public had recognized the need for education in agriculture and the mechanical and industrial arts. Many a state in the Union made the significant step of combining the new agricultural and industrial arts colleges with an older state college of arts and letters. Perhaps one could say that from this union came the new American university. But, if so, the transformation rapidly spread elsewhere. Even before the great influx in numbers, the pattern had been set in publicly controlled and

privately controlled universities alike, the mechanical and industrial arts (later to be known as engineering) and agriculture were recognized as being on a par, at least in theory, with divinity, medicine, and law.

As the twentieth century grew older, both the enrollments in our universities and the diversity of the training increased with each decade. The word "profession," in danger of being stretched beyond the elastic limit, was supplemented by the phrase "semi-profession." But soon the voice of the critic was heard in the land. Able and distinguished citizens became alarmed at this transformation of the idea of a university in American hands. When you once abandon the concept of a university as a home of learning, a place where the life of the mind is to be cultivated at all costs, you destroy our centers of higher education, they declared.

But in spite of those outcries and lamentations, the development proceeded on its way. One of our oldest universities strengthened its school of business administration, another continued to give degrees in forestry and nursing, while privately controlled universities in urban areas were as catholic in their offerings as any financed by the state. One element of the ancient four — professional education — had received nourishment from the combination of democracy and industrialization. It was forced to proliferate in a way to shock the admirers of the ancient stem. All manner of new vocations were assimilated within the sacred walls of a university, and graduates armed with special training in a variety of skills stood on the commencement platform as proudly as the future members of the clergy or the bar.

In short, in the course of seventy-five years or so the forces of democracy had taken the European idea of a university and transformed it. The American university today is as different from the nineteenth-century British or Continental universities as the Renaissance universities of Italy and the Netherlands were different from those of the Middle Ages. Personally, I think the basic philosophy which almost unconsciously has shaped the growth of the modern American university is sound, for it is none other than a philosophy hostile to the supremacy of a few vocations. It is a philosophy moving toward the social equality of all useful labor.

As an offset to this increased emphasis on professional training (for I regard all university vocational education as a derivative of the ancient professions), there came about a strong movement to make American universities centers of scholarly work and scientific investigation. This movement was not only to some degree a counterbalance to the educational forces associated with the agricultural and mechanical colleges, but also a response to a challenge to make of some of the older institutions something more than advanced boarding schools for a special group.

In the middle of the last century the head of one of the Oxford colleges, an eminent scholar and educational reformer, saw no evidence that the university tradition had ever taken root in the United States. "America

has no universities, as we understand the term," he wrote, "the institutions so-called being merely places for granting titular degrees." Taken literally this harsh judgment is undoubtedly false; yet it probably is not a gross exaggeration of the situation which then existed. The new spirit moving within the educational institutions of the country had not become evident to those outside our academic walls.

It was not until the Johns Hopkins University was opened at Baltimore that the idea of a university as a center of advanced learning came to have a prominent place in the public mind. It was not until Gilman had boldly proclaimed that "all departments of learning should be promoted" and that "the glory of the university should rest upon the character of the teachers and scholars . . . and not upon their number nor upon the buildings constructed for their use" — it was not until then that scholarship came into its own again as part of the university tradition of the United States.

From this development, as we all know, came the growth of the graduate schools of arts and sciences, the introduction of new standards of excellence in regard to original work by scientists and scholars, and the growth of what is now sometimes referred to as the Ph.D. octopus. All this was slow at first but, like the other changes in the universities of America, gained speed during the period just before and just after the first World War. As a consequence, the American university has been in recent years something of a mental patient suffering from a schizophrenic disorder: on one day, or during one administration, the disciplines grouped under the banner of the arts, letters, and sciences represent the dominant personality, on another day, or during another administration, it is the vocational procession led by law and medicine that sweeps all before it.

But, as so often happens in the delightful chaos of American democracy, the various pressure groups to a large degree canceled out. Looking back over the history of this century, we can see that the American universities drew strength from many different sources. The fact that the forces making for the new developments were not only often totally unrelated but at times apparently working one against another made little difference, the expansion and strengthening of the entire institution continued almost without interruption. The nature of the typical American university had emerged, whether any given institution was state-controlled or privately supported made little difference in the pattern. In some states there was a comprehensive system comprising several constituent members; in others all work was included in one academic institution.

As to the variety of the vocational training, one university or one university system might show considerable divergence from another, as to the strength of the faculties, there were, of course, wide differences; but

as to their ideas of undergraduate education and their devotion to the welfare of the students, there was remarkable uniformity among them all. The significant fact was that no university which gave degrees in the ancient professions of medicine or law remained aloof from also giving degrees in such modern subjects as business administration, engineering, journalism, forestry, architecture, nursing, or education. And many were awarding the bachelor's degree for courses of study in vocational fields very distant, indeed, from the traditional disciplines of the arts and sciences.

To complete this brief and inadequate account of the Americanization of the university idea, it remains only to discuss general education as apart from vocational education. I have earlier referred to the "general education of the leading citizens" as one of those traditional elements in the university pattern which have remained constant through the centuries. A volume would be required to do justice to this aspect of the work of universities in different countries and in different periods of history. In a sense, this phase of university education is a by-product of the two main preoccupations of the scholars — the advancement of learning, and education for the professions — which includes, of course, the training of new scholars. In a sense, it is a by-product — yet a by-product which in the public eye (including the eye of future students) has often loomed as large as all the other functions of the university put together. And the larger it loomed the more emphasis we find put on student life, which has manifested itself in ways as different as the Oxford colleges, the German dueling clubs, and the American zest for intercollegiate athletics.

If we examine the role of the universities in the English-speaking countries in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we find a fair proportion of the students preparing not for the church or the bar, but for public service or a career in letters. In England only slowly, in the Colonies more rapidly, the merchant families came to send their boys to a college or university in order to obtain the sort of general education required by the business positions they would later occupy. In terms of the total population, the number of young men who pursued this road, however, was small indeed. For the most part, only a special set of relatively wealthy families patronized the colleges and universities for this purpose, the poor boy entered only if he desired to become a scholar or a member of a learned profession.

The numbers were small in the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth, because, except to those in the professions I have mentioned, the education thus acquired was of but little significance in later life. The same may be said of the situation throughout America as late as the middle of the last century. But then matters began to change. As part of the educational expansion more and more boys began to enter colleges and universities, not to study for the professions but for a general educa-

tion as a preparation for later life in the business world. An acute observer reared in another culture might have seen at the turn of the century that American educational policy was steering American educational philosophy toward an ugly problem. As long as education beyond the high school was a matter for a very small fraction of the population and, except for learned and literary men, of no great moment in terms of subsequent success, it mattered little who went to college. But as more and more doors of opportunity in an increasingly industrialized society became closed to the non-college man, the question of who went to college raised new social and political problems. Today we are faced with the awkward questions raised in the beginning of this chapter. Have we real equality of educational opportunity at the college level? If not, what is the proper remedy? Is everyone to go to college?

Of one thing we can be sure — not everyone should have a professional training, even using this word in the broad American sense. This proposition requires no documentation. A second premise, almost equally obvious to those who are convinced of the validity of our American ideals, is that those who do obtain a professional education should be chosen on the basis of pure merit. This follows as a consequence of the doctrine of equality of educational opportunity which has been emphasized so frequently throughout this book. But it may be supported on entirely different grounds on the basis of the welfare of the nation. A modern industrialized, highly urbanized country can prosper only if the professions are full of capable, imaginative, and forward-looking men. We must have extremely able lawyers, doctors, teachers, scientists, and public servants. There is no place for nepotism in the recruitment of this corps of specialists. To the extent that we now fail to educate the potential talent of each generation, we are wasting one of the country's greatest assets. In the world today a highly industrialized nation simply cannot afford this type of waste. Yet no one familiar with the situation would deny that such a waste occurs.

In spite of the fact that America had remade the university and expanded the facilities for university students several fold, before the war there were many able youths for whom the professional world was barred. Evidence on this point has already been presented in Chapter 3, and it need not be repeated here. In the immediate postwar years, 1946–1948, thanks to the G. I. Bill, the universities and colleges have been crowded, and because of the large amount of Federal money expended, it is true that any adequately prepared veteran who wants a college education can obtain it. But when this war generation has been educated, what is then to come? Shall we revert to the prewar situation? Can we afford to do so either in terms of our ideals or our need for talent?

We must remember that as matters stand today the opportunities for professional education at low cost are very unequally and unfairly dis-

tributed in the United States. As was pointed out earlier, the urban family with a low income is in a relatively favored position since every city of any size has one or more universities (often tuition free). By living at home the student can receive professional training with only a small outlay in cash. On the other hand, those who grow up in smaller cities, towns, and rural areas are with rare exceptions beyond commuting distance to a university. For these young men and women, to attend an academic institution which gives professional training means living away from home with a consequent high expense. Clearly scholarships, loan funds, and opportunities for part-time work are the methods by which youths from rural areas must surmount the economic barriers which bar the road to the professions.

Since the major cost of advanced education, if the student is away from home, is board and lodging, one can argue that as far as possible the expansion of public education beyond high school should be arranged locally. Otherwise in order to offer equal opportunities we should have to envisage using public funds to provide years of free board and room for a considerable fraction of our high school graduates. But there are various types of professional and vocational education which can be given at only a few centers in even a very populous state. It is literally impossible, for example, to give adequate instruction in clinical medicine except in cities of sufficient size to support large hospitals. Similarly, advanced work in the arts, sciences, and letters can be done only where adequate libraries and laboratories are at hand. It is clearly in the national interest to find all the latent talent available for the lengthy training that research careers demand. Yet to establish research centers at every point in the United States where general education beyond the high school is desired would be not merely uneconomical, but impossible. The alternative, to strengthen our present universities and establish a national system of scholarships, seems the only answer. The way this might be done and how it might be financed will be the subject of the next chapter.

I venture to conclude this discussion of the universities by returning to my original proposition: the health of our universities depends on keeping a balance between the advancement of knowledge, professional education, general education, and the demands of student life. From time to time, every institution will be threatened by the overgrowth of one of these four elements or the atrophy of one or more. But by and large it seems clear that in the next few years it is the advancement of knowledge which will be in need of the greatest encouragement and support. I say this in spite of the present public concern with supporting research in the physical and biological sciences. I say it in part because of this concern. I am afraid that there will be so many research institutes founded by industry and philanthropy for very specific purposes that the university faculties will be drained dry of their productive men. Few laymen seem

to realize the simple fact that it is men that count, and that first-rate investigators and original scholars are relatively rare phenomena and require long and careful training. That is why, to me, the spending of the taxpayers' money on a scholarship policy is fully as important as the establishment of a National Science Foundation to support basic research in our universities.

In a book about education there is no place for a long discussion of the role of the universities in advancing knowledge. I resist the temptation to explore many interesting and significant problems in this area. It is essential, however, to emphasize another aspect of the scholarly work of a university, one of great significance for the nation. I refer to intellectual, educational, and moral leadership — leadership not only of a state, but of an entire section. This leadership of a community of scholars, like the leadership of an individual, requires, first, capacity based on expert knowledge, second, broad vision; third, courage. And of these the last is by no means the least significant. More and more I believe that the nation and different groups within the nation (geographic, social, or economic groups) must look to university scholars for guidance in handling basic social and economic problems. To this end the professors of these subjects must explore vigorously not only the fundamental aspects of man's behavior but the applications of our present knowledge.

One condition is essential. freedom of discussion, unmolested inquiry. As in the early days of this century, we must have a spirit of tolerance which allows the expression of a great variety of opinions. On this point there can be no compromise even in days of an armed truce. But we should be completely unrealistic if we failed to recognize the difficulties which arise from the ideological conflict which according to the premise of this book will be with us for years to come. Excited citizens are going to be increasingly alarmed about alleged "communist infiltration" into our schools and colleges. Reactionaries are going to use the tensions inherent in our armed truce as an excuse for attacking a wide group of radical ideas and even some which are in the middle of the road.

How are we to answer the thoughtful and troubled citizen who wonders if our universities are being used as centers for fifth column activities? By emphasizing again the central position in this country of tolerance of diversity of opinion and by expressing confidence that *our* philosophy is superior to all alien importations. After all, this is but one version of the far wider problem which we encounter at the outset: how are we to win the ideological conflict if it continues on a non-shooting basis? Clearly not by destroying our basic ideas but by strengthening them; clearly not by retreating in fear from the Communist doctrine but by going out vigorously to meet it. Studying a philosophy does not mean endorsing it, much less proclaiming it. We study cancer in order to learn how to defeat it. We must study the Soviet philosophy in our universities for exactly the

same reason. No one must be afraid to tackle that explosive subject before a class. If an avowed supporter of the Marx-Lenin-Stalin line can be found, force him into the open and tear his arguments to pieces with counter-arguments. Some of the success of the Communist propaganda in this country before the war was due to the fact that it was like pornographic literature purveyed through an academic black market so to speak. For a certain type of youth this undercover kind of knowledge has a special attraction. And doctrines that are not combated in the classroom but treated merely with silence or contempt may be appealing to the immature.

The first requirement for maintaining a healthy attitude in our universities in these days, therefore, is to get the discussion of modern Marxism out into the open. The second is to recognize that we are not at peace but in a period of an armed truce. That means that the activities which go with war, such as vigorous secret intelligence, sabotage, and even planned disruption of the basic philosophy of a nation may well proceed. We must be on our guard. We must be realistic about the activities of agents of foreign powers, but at the same time be courageous in our support of the basis of our own creed, the maximum of individual freedom. We should be certain that any steps we take to counteract the work of foreign agents within our borders do not damage irreparably the very fabric we seek to save. The government, of course, must see to it that those who are employed in positions of responsibility and trust are persons of intelligence, discretion, and unswerving loyalty to the national interest. But in disqualifying others we should proceed with the greatest caution. Certain men and women who temperamentally are unsuited for employment by a Federal agency none the less can serve the nation in other ways. They may be entitled to our full respect as citizens though we may disagree with their opinions. For example, a person whose religious beliefs make him a conscientious objector is automatically disqualified from employment by the nation in matters pertaining to the use of force or preparation for the use of force. On the other hand, such a man may be an intellectual and moral leader of the greatest importance for the welfare of our society.

These obvious considerations have bearing on the problems of staffing a university. Universities, however they may be financed or controlled, are neither government bureaus nor private corporations, the professors are not hired employees. The criteria for joining a community of scholars are in some ways unique. They are not to be confused with the requirements of a Federal bureau. For example, I can imagine a naive scientist or a philosopher with strong loyalties to the advancement of civilization and the unity of the world who would be a questionable asset to a government department charged with negotiations with other nations; the same man because of his professional competence might be extremely valuable

to a university. Such conclusions are obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to think carefully about the degrees of prudence and sophistication met with in human beings. Such considerations will be self-evident to all who analyze the complex problem of loyalty.

The third condition necessary for maintaining free inquiry within our universities is to ask the scholars themselves to declare their own basic social philosophy. We must then be prepared in our universities to be sure that we have a variety of views represented and that in the classroom our teachers be careful scholars rather than propagandists. But the unpopular view must be protected for we would be quite naive to imagine that there are no reactionaries who would like to drive all liberals from the halls of learning. This issue arises, of course, not in the physical sciences but in connection with the social sciences and sometimes the humanities.

The statement is often made that science is neutral as far as value judgments are concerned. This is one of those three-quarter truths fully as dangerous as half-truths. Let us consider the medical sciences today. Investigators and practitioners concerned with human disease almost unconsciously accept a set of values which limits their activity and also serves as powerful spurs to their endeavors. This fact seems to be overlooked when the neutrality of science is proclaimed. Much more than the Hippocratic oath is involved. Only in a society where life is considered preferable to death and where health is glorified would funds flow freely for the study of disease. Only where the sanctity of each individual is so strongly felt that it is regarded as a paramount duty to save every life possible at whatever cost would physicians, surgeons, and medical scientists act as they do today. Our standard of medical care and our desire to raise it is based on a series of value judgments. Let me make it plain — I am not questioning the assumptions. I am merely pointing to the existence of these postulates basic to all work in the medical sciences. I do so because I believe the situation is analogous in the case of those scholars who are studying human behavior and human relations, but the analogy has not yet been fully realized.

The assumptions of the medical men and their allies are by now fairly well accepted in modern industrialized nations, though in practice the value placed on human life certainly is subject to wide variations. The assumptions essential for the proper functioning of the political scientist, economist, psychologist, anthropologist, and sociologist in our unique society, however, are, I believe, as special as the history of this society itself. The equivalent of the Hippocratic oath which these men might well formulate to make their biases explicit would therefore be related closely to the type of society in which they propose to operate. Even the English and the American versions might vary at several points, but the essentials would be the same. Totalitarian nations, however, would use the tech-

niques developed by these scientists for very different ends, and their use would condition the further advancement of the sciences themselves. Powerful tools are in the process of being forged by the scientists who study man as a social animal. These tools can be used to further or to destroy certain types of behavior and certain social patterns. It is essential for the men themselves to clarify in their own minds their own standards of value in many matters, just as, long ago, the medical profession took a definite stand on the issues confronting those whose knowledge includes the key to the life or death of an individual in distress.

A study of the writings of the last fifty years makes it evident that the myth of the neutrality of science has been used as a smoke screen for reactionaries and radicals alike. For example, within recent times some who wished to see a tight class structure develop in the United States have analyzed society in so-called scientific terms. Likewise, those who wished for a socialistic state can quote the results of modern investigators of society for their own ends. My objection to these procedures stems less from my lack of enthusiasm for the objectives than from the failure of the authors to be explicit as to their premises. Gunnar Myrdal has faced this question squarely and said, "There is no other device for excluding biases in social science than to face the valuations and to introduce them as explicitly stated, specific and sufficiently concretized value premises."

I am inclined to think that, to forward their own work, scientists and practitioners concerned with the sciences of man might well join together and issue a proclamation. Or if that is too much to hope for, recognizing the importance of rugged independence among learned men, each one might make his own individual position clear.

Those who worry about radicalism in our schools and colleges are often either reactionaries who themselves do not bear allegiance to the traditional American principles or defeatists who despair of the success of our own philosophy in an open competition. The first group are consciously or unconsciously aiming at a transformation of this society, perhaps initially not as revolutionary or violent as that which the Soviet agents envisage, but one eventually equally divergent from our historic goals. The others are unduly timid about the outcome of a battle of *ideas*, they lack confidence in our own intellectual armament (I mean literally the battle of ideas, not espionage or sabotage by secret agents). They often fail to recognize that diversity of opinion within the framework of loyalty to our free society is not only basic to a university but to the entire nation. For in a democracy with our traditions only those reasoned convictions which emerge from diversity of opinion can lead to that unity and national solidarity so essential for the welfare of our country — essential not only for our own security but even more a requisite for intelligent action toward the end we all desire, namely, the conversion of the present armed truce into a firm and lasting peace.

Like all other democratic institutions based on the principles of toleration, individual freedom, and the efficacy of rational methods, the universities are certain to meet with many difficulties as they seek to preserve their integrity during this period of warring ideologies. But we would do well to remember this is not the first time that communities of scholars have been disturbed by doctrinal quarrels so deep-seated as to be in the nature of smoldering wars. The history of Oxford and Cambridge during the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century is interesting reading on this point. At that time the "true friends of learning" rallied to the support of those ancient institutions and protected them against the excesses of both sides. Today, likewise, the friends of learning must recognize the dangers which might threaten the universities if tempers rise as the armed truce lengthens. They must seek to increase the number of citizens who understand the true nature of universities, the vital importance of the tradition of free inquiry, the significance of life tenure for the older members of each faculty, the fact that violent differences of opinion are essential for education. They must be realistic about the fanatic followers of the Soviet philosophy who seek to infiltrate, control, and disrupt democratic organizations including student clubs. But they must also recognize the threat that comes from those reactionaries who are ready if a wave of hysteria should mount to purge the institutions of all doctrines contrary to their views. In short, our citadels of learning must be guarded by devoted laymen in all walks of life who realize the relation between education and American democracy. So protected, the universities need not worry unduly about infiltration of Marxist subversive elements or intimidation from without. They will remain secure fortresses of our liberties.

Checking Your Reading

What does Mr. Conant say about the phrase "the privileges of a higher education"? How have colleges become vocational ladders? How does Mr. Conant describe a university, and on what four "ultimate sources of strength" is it based? How did industrial expansion affect the need for education? What did the Morrill Act do? Of what significance was the opening of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore?

How does Mr. Conant answer the question: Is everyone to go to college? What economic barriers exist to complicate "equality of education"? How do we compensate for them? Why does Mr. Conant feel that it is "the advancement of knowledge [one of the four elements] which will be in need of the greatest encouragement and support" in the future? Why is freedom of discussion so essential a condition in a university? How are Marxism and "an armed truce" related to a healthy attitude in our universities? What does Mr. Conant say of "the myth of the neutrality of science"? of "the need for diversity of opinion"?

Forming Your Opinion

Mr. Conant is concerned in this essay with the nature and function of a university. How does he feel about distinguishing between professional training (a university responsibility) and general education/vocational training (a college responsibility)? Is this distinction clear to you? What part could two-year terminal or junior colleges play in this new pattern of education? Would you be willing to substitute a local two-year college course for your more expensive four years of liberal education at a distant university? What sort of two-year course would you regard as an acceptable substitute? What would you consider the fairest basis for determining who should have a professional (graduate school) education?

Do you agree with Mr. Conant's major premise that unmolested inquiry is a requisite of a university in a free society? What is your attitude toward a completely open discussion of Marxism, Communist propaganda, and academic fifth columns? Is such discussion possible in a period of armed truce? How would you expect scholars to "declare their own basic philosophy"? What difficulties are certain to arise when universities "seek to preserve their integrity during this period of warring ideologies"? How can we combat these difficulties?

SCIENCE AND CULTURE

Thomas Henry Huxley

To express his own philosophical attitude among conflicting creeds of the day, Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–1895) coined the word agnosticism. It is a common term today. Scientist and philosopher, Huxley was one of the storm-centers of Victorian thought – a powerful disputant and a vigorous writer, constantly embattled. He was an able researcher who did important work in the fields of comparative anatomy and embryology, sociology, and ethics, and a vigorous and discriminating champion of Darwinian evolution. The largely hostile attitude of theologians toward natural science and the reluctance of educators to accept a more liberal scientific education were two of the principal causes of Huxley's many controversies. The following selection from Science and Culture, an address delivered in Birmingham, England, in 1880, at the opening of the Science College founded by Sir Josiah Mason, is characteristic of Huxley's clear, straightforward style. Its subject, the place of scientific knowledge and training in a liberal education, has seldom found more incisive expression. Huxley's arguments, however, rarely went unanswered. To Science and Culture Matthew Arnold promptly replied in his lecture Literature and Science (see below, pp. 61–73).

. . . I HOLD very strongly by two convictions: – The first is, that neither the discipline nor the subject-matter of classical education is of such direct value to the student of physical science as to justify the expenditure of valuable time upon either, and the second is, that for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education.

I need hardly point out to you that these opinions, especially the latter, are diametrically opposed to those of the great majority of educated Englishmen, influenced as they are by school and university traditions. In their belief, culture is obtainable only by a liberal education, and a liberal education is synonymous, not merely with education and instruction in literature, but in one particular form of literature, namely, that of Greek and Roman antiquity. They hold that the man who has learned Latin and Greek, however little, is educated, while he who is versed in other branches of knowledge, however deeply, is a more or less respectable specialist, not admissible into the cultured caste. The stamp of the educated man, the University degree, is not for him.

I am too well acquainted with the generous catholicity of spirit, the

true sympathy with scientific thought, which pervades the writings of our chief apostle of culture, to identify him with these opinions, and yet one may cull from one and another of those epistles to the Philistines, which so much delight all who do not answer to that name, sentences which lend them some support

Mr. Arnold tells us that the meaning of culture is "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world." It is the criticism of life contained in literature. That criticism regards "Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result, and whose members have, for their common outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special, local, and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme. And what is that but saying that we too, all of us, as individuals, the more thoroughly we carry it out, shall make the more progress?"

We have here to deal with two distinct propositions. The first, that a criticism of life is the essence of culture, the second, that literature contains the materials which suffice for the construction of such a criticism.

I think that we must all assent to the first proposition. For culture certainly means something quite different from learning or technical skill. It implies the possession of an ideal, and the habit of critically estimating the value of things by comparison with a theoretic standard. Perfect culture should supply a complete theory of life, based upon a clear knowledge alike of its possibilities and of its limitations.

But we may agree to all this, and yet strongly dissent from the assumption that literature alone is competent to supply this knowledge. After having learnt all that Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity have thought and said, and all that modern literatures have to tell us, it is not self-evident that we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life which constitutes culture.

Indeed, to any one acquainted with the scope of physical science, it is not at all evident. Considering progress only in the "intellectual and spiritual sphere," I find myself wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their common outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. I should say that an army, without weapons of precision and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man, devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life.

When a biologist meets with an anomaly, he instinctively turns to the study of development to clear it up. The rationale of contradictory opinions may with equal confidence be sought in history.

It is, happily, no new thing that Englishmen should employ their wealth in building and endowing institutions for educational purposes. But, five or six hundred years ago, deeds of foundation expressed or implied conditions as nearly as possible contrary to those which have been thought expedient by Sir Josiah Mason. That is to say, physical science was practically ignored, while a certain literary training was enjoined as a means to the acquirement of knowledge which was essentially theological.

The reason of this singular contradiction between the actions of men alike animated by a strong and disinterested desire to promote the welfare of their fellows, is easily discovered.

At that time, in fact, if any one desired knowledge beyond such as could be obtained by his own observation, or by common conversation, his first necessity was to learn the Latin language, inasmuch as all the higher knowledge of the western world was contained in works written in that language. Hence, Latin grammar, with logic and rhetoric, studied through Latin, were the fundamentals of education. With respect to the substance of the knowledge imparted through this channel, the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, as interpreted and supplemented by the Romish Church, were held to contain a complete and infallibly true body of information.

Theological dicta were, to the thinkers of those days, that which the axioms and definitions of Euclid are to the geometers of these. The business of the philosophers of the middle ages was to deduce, from the data furnished by the theologians, conclusions in accordance with ecclesiastical decrees. They were allowed the high privilege of showing, by logical process, how and why that which the Church said was true, must be true. And if their demonstrations fell short of or exceeded this limit, the Church was maternally ready to check their aberrations, — if need were, by the help of the secular arm.

Between the two, our ancestors were furnished with a compact and complete criticism of life. They were told how the world began and how it would end, they learned that all material existence was but a base and insignificant blot upon the fair face of the spiritual world, and that nature was, to all intents and purposes, the playground of the devil, they learned that the earth is the centre of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things terrestrial, and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature had no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered by the agency of innumerable spiritual beings, good and bad, according as they were moved by the deeds and prayers of men. The sum and substance of the whole doctrine was to produce the conviction that the only thing really worth knowing in this world was how to secure that place in a better which, under certain conditions, the Church promised.

Our ancestors had a living belief in this theory of life, and acted upon it in their dealings with education, as in all other matters. Culture meant saintliness — after the fashion of the saints of those days, the education that led to it was, of necessity, theological, and the way to theology lay through Latin.

That the study of nature — further than was requisite for the satisfaction of everyday wants — should have any bearing on human life was far from the thoughts of men thus trained. Indeed, as nature had been cursed for man's sake, it was an obvious conclusion that those who meddled with nature were likely to come into pretty close contact with Satan. And, if any born scientific investigator followed his instincts, he might safely reckon upon earning the reputation, and probably upon suffering the fate, of a sorcerer.

Had the western world been left to itself in Chinese isolation, there is no saying how long this state of things might have endured. But, happily, it was not left to itself. Even earlier than the thirteenth century, the development of Moorish civilization in Spain and the great movement of the Crusades had introduced the leaven which, from that day to this, has never ceased to work. At first, through the intermediation of Arabic translations, afterwards by the study of the originals, the western nations of Europe became acquainted with the writings of the ancient philosophers and poets, and, in time, with the whole of the vast literature of antiquity.

Whatever there was of high intellectual aspiration or dominant capacity in Italy, France, Germany, and England, spent itself for centuries in taking possession of the rich inheritance left by the dead civilizations of Greece and Rome. Marvelously aided by the invention of printing, classical learning spread and flourished. Those who possessed it prided themselves on having attained the highest culture then within the reach of mankind.

And justly. For, saving Dante on his solitary pinnacle, there was no figure in modern literature, at the time of the Renaissance, to compare with the men of antiquity, there was no art to compete with their sculpture, there was no physical science but that which Greece had created. Above all, there was no other example of perfect intellectual freedom — of the unhesitating acceptance of reason as the sole guide to truth and the supreme arbiter of conduct.

The new learning necessarily soon exerted a profound influence upon education. The language of the monks and schoolmen seemed little better than gibberish to scholars fresh from Vergil and Cicero, and the study of Latin was placed upon a new foundation. Moreover, Latin itself ceased to afford the sole key to knowledge. The student who sought the highest thought of antiquity found only a second-hand reflection of it in Roman literature, and turned his face to the full light of the Greeks. And after a battle, not altogether dissimilar to that which is at present being fought

over the teaching of physical science, the study of Greek was recognized as an essential element of all higher education.

Thus the Humanists, as they were called, won the day, and the great reform which they effected was of incalculable service to mankind. But the Nemesis of all reformers is finality, and the reformers of education, like those of religion, fell into the profound, however common, error of mistaking the beginning for the end of the work of reformation.

The representatives of the Humanists, in the nineteenth century, take their stand upon classical education as the sole avenue to culture, as firmly as if we were still in the age of Renascence. Yet, surely, the present intellectual relations of the modern and the ancient worlds are profoundly different from those which obtained three centuries ago. Leaving aside the existence of a great and characteristically modern literature, of modern painting, and, especially, of modern music, there is one feature of the present state of the civilized world which separates it more widely from the Renascence than the Renascence was separated from the middle ages.

This distinctive character of our own times lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge. Not only is our daily life shaped by it, not only does the prosperity of millions of men depend upon it, but our whole theory of life has long been influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the general conceptions of the universe which have been forced upon us by physical science.

In fact, the most elementary acquaintance with the results of scientific investigation shows us that they offer a broad and striking contradiction to the opinion so implicitly credited and taught in the middle ages.

The notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes, and that the chief business of mankind is to learn that order and govern themselves accordingly. Moreover this scientific "criticism of life" presents itself to us with different credentials from any other. It appeals not to authority, nor to what anybody may have thought or said, but to nature. It admits that all our interpretations of natural fact are more or less imperfect and symbolic, and bids the learner seek for truth not among words but among things. It warns us that the assertion which outstrips evidence is not only a blunder but a crime.

The purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the Humanists in our day, gives no inkling of all this. A man may be a better scholar than Erasmus, and know no more of the chief causes of the present intellectual fermentation than Erasmus did. Scholarly and pious persons, worthy of all respect, favour us with allocutions upon the sadness of the antagonism of science to their mediaeval way of thinking,

which betray an ignorance of the first principles of scientific investigation, an incapacity for understanding what a man of science means by veracity, and an unconsciousness of the weight of established scientific truths, which is almost comical

There is no great force in the *tu quoque* argument, or else the advocates of scientific education might fairly enough retort upon the modern Humanists that they may be learned specialists, but that they possess no such sound foundation for a criticism of life as deserves the name of culture. And, indeed, if we were disposed to be cruel, we might urge that the Humanists have brought this reproach upon themselves, not because they are too full of the spirit of the ancient Greek, but because they lack it.

The period of the Renaissance is commonly called that of the "Revival of Letters," as if the influences then brought to bear upon the mind of Western Europe had been wholly exhausted in the field of literature. I think it is very commonly forgotten that the revival of science, effected by the same agency, although less conspicuous, was not less momentous.

In fact, the few and scattered students of nature of that day picked up the clue to her secrets exactly as it fell from the hands of the Greeks a thousand years before. The foundations of mathematics were so well laid by them that our children learn their geometry from a book written for the schools of Alexandria two thousand years ago. Modern astronomy is the natural continuation and development of the work of Hipparchus and of Ptolemy; modern physics of that of Democritus and of Archimedes; it was long before modern biological science outgrew the knowledge bequeathed to us by Aristotle, by Theophrastus, and by Galen.

We cannot know all the best thoughts and sayings of the Greeks unless we know what they thought about natural phenomena. We cannot fully apprehend their criticism of life unless we understand the extent to which that criticism was affected by scientific conceptions. We falsely pretend to be the inheritors of their culture, unless we are penetrated, as the best minds among them were, with an unhesitating faith that the free employment of reason, in accordance with scientific method, is the sole method of reaching truth.

Thus I venture to think that the pretensions of our modern Humanists to the possession of the monopoly of culture and to the exclusive inheritance of the spirit of antiquity must be abated, if not abandoned. But I should be very sorry that anything I have said should be taken to imply a desire on my part to depreciate the value of a classical education, as it might be and as it sometimes is. The native capacities of mankind vary no less than their opportunities; and while culture is one, the road by which one man may best reach it is widely different from that which is most advantageous to another. Again, while scientific education is yet inchoate and tentative, classical education is thoroughly well organized upon the practical experience of generations of teachers. So that, given

ample time for learning and destination for ordinary life, or for a literary career, I do not think that a young Englishman in search of culture can do better than follow the course usually marked out for him, supplementing its deficiencies by his own efforts.

But for those who mean to make science their serious occupation, or who intend to follow the profession of medicine, or who have to enter early upon the business of life, — for all these, in my opinion, classical education is a mistake, and it is for this reason that I am glad to see “mere literary education and instruction” shut out from the curriculum of Sir Josiah Mason’s College, seeing that its inclusion would probably lead to the introduction of the ordinary smattering of Latin and Greek

Nevertheless, I am the last person to question the importance of genuine literary education, or to suppose that intellectual culture can be complete without it. An exclusively scientific training will bring about a mental twist as surely as an exclusively literary training. The value of the cargo does not compensate for a ship’s being out of trim; and I should be very sorry to think that the Scientific College would turn out none but lop-sided men.

There is no need, however, that such a catastrophe should happen. Instruction in English, French, and German is provided, and thus the three greatest literatures of the modern world are made accessible to the student. French and German, and especially the latter language, are absolutely indispensable to those who desire full knowledge in any department of science. But even supposing that the knowledge of these languages acquired is not more than sufficient for purely scientific purposes, every Englishman has, in his native tongue, an almost perfect instrument of literary expression; and, in his own literature, models of every kind of literary excellence. If an Englishman cannot get literary culture out of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Milton, neither, in my belief, will the profoundest study of Homer and Sophocles, Vergil and Horace, give it to him.

Thus, since the constitution of the College makes sufficient provision for literary as well as for scientific education, and since artistic instruction is also contemplated, it seems to me that a fairly complete culture is offered to all who are willing to take advantage of it.

But I am not sure that at this point the “practical” man, scotched but not slain, may ask what all this talk about culture has to do with an Institution, the object of which is defined to be “to promote the prosperity of the manufactures and the industry of the country.” He may suggest that what is wanted for this end is not culture, not even a purely scientific discipline, but simply a knowledge of applied science.

I often wish that this phrase, “applied science,” had never been invented. For it suggests that there is a sort of scientific knowledge of direct practical use, which can be studied apart from another sort of scientific knowledge, which is of no practical utility, and which is termed “pure science.” But there is no more complete fallacy than this. What people

call applied science is nothing but the application of pure science to particular classes of problems. It consists of deductions from those general principles, established by reasoning and observation, which constitute pure science. No one can safely make these deductions until he has a firm grasp of the principles, and he can obtain that grasp only by personal experience of the operations of observation and of reasoning on which they are founded.

Almost all the processes employed in the arts and manufactures fall within the range either of physics or of chemistry. In order to improve them, one must thoroughly understand them, and no one has a chance of really understanding them unless he has obtained that mastery of principles and that habit of dealing with facts, which is given by long-continued and well-directed purely scientific training in the physical and the chemical laboratory. So that there really is no question as to the necessity of purely scientific discipline, even if the work of the College were limited by the narrowest interpretation of its stated aims.

And, as to the desirableness of a wider culture than that yielded by science alone, it is to be recollected that the improvement of manufacturing processes is only one of the conditions which contribute to the prosperity of industry. Industry is a means and not an end, and mankind work only to get something which they want. What that something is depends partly on their innate, and partly on their acquired, desires.

If the wealth resulting from prosperous industry is to be spent upon the gratification of unworthy desires, if the increasing perfection of manufacturing processes is to be accompanied by an increasing debasement of those who carry them on, I do not see the good of industry and prosperity.

Now it is perfectly true that men's views of what is desirable depend upon their characters, and that the innate proclivities to which we give that name are not touched by any amount of instruction. But it does not follow that even mere intellectual education may not, to an indefinite extent, modify the practical manifestation of the characters of men in their actions, by supplying them with motives unknown to the ignorant. A pleasure-loving character will have pleasure of some sort, but, if you give him the choice, he may prefer pleasures which do not degrade him to those which do. And this choice is offered to every man who possesses in literary or artistic culture a never-failing source of pleasures, which are neither withered by age, nor staled by custom, nor embittered in the recollection by the pangs of self-reproach. . . .

Checking Your Reading

What are the two strong convictions that Huxley holds on the relative value of the literary and the scientific education? Where does he state them? How do

Huxley call "our chief apostle of culture"? How does he characterize this apostle's writings?

What course does Huxley recommend for the young Englishman destined for "ordinary life" or a literary career? for a scientific or business career? Does the phrase "Neither withered by age nor staled by custom" sound familiar to you? If not, read Act II, Scene 2, of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. What does his use of such a phrase tell you about Huxley?

Briefly, what is Huxley's conclusion? What does his final paragraph mean to you? What do you understand by the following terms: Nemesis, Renaissance, *tu quoque*, classical education, pure science, applied sciences?

Forming Your Opinion

The relative value of different educational systems has long been a controversial topic. It has been discussed in every age, in all languages. Whether we call it "the battle of the books," literature versus science, the classics versus the moderns, the humanities versus the sciences — it depends finally on how we define education and its purposes. Does Huxley define education? How? What is his conception of its purpose? What do you think of his case for the scientific education? Is it a strong one? Do you detect any weaknesses in it? Does Huxley compromise at all? Does he accept or admire any aspects of a literary education?

"A criticism of life is the essence of culture." Does this mean anything to you, or is it just words? What does Huxley think of this proposition? (He takes it from Matthew Arnold.) Do the phrases "criticism of life," "essence of culture," have any meaning today? What do they mean to Huxley?

Compare this address with that of Matthew Arnold. Which seems more carefully constructed, more clearly expressed, more modern? Who presents the stronger case? With whom are you more sympathetic?

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

Matthew Arnold

In poetry and criticism, Matthew Arnold (1822–1888) was the “chief apostle” (in Huxley’s phrase) of Victorian culture. But schools and education formed the environment and the business of most of his life. From Rugby School, where his father was headmaster, Arnold entered on a distinguished undergraduate career at Oxford, where, many years later, he filled the Chair of Poetry. His real job, however, was much more prosaic. For over thirty years (1851–1883) he traveled through England (and on the continent) as a government inspector of elementary schools. Most of his best poetry was written on these travels, but writing did not keep him from the conscientious performance of school duties, and his official recommendations were practical and sound. For Arnold, the aim of literature is “a criticism of life”, the purpose of education is to know “the best which has been thought and said in the world,” to cultivate “flexibility of intelligence” and “the free play of the mind.” Such phrases as these have become part of the language of criticism. They have sometimes been overworked or rendered meaningless by misuse, but properly employed they still serve as rallying points for those who war against national insularity and provincialism of mind. Literature and Science, a reply to Huxley’s Science and Culture (see above, pp 52–60), was first delivered as a lecture at Cambridge University in 1882. Revised and adapted for an American audience, it was later used by Arnold in the United States. The part of it given here is characteristic of Arnold’s critical style and opinions.

. . . I AM GOING TO ASK whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in education to the natural sciences, — whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. An objection may be raised which I will anticipate. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, although those sciences have always strongly moved my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is not competent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. To this objection I reply, first of all, that his incompetence, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible; nobody will be taken in, he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to

follow is, as you will soon discover, so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambitious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may possibly remember a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment, an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being *to know ourselves and the world*, we have, as the means to this end, *to know the best which has been thought and said in the world*. A man of science, who is also an excellent writer and the very prince of debaters, Professor Huxley, in a discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college at Birmingham, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these: "The civilized world is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result, and whose members have for their proper outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme"

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that when I speak of the above-mentioned knowledge as enabling us to know ourselves and the world, I assert *literature* to contain the materials which suffice for thus making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learnt all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life, that knowledge of ourselves and the world, which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself "wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision, and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man, devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life"

This shows how needful it is for those who are to discuss any matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ, — how needful, and how difficult. What Professor Huxley says, implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of *belles lettres*, as they are called: that the study is an elegant one, but slight and ineffectual, a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for any one whose object is to get at truth, and to be a practical man. So, too, M. Renan talks of the "superficial humanism" of a school-course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, preachers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of

letters in education, to understand by letters *belles lettres*, and by *belles lettres* a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is the knowledge people have called the humanities, I for my part mean a knowledge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative "I call all teaching *scientific*," says Wolf, the critic of Homer, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example: a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages" There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right, that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors in the Greek and Latin languages, — I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world; what we get from them, and what is its value That, at least, is the ideal, and when we talk of endeavouring to know Greek and Roman antiquity, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavouring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same also as to knowing our own and other modern nations, with the like aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations, is to know, says Professor Huxley, "only what modern *literatures* have to tell us, it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature" And yet "the distinctive character of our times," he urges, "lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge" And how, therefore, can a man, devoid of knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world, Professor Huxley says this means knowing *literature* Literature is a large word, it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book Euclid's *Elements* and Newton's *Principia* are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means *belles lettres* He means to make me say, that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their *belles lettres* and no more And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin *belles lettres*, and taking no account of Rome's military, and political, and legal,

and administrative work in the world, and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology, — I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems, and histories, and treatises, and speeches, — so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations, I mean not merely knowing their *belles lettres*, but knowing also what has been done by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. "Our ancestors learned," says Professor Huxley, "that the earth is the centre of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things terrestrial, and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature had no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered." But for us now, continues Professor Huxley, "the notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes." "And yet," he cries, "the purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!"

In due place and time I will just touch upon that vexed question of classical education, but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their *belles lettres* merely which is meant. To know Italian *belles lettres* is not to know Italy, and to know English *belles lettres* is not to know England. Into knowing Italy and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton amongst it. The reproach of being a superficial humanism, a tincture of *belles lettres*, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines, but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply. In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the great results of the modern scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes by which those results are reached, ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm "the Levites of culture," and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

The great results of the scientific investigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much of our study are we bound to give to the

processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact, by which those results are reached and established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know that from the albuminous white of the egg the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood, and feathers, while from the fatty yolk of the egg it gets the heat and energy which enable it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting, to know that when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts, which is given by the study of nature, is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal, in the study of nature, is constantly to observation and experiment, not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is punting his ferry-boat on the river Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a sublime poet, or Mr Gladstone the most admirable of statesmen, but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid and water does actually happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is, which makes the friends of physical science contrast it, as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, say they, a knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that, "for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." And a certain President of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture phrase, "very bold," and declares that if a man, in his mental training, "has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative." But whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most valuable discipline, and that every one should have some experience of it.

More than this, however, is demanded by the reformers. It is proposed to make the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my own acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing these disciplines an injustice. The ability and pugnacity of the partisans of natural science make them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tentative inquiry, which befits a being of dim faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take

and not to depart from. At present it seems to me that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account. the constitution of human nature. But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recondite, very far from it, facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight.

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can. He can hardly deny that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners, — he can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines enough, and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true representation of the matter. Human nature is built up by these powers, we have the need for them all. When we have rightly met and adjusted the claims of them all, we shall then be in a fair way for getting soberness and righteousness with wisdom. This is evident enough, and the friends of physical science would admit it.

But perhaps they may not have sufficiently observed another thing. namely, that the several powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is, in the generality of mankind, a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways. With one such way of relating them I am particularly concerned now. Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge, and presently, in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty, — and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is balked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us.

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting, and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest. Even lists of exceptions have their interest. If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *pais* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the common rule. If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labour between the veins and the arteries. But every one knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general rules, to relate them to principles, and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on forever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated.

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge, which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating, also, outside that sphere. We experience, as we go on learning and knowing, — the vast majority of us experience, — the need of relating what we have learnt and known to the sense which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty

A certain Greek prophetess of Mantinea in Arcadia, Diotima by name, once explained to the philosopher Socrates that love, and impulse, and bent of all kinds, is, in fact, nothing else but the desire in men that good should forever be present to them. This desire for good, Diotima assured Socrates, is our fundamental desire, of which fundamental desire every impulse in us is only some one particular form. And therefore this fundamental desire it is, I suppose, — this desire in men that good should be forever present to them, — which acts in us when we feel the impulse for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists. Such is human nature. And the instinct, it will be admitted, is innocent, and human nature is preserved by our following the lead of its innocent instincts. Therefore, in seeking to gratify this instinct in question, we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity

But, no doubt, some kinds of knowledge cannot be made to directly serve the instinct in question, cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct. These are instrument-knowledges, they lead on to other knowledges, which can. A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledges is a specialist. They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them; and they may be disciplines in themselves wherein it is useful for every one to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My friend Professor Sylvester, who is one of the first mathematicians in the world, holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, but those doctrines are not for common men. In the very Senate House and heart of our English Cambridge I once ventured, though not without an apology for my profaneness, to hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, even, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense importance as an instrument to something else, but it is the few who have the aptitude for using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not, however, stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that, when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of

pas and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others are added to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as Mr. Darwin's famous proposition that "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Or we come to propositions of such reach and magnitude as those which Professor Huxley delivers, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all of us be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is, that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense in us for conduct, and to the sense in us for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us, and will hardly even profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge, other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars, and they may finally bring us to those great "general conceptions of the universe, which are forced upon us all," says Professor Huxley, "by the progress of physical science." But still it will be *knowledge* only which they give us, knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put, not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of mankind, after a certain while, unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to the born naturalist, I admit. But what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so uncommonly strong and eminent, that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we lost not very long ago, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them, — religion and poetry; science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist, I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws

from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are extremely rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty, by the aid of that respectable Scottish sectary, Robert Sandeman. And so strong, in general, is the demand of religion and poetry to have their share in a man, to associate themselves with his knowing, and to relieve and rejoice it, that, probably, for one man amongst us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are at least fifty with the disposition to do as Faraday.

Education lays hold upon us, in fact, by satisfying this demand. Professor Huxley holds up to scorn mediaeval education with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty even of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to "showing how and why that which the Church said was true must be true." But the great mediaeval Universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been their nursing fathers, and queens have been their nursing mothers, but not for this. The mediaeval Universities came into being, because the supposed knowledge, delivered by Scripture and the Church, so deeply engaged men's hearts, by so simply, easily, and powerfully relating itself to their desire for conduct, their desire for beauty. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon the affections of men, by allying itself profoundly with their sense for conduct, their sense for beauty.

But now, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that the new conceptions must and will soon become current everywhere, and that every one will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be forever present to them, — the need of humane letters, to establish a relation between the new conceptions, and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The Middle Age could do without humane letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will of course disappear along with it, — but the emotions themselves, and their claim to be engaged and satisfied, will remain. Now if we find by experience that humane letters have an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in a man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of modern science in extirpating what it calls "mediaeval thinking."

Have humane letters, then, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions, and do they exercise it? And if they have it and exercise it, *how* do they exercise it, so as to exert an influence upon man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? Finally, even if they both can and do exert an influence upon the senses in question, how are they to relate to them the results — the modern results — of natural science? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows that for the vast majority of men, for mankind in general, they have the power. Next, do they exercise it? They do. But then, *how* do they exercise it so as to affect man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words. "Though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it, yea, farther, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it." Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "Patience is a virtue," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Homer,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν —

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men"? Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the philosopher Spinoza, *Felicitas in ea consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest* — "Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with the Gospel, "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?" How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know, the important thing is that it does arise, and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the modern results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know *how* they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern philosophical moralists are to come and relate for us, in express terms, the results of modern scientific research to our instinct for conduct, our instinct for beauty. But I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, — we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived, perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, — we shall find that this art, and poetry, and eloquence, have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us; they have also the power, — such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life, — they have a fortifying, and elevating, and quickening, and suggestive power, capable of

wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque; but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that "the world is not subordinated to man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial," I could, for my own part, desire no better comfort than Homer's line which I quoted just now,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν —

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men!"

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be received and studied as what in truth they really are, — the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points, — so much the more will the value of humane letters, and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs, be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us, therefore, all of us, avoid indeed as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some President of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that "he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the less useful alternative," let us make answer to him that the student of humane letters only, will, at least, know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science, for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only, will, by our very hypothesis, know nothing of humane letters, not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have in general the gift for doing genially. And so he will probably be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters only.

I once mentioned in a school-report, how a young man in one of our English training colleges having to paraphrase the passage in *Macbeth* beginning,

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

turned this line into, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be, if every pupil of our national schools knew, let us say, that the moon is two thousand one hundred and sixty miles in diameter, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?

was, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the moon's diameter, but aware that "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" is bad, than a young person whose education had been such as to manage things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our national schools I have in my mind's eye a member of our British Parliament who comes to travel here in America, who afterwards relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of this great country and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our Royal Family, and should make him their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours, and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily and perfectly secured. Surely, in this case, the President of the Section for Mechanical Science would himself hardly say that our member of Parliament, by concentrating himself upon geology and mineralogy, and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had "chosen the more useful alternative"

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more. . . .

Checking Your Reading

What questions does Arnold ask at the very beginning? How does he answer them? How does Arnold define the aim of "our culture"? What does he consider the means to this end? What appears to be his opinion of Huxley? What does Arnold mean by "knowing the best that has been thought and said"? At what point does Arnold "part company with the friends of physical science"? In what has he agreed with them? What does Arnold mean by the following terms *belles lettres*, the sense for conduct, the sense for beauty, instrument-knowledges, humane letters?

Forming Your Opinion

Does Arnold make a strong case for the "literary education"? Does it hold true today? Does he answer effectively Huxley's arguments in favor of a "scientific education"? Does Arnold display any knowledge of science? Does he appear "competent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education"?

What is your opinion of the relative values of the systems advocated by Arnold and Huxley? Has it been influenced by the arguments of either of these

men? How? What do you think of Darwin's remark that religion and poetry were unnecessary for him, that science and the domestic affections were enough? What has Arnold to say about such an attitude? Can the literary and scientific programs of education be profitably combined? Is such a combination necessary or desirable today? Are we prone to place too much emphasis today upon one of these methods, to the neglect of the other?

Life in America

STILL REBELS, STILL YANKEES

Donald Davidson

Donald Davidson (1893–), essayist, poet, teacher, exponent of regionalism, is a Southerner who has chosen to remain in the South, where he has been for almost a generation a potent intellectual force. As a professor of English at Vanderbilt University, he was one of the founders of the Fugitive group of the twenties, which deplored the growing uniformity of America and urged the South to preserve its own agrarian economy from the increasing industrialization which (to the Agrarians) destroyed regional cultures wherever they existed. Among Davidson's writings are contributions to such symposia as I'll Take My Stand (1930) and Culture in the South (1935), two books of poetry, The Tall Men (1927) and Lee in the Mountains (1938), and a volume of essays, The Attack on Leviathan (1938), from which the following essay is taken.

AT A MEETING of Southern writers in Charleston some years ago, Laurence Stallings looked belligerently around him and expressed an ardent preference for a "Balkanized America." "What I like about Charleston," he said, "is that it has resisted Abraham Lincoln's attempts to put the country into Arrow Collars. If the South had won the war, the country would have had lots more color."

The rebelliousness of Mr. Stallings need not compel us to suspect him of being an unreconstructed Southerner disguised as a man of letters, who is looking for artistic reasons to justify what arms and politics once failed to secure. Discontent with the uniformity of America is common enough; what is not common is the knowledge that this uniformity, a byword ever since James Bryce looked at the American commonwealth through the spectacles of the Gilded Age, is more a myth than a reality.

As a myth, it probably represents the wishful thinking of those who, for their own designs, want America to become uniform. Actually America is not yet uniform; very likely it is less uniform than it once was, and far more Balkanized than Mr. Stallings dreams. The unreconstructed Southerners have done their part in keeping it Balkan, but there are unreconstructed Yankees, too, and other unreconstructed Americans of all imaginable sorts, everywhere engaged in preserving their local originality and independence.

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The only people who do not know this are certain experts who do most of the current talking about American society. They live in a sociological pickle of statistics and progress. They are eternally looking for what they call "social values," but they strangely confine their research to libraries and graduate "projects" at the larger universities. They avoid the places where social values may be encountered in the flesh. If they stumble upon a living social value, walking visibly about some spot of earth and drawing its nutriment from a tradition embodied in the houses, speech, crafts, music, folklore, and wisdom of an actual people, their rule is to denounce it as an anachronism and to call for its extermination. For them, nothing must grow according to its nature, but things "develop" by laboratory formulae, which are obtained by inspecting the reactions of the most abnormal and depressed specimens of humankind, too weak to protest against sociological vivisection.

Those of us who still believe in the map of the United States know that it marks the residence of some diverse Americans who had better not go unacknowledged. In Vermont, for instance, are people who are still Yankees, and in Georgia, and elsewhere, there are still Rebels. I remember talking with a certain Virginian who watched a Vermont sunset with me, one summer evening. As the sun passed below the distant Adirondacks, we looked at the Green Mountains around us, and at the trim Vermont fields where all the weeds were flowers and all the grass was hay. In the clear detail of the afterglow we saw the forest of spruce and balsam and maple, and spoke of how the very wilderness, in this New England state, had uprightness and order. The woods were as snug and precise as a Yankee kitchen — no ragged edges, no sprawling, nothing out of place. In the clearings the farmhouses were all painted, and the barns were painted, too. The streams were orthodox streams, almost model streams, with water always translucent and stones rounded and picturesquely placed among moss and ferns. They were often called "brooks" — a word that for Southerners existed only on the printed page.

On this land, the Virginian said, the Yankees had looked so intimately and long that, like the man in Hawthorne's story of the Great Stone Face, they had become the image of what they contemplated. The Yankee genius of Vermont was upright, vertical, and no doubt Puritan. Where the landscape itself enforced consistency and order, how could the people concede much virtue to inconsistency and irregularity? The forebears of the Vermont Yankee had once failed to understand how Southerners could be devoted both to slavery and democracy. That old failure of understanding did not seem queer, or worth more than a passing sigh, to two Southerners who stood looking at sunset upon a land whose gentled wilderness suggested the urgent possibility of a well-ordered universe, cut to a discreet Yankee pattern. But the human geography of America had now become a particolored thing, sprawling across the continent in a crazy-

quilt of provinces, or sections, each with its private notion of a universe. No longer, as in the sixties, could the Yankee make bold to set up a general pattern for the entire Union. He had enough to do if he would defend and preserve what was peculiarly his own — his very own, surely, in upper New England. In such a purpose of preservation the two Southerners at last could make bold to sympathize, even to help if possible. But preservation could not be achieved without recognizing a principle of diversity in American life. Only by such means could one make any sense out of Lamar's famous epigram in his eulogy on Sumner, "My countrymen, know one another and you will love one another", it ceased to have meaning if America was to be subjugated to the ideal of uniformity, or to the ideal universe that some one section might generate.

But how could the principle of diversity be inculcated? On the negative side, certain false images, the product of legend or propaganda, must somehow be counterbalanced. Regrettably enough, some of the fairest legends caused the greatest embarrassment. To the Virginian I recalled the horror of a good lady from the Middle West, who was motoring from Washington to Richmond. Mount Vernon was all right, she thought, there the legend was safely frozen. But beyond, on the road to Richmond, what had become of all the great mansions she had read about, the cotton fields with Negroes caroling, the old gentlemen in goatees and white vests, sipping mint juleps in the shade? They were not visible. There were only a few scattered shacks and tumbledown barns in miles of impenetrable wilderness that looked for all the world as it must have looked when John Smith first invaded it. If she could have encountered the legend, the lady would have been content. But not seeing it or knowing how to locate it, she was smitten with a housewifely desire to get at this ragged land with a good broom and whisk it into seemliness.

Other sojourners had been anxious to do a far more drastic tidying-up. The Harlan County visitors, the Scottsboro attorneys, the shock troops of Dayton and Gastonia asked no questions about the genius of the place. Wherever they went on their missions of social justice, they carried with them a legend of the future, more dangerously abstract than the legend of the past, and sternly demanded that the local arrangements be made to correspond with it, at whatever cost. The local arrangements, indeed, might well bear some mending. And yet the only America that the visitors offered as a model was an overgrown urban America, forever in process of becoming one laboratory experiment after another.

What could be done about all this? Our answers were shrouded in darkness as we walked back to the log fires and good company of a New England inn. The Virginian, after the fashion of good Southerners who do not want to let anybody know the uncertainty of their minds under modern conditions, did not propose any answer. Instead, he told several good stories. They were his courteous and delightful way of saying that

he was being pounded between his own unyielding loyalty and the howling respectability of the great world.

II

If any answer is to be found, if anything positive is to be done, it must surely be through a laborious process of discovering America all over again. When one looks at America, not to see how it does or does not fit the synthetic ideals proposed for its future, but only with the modest purpose of detecting the realities — let us say the social values — that persist in local habitations, he soon realizes that comparisons are more fruitful than condemnations. More specifically, when one has the good fortune to go directly from a summer in Vermont to an autumn and winter in Middle Georgia, he forms a clear picture of sectional differences. This picture is not in the least favorable to the notion that the diverse America of the Rebels and Yankees is in any immediate danger of being submerged.

If on coming to Vermont I had consulted the modern legends of New England that vaguely haunted my mind, I would have received the iconoclastic shock which our advanced thinkers argue is the first step toward salvation. Had not a New England migrant to the South assured me that his ancestral acres were now inhabited by Montenegreins, who had turned them into a goat farm? Had not the sepulchral Eugene O'Neill and others told tales of the poverty and decadence of New England life? The farms were deserted, it was said, the immigrants and mill towns had come, the Yankees had left for parts unknown, or, remaining, had become degenerate. Even the loyalty of Robert Frost gave no comfortable assurance, if one accepted the New York aleck's criticism of *North of Boston*, though there were many wistful asides in which Frost put forth the guarded wisdom of a not yet daunted soul. The New England of Whittier and Webster was supposed to be extinct, it had been replaced by Puritan-baiters and F. Scott Fitzgeraldites who drank cocktails and read Proust when not conducting the insurance business of the United States.

But if the Vermont that I saw was in the least representative of New England, this composite picture was a wild detraction. In Vermont, if nowhere else, a New England like that of Whittier and Webster miraculously persisted, a reality capable of reducing a Southerner almost to despairing envy. I could understand what led Walter Hines Page, a quarter of a century ago, to disparage his native North Carolina and fall in love with New England. But the time was past when one needed to disparage or praise in the interest of the America Page dreamed about, for in the 1930's it seemed impossible of realization, or, where realized, already past saving. To one who did not accept Lincoln's quaint idea that the United States must become "all one thing or all the other," it seemed more than ever true that the unity of America must rest, first of all, on a decent respect for sectional differences.

If Vermont and Georgia could be taken in a broad way to stand for New England and the deep South, one could easily trace out the most general differences. The Vermont towns, like the Vermont landscape, were swept and garnished, as if the Day of Judgment might at any moment summon them into the presence of the celestial inspector. They looked as if Vermonters lived by the adage "Handsome is as handsome does," and one could reflect that this proverb might well have issued from some collaborative effort of Poor Richard and Jonathan Edwards. The most delightful of Southern towns was almost certain to mix a little squalor with its grandeurs. Here, what a Southerner most particularly noticed, was the neatly painted aspect of everything, the absence of ramshackle buildings and litter, the white steeples of churches, the shipshape-ness of streets, yards, garages, barber shops, and public buildings. By some special benison of God and the New England conscience, not a billboard had been allowed to sprout between Bennington and the Canadian border. Perhaps by the same double grace, not a weed sprouted, either. All the weeds had turned into ferns and buttercups. Vermont farms were Currier and Ives prints of what good farms ought to look like, with orchards and brooks in exactly the right place and gates that did not need mending. In the background were lakes and mountains where one would put them if he were Aladdin or Wordsworth. It was not surprising to be told that hardly a poison snake, and no poison ivy, existed in the state of Vermont; or to find that there were excellent trails running the whole length of the Green Mountains, with fingerposts at every wilderness crossroads, and tin huts, with beds, firewood, and caretaker, atop of the highest peak. A few nagging irregularities of nature, like blackflies and mosquitoes, seemed really blasphemous in a land to which God had given a monopoly of all things good and precise. No wonder, with all this beneficence around them, that the Yankees remembered the *Mayflower* and forgot John Smith, honored Bunker Hill and neglected King's Mountain. If they could claim such priority in the benevolence of God, their proprietary feeling toward the Revolutionary War and their almost hereditary claim to the direction of the United States government were by comparison insignificant appurtenances, theirs as a matter of course and by general presumption.

Although I did not hold very devotedly to the economic determinism of modern historians, it was a temptation to say that the people were a great deal like the land. There was the climate, which put keenness into a Southerner's veins. Summer was short, and one had to make the most of it; winter was severe, and one had to keep shield and buckler perpetually ready against it — in that matter was God benevolent or ruthless? Short summers and cold winters made the Vermont Yankee frugal and careful. He must watch his corners. If he were caught napping, he would perish. So much and no more was the gift of his seasons; so much and no more

was the rule of his nature. And one had to watch over his neighbor as well as work with him if the general security were not to be imperiled by some outrageous letting down of bars. Very likely, the New England civic conscience derived as much from the imperatives of climate as from the Puritan tradition, the one egged on the other.

No great check had ever been put upon the development of qualities that the Southerners recognized as ineradicably Yankee. History had been as kind to the Yankee as God had been kind. Since Revolutionary times no great sudden change had ever swept over these peaceful towns and this quiet landscape. Industrialism had come slowly and somewhat agreeably upon a people who had the ingenuity to use it and the moral force to make it behave. How could they who thought they knew how to tame the monster realize that he might walk unshackled and ravening elsewhere? The Yankees, indeed, had never tasted defeat. Since Burgoyne's expedition no invader had come upon them to ravage and destroy. They had freed the Negroes, replying "I can" to duty's "Thou must", but they were fortunately exempt from the results of emancipation, for no Negroes lived among them to acquaint them with the disorder of unashamed and happy dirt. One knew that a slum in New England would be a well-managed slum, and that New Englanders would comprehend Secretary Perkins' horror at the lack of plumbing in unreformed America and her notion of saving the barefoot South by building shoe factories. For in New England humanitarianism was the natural flower of good sense. In a land where everything was so right, it was hard to imagine a perverse land where so much could be so wrong without disturbing either a people's composure or their happiness.

But in the plantation country of Middle Georgia the social values required a different yardstick. The genius of Georgia was stretched out, relaxed and easy, in keeping with the landscape, which required a large and horizontal view of mundane affairs. The Georgian assumed that God would have sense and heart enough to take into consideration, when Judgment Day came around, a good deal besides external and man-made appearances. God was a gentleman, indeed, who would certainly know, without being told, that one was a person, a somebody, doing his best among some rather amazing arrangements that had better not be talked about too much. The climate might or might not predispose the Georgia Rebel to laziness; the fact was, he worked and fretted more than the Yankee knew. But the Rebel idea was never to seem to work and fret. You must not let your work ride you, was the saying. In plain truth, you did not need to. The land was bountiful, and the Lord would provide, and in event of the Lord's failure or displeasure you could always fall back on your kinfolds.

Where the seasons were all mixed up, so that autumn merged into spring without any sharp demarcation, and you might have a dubious

summer in the middle of winter, it became almost a point of honor not to worry too much about provision. There was no need to watch corners when something was growing all the time. Almost anything would grow in Middle Georgia, and almost everything did grow, including weeds whose invasions could not possibly be repelled from every roadside and ditch if they were to be kept out of cotton and corn.

The Georgia landscape had a serene repose that lulled a man out of all need of conscience. It was anything but swept and garnished. It could be mild or majestic or genial or savage depending on what view you got of pines against red earth, or Negro cabins underneath their china-berry trees, or sedge grass running into gullies and thence to impenetrable swamps, or deserted mansions lost in oak groves and magnolias. Rivers were muddy and at times unrestrained, they got out of bounds, as all things natural did here. In the pine barrens you might get an impression of desolation and melancholy, but things could grow lushly too, with the overpowering vegetable passion that harrowed the Puritan soul of Amy Lowell when she visited the Magnolia Gardens at Charleston. But finally, it was a well-tilled country, where you were forever seeing the Negro and his mule against the far horizon, or the peach orchards bursting into an intoxicating pink.

The seasons were full of charms and intimidations. Spring, with its dogwood blossoms and soft airs, might deliver a tornado or a flood, summer, full of grown corn and harvest ease, might turn into dusty drouth. The woods that lured you to enter and gave nuts and flowers for the taking were full of hidden terrors. Sit on a mossy bank without precaution, and in a few hours you might be on fire with chigoe bites. Stoop to pick a flower, and you might find a rattlesnake. Indoors the housewife had to fight cockroaches and flies; outdoors were hawks, polecats, weasels, possums, coons, and other varmints to harry the henhouse. Precision, for the Georgian, must rank among the Utopian virtues. If New England encouraged man to believe in an ordered universe, Georgia — and a good deal of the South besides — compelled him to remember that there were snakes in Eden. Nature, so ingratiating and beautiful, which bound the Georgian to his land with a love both possessive and fearful, was a fair but dreadful mistress, unpredictable and uncontrollable as God. The New Englander knew exactly where to find nature yielding, and he could make arrangements accordingly. But the Georgian never knew. His safest policy was to relax, and he readily developed a great degree of tolerance for irregularity in nature and man. At his lowest level, this quality made him lackadaisical and trifling. In this he differed from the New England Yankee, who became a perfectionist, and then at his worst might turn into zealot, strangely intolerant even while, as idealist, he argued for tolerance.

History, like God and nature, had been both generous and unkind to Georgia and the South. The Georgia Rebel must approach his early his-

tory through a bloody link of war and reconstruction that was hazy and bygone to the Vermont Yankee. Defeat had possessed him and had rubbed deep into his wounds. Around him were the visible reminders of destruction and humiliation. His land had been ravaged and rebuilt, and he had been told to forget. But he would not and could not forget, and was therefore torn between his loyalty and his awareness that the great world was bored with his not forgetting. He had been rebuked for being inept at administering a newfangled government that he did not understand or like any too well, and in which he had been allowed to participate only by a kind of negligent afterthought. Turning desperately to the industrial civilization against which he had once taken arms, he had played it as a hedge against the problematic future. Though agrarian at heart, he had been forced to wonder whether the ingenious Yankee might not be right after all.

Thus he remembered the faith and hankered after the fleshpots at the same time. But industrialism, declining to be treated as a mere hedge, began Sherman's march to the sea all over again. It piled ugliness upon wreckage and threw the old arrangements out of kilter. The United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Kiwanis Club flourished side by side. Mule wagon and automobile, fundamentalism and liberalism, education and illiteracy, aristocratic pride and backwoods independence disproved the axiom that two bodies cannot occupy the same space. Cities that preserved the finest flavor of the old regime had to be approached over brand-new roads where billboards, tourist camps, filling stations, and factories broke out in a modernistic rash among the water oak and Spanish moss. And everywhere was the Negro, a cheerful grinning barnacle tucked away in all the tender spots of Southern life, not to be removed without pain, not to be cherished without tragedy. The Georgian, when reproached for his intolerance, told himself that actually nobody outdid him in fond tolerance of the Negro. Lynchings, the work of hotheads and roustabouts, were regrettable, but what did a few lynchings count in the balance against the continual forbearance and solicitude that the Georgian felt he exercised toward these amiable children of cannibals, whose skins by no conceivable act of Congress or educational program could be changed from black to white. The presence of the Negro, which had its advantages in agriculture and domestic service, made the Georgian's life both comfortable and ramshackle, it gave him devoted servants and social problems, cheap labor and hideous slums, an endless flow of folklore and anecdote, and eternal apprehension for the future. But in his own way the Georgian respected the Negro as another irregularity, taking a human and personal form, that had somehow to be lived with. He distrusted all ready-made prescriptions for bringing about regularity. In Georgia, life went along horizontally. you never crossed a bridge until you came to it — and maybe not then.

III

But sociologists not only cross bridges, they build all imaginable kinds of new ones. The picture of America, as sociologically reformed, does not contemplate any great concessions to Yankee uprightness or Rebel relaxation. Indeed, the sociologist, armed with science, is ready to follow reformation with transformation. In the vast inevitable working of the social forces, sectional differences become irrelevant. With a cold smile the sociologist pronounces a death sentence upon Rebel and Yankee alike. Not that they matter very much — but they will have to yield!

When he talks like this, I am perversely compelled to remember the individuals I have seen, Brother Jonathan of Vermont and Cousin Roderick of Georgia, whom I cannot imagine as yielding to the puny weapons flourished by our social philosophers. They are local incarnations of the Old Adam. They are the immovable bodies that can furnish the irresistible social forces with an incalculable meeting. They are human beings, undebatably alive, and they are different.

Brother Jonathan lives in Yankeetown — for a place name is often a “town” in New England, and less often a “ville” or a “burg” as in the South. He is a wizened little chip of a man, with blue eyes and a bald head, and he looks frail enough for any northwest wind to blow away. But there is not a wind on this planet strong enough to blow Brother Jonathan off his mountain farm. If any wind contrived to do so, he would climb right back again in the matter-of-fact way that Robert Frost describes in *Brown’s Descent* — he would “bow with grace to natural law, And then go round it on his feet.”

Brother Jonathan is past seventy years, and his wife Priscilla is well over sixty, but between them they still manage to do most of the daily work, in house and field, for a two-hundred-acre farm, most of which is in woodland and meadow. Nathaniel, their adopted son, helps some now and then; but Nathaniel, who is carpenter, mechanic, cabinetmaker, mountain guide, and tax collector combined, is busy putting up the new house into which he and Sophronia, his wife, will soon move — they are building it extra large, to take in summer boarders. Sophronia helps Priscilla as much as she can, but she has her own small children to look after. Later on, Brother Jonathan hopes to get a twelve-year-old boy from the orphanage, who will do the chores for his keep. But now, Brother Jonathan must be up at daylight to start the kitchen fire and milk the cows. If it is haying time, he is out in the meadow early with the mowing machine, which he has sharpened and greased with his own hands or repaired at his own smithy if it needs repairing. The mower bumps and clicks through the rough meadow, tossing the little man to and fro as he warily skirts the outcrops of stone that will have to be circled with a scythe to get the last wisp of hay.

Later, he changes the patient old horses from mower to wagon and starts in with a pitchfork. It is a sight to see him navigating the loaded wagon from the upper field to the barn, past jutting boulders and through deep ruts. But his pace is easy, he keeps it up all day without undue perspiration or agony, and after supper cuts his wood and milks his cows again in unruffled calm. He does not seem tired or bored. As he milks, he philosophizes to the listening stranger. Yes, times are not what they were, but a man can get along if he will be careful and honest. Foolish people, of course, never know how to manage. The harm all comes from people of no character that do things without regard to common decency. The stars are shining when he takes the pails of milk into the kitchen. Under the hanging oil lamp he reads the *Burlington Free Press* or *The Pathfinder* until he begins to nod.

All the arrangements on Brother Jonathan's farm are neat and ingenious — the arrangements of a man who has had to depend largely on his own wits and strength. The barn is cleverly arranged in two stories, with a ramp entering the upper story for the convenience of Brother Jonathan and his hay wagons, and running water on the lower story, for the convenience of the animals. One well, near the barn, is operated by a wind-mill, it supplies the stock. Another well, higher up, supplies the house, for Brother Jonathan has a bathroom in the upper hall and faucets in the kitchen. He has no telephone or electric lights. A man can dig and pipe his own well, and they are finished, but telephone and electric lights, not being home contrivances, require a never ending tribute to Mammon. He has his own sawmill and his own workshop, where he can mend things without losing time and money on a trip to the village. His garage, occupied at present by Nathaniel's four-year-old car (which is not being used!), contains a carpenter's bench and a small gas engine rigged to do sawing and turning. There are pelts drying on the walls.

The house is built to economize space and retain heat. For all its modest proportions, it is convenient and comfortable. The kitchen is spacious and well equipped. The pantry and cellar are stored with vegetables, fruits, and meats that Priscilla has put up with her own hands. The dining-room, with its long table covered with spotless oilcloth, is eating-room, living-room, and children's playground combined. Here all gather after supper: the women with their tatting and embroidery; the lively dark-eyed boy from the village, with his homemade fiddle; a summer boarder or two, or a visiting relative, and always Brother Jonathan with his newspaper. In one corner is a reed organ, on which Brother Jonathan occasionally plays hymns. In another corner is a desk, filled with miscellaneous papers, book, and old magazines. On the walls hang a glass frame containing butterflies, the gift of a wandering entomologist, an 1876 engraving of General Washington being welcomed at New York, with the pictures of all the Presidents, up to Hayes, around the border; and a faded

photograph of a more youthful Brother Jonathan with his fellow baggage-clerks, taken in the days when he went west and got a job in Chicago. Brother Jonathan talks of Chicago sometimes, but he never reveals why he, unlike many other Yankees, came back to Vermont.

The temper of the household is a subdued and even pleasantness which the loud alarms and excursions of the world do not penetrate very far. The progress of Nathaniel's new house, the next morning's arrangements for gathering vegetables and canning, what Brother Jonathan shall say in the speech he is to make at the approaching celebration of the Timothys' golden wedding — such topics take precedence over the epic contentions of Mr. Roosevelt. Priscilla may go so far as to marvel that anybody can doubt the goodness of Mr. Hoover. (She does not add, as she well might, that Mr. Roosevelt, as a "Yorker," inherits the distrust of Vermont.) Or Brother Jonathan may warm up to politics enough to announce his everlasting distrust for liquorish Al Smith and to confess that, out of firm disapproval for vice, he has once or twice bolted the Republican ticket and voted for the Prohibition party's candidate. But in the South, he supposes, he would be as good a Democrat as the next one. They are all curious about the South — about Negroes — and whether the Southern people still have hard feelings against the North (on this point they seem a little anxious and plaintive.) But the talk soon shifts to the Green Mountain Boys, from one of whom Brother Jonathan is descended, or to stories of his childhood, when bears were as thick as porcupines are now — he tells of how seven bears were once killed in the same tree. In these stories Brother Jonathan may put in a dry quip or two, by way of garnishment. He has a store of homely jokes and extended metaphors, to which he frequently adds a humorous gloss to be sure the stranger gets the point. Then maybe there is a game of anagrams — or on another evening, a corn roast, with a few cronies and kinfolk from the village, who talk the clipped Yankee-talk that seems, to Southern ears, as pure an English as can be, with only a little of the twang that dialect stories have taught one to expect.

Brother Jonathan is not dogmatic to the point of testiness, but he is firmly rationalistic on many points. He declares it incredible, for instance, that Catholics can believe in transubstantiation — how can bread and wine *actually* turn into the blood and body of Jesus Christ? Yet oddly enough, Brother Jonathan is neither Congregationalist nor Unitarian, but Methodist, and does not mind repeating the Apostles' Creed, with its formidable references to the Trinity and the Resurrection. I am led to suspect that it is not the doctrine but the authority to which Brother Jonathan is temperamentally hostile. He is used to depending on himself; he does not like to be told things. And his independence is of a piece with the whole conduct of his life. Years ago, when a famous local character eccentrically bought up all the surrounding woodland and farm land and turned

it into a forest reserve which he bequeathed to a neighboring college, Brother Jonathan did not sell out. He held on then, he holds on now, with a possessiveness that would be the despair of communists. He will continue to hold on, as long as trees yield maple syrup — which he will never, never basely dilute with cane syrup — and boarders return summer after summer.

For Brother Jonathan belongs in spirit to the old republic of independent farmers that Jefferson wanted to see flourish as the foundation of liberty in the United States. To conserve that liberty he has his own Yankee arrangements: the “town,” which the Southerner had to learn consisted of a village and a great deal of contiguous territory up to the next “town line”, and the town meeting, at which Brother Jonathan could stand up and tell the government what he thought about it. Of the uses of town meetings Priscilla has something to say, which comes, I reflect, with a little feminine sauciness. A certain individual, she relates, was criticized for not painting the “community house,” as he had been employed to do, and when he excused himself on the ground that paint was lacking, his own wife sprang up in the town meeting and cried: “Don’t believe a word he says. That paint’s setting in the cellar this minute!”

But the Southerner could reflect that such family intimacy might have civic advantages. Brother Jonathan’s local government is composed of nobody more Olympic or corrupt than his own neighbors and relations. For him it is not something off yonder, and he visualizes the national government (though a little too innocently) as simply an enlarged town meeting, where good management ought to be a matter of course: it maintains a library, it looks after roads, it sees that taxes are paid and well spent. If the state government does not behave, Nathaniel himself will run for the legislature and see that it does behave.

In all this there was much for a Southerner to savor seriously and learn about — as he savored and learned about the strange food that appeared on Brother Jonathan’s table: doughnuts for breakfast, maple syrup on pie and cereal, the New England boiled dinner, the roasting ears that were really roasted in the old Indian fashion. Just as Brother Jonathan’s menu suited the soil and the people, so his tidiness and responsibility suited the unobtrusive integrity of his character. With emphasis, one could say: Vermont is upright, vertical, and, even yet, Puritan — why not?

IV

And almost two thousand miles away, with an unconcern about the state of the world that parallels but differs from Brother Jonathan’s, Cousin Roderick of Rebelville is achieving another salvation somehow not recorded in the auguries of socialistic planning. Autumn is beginning,

the scuppernongs are ripe, and he invites everybody to come over and join him in the scuppernong arbor. In the late afternoon a merry crew gather around the great vine, laughing and bantering as they pick the the luscious grapes and crush them against their palates. Sister Caroline is there, with a figure as trim and a wit as lively at eighty as it must have been at twenty. Young Cousin Hector and his wife are there — they are “refugeeing” from the industrial calamity that overtook them in a Northern city. And there are numerous other vague cousins and sisters and children, all munching and passing family gossip back and forth between bites. Cousin Roderick’s own Dionysian laughter goes up heartiest of all among the leaves, as he moves to and fro rapidly gathering grapes and pressing them upon the visitors. “Oh, you are not going to quit on us,” he says. “You must eat more than *that*. Scuppernongs never hurt a soul.” The scuppernong vine, he declares, is a hundred years old and nearly always fruitful. But not so old, never so fruitful, puts in Sister Caroline, as the scuppernong vine at the old place, that as barefoot children they used to clamber over.

Then the meeting is adjourned to Cousin Roderick’s great front porch, where one looks out between white columns at sunset clouds piling up into the deep blues and yellows of a Maxfield Parrish sky. Down the long street of Rebelville, between the mighty water oaks set out by Cousin Roderick’s kin after the Confederate War, the cotton wagons are passing, heaped high with the white mass of cotton and a Negro or two atop, and the talk goes on, to the jingle of trace chains and the clop of mule hoofs on the almost brand-new state highway, which is so much better for rubber tires than mule hoofs. Over yonder lives Cousin Roderick’s Aunt Cecily, a widow, the single indomitable inhabitant of a stately mansion where economics has not yet prevailed against sentiment. Next door is Uncle Burke Roderick, a Confederate veteran who at ninety still drives his horse and buggy to the plantation each morning, he is the last survivor of three brothers who were named Pitt, Fox, and Burke, after their father’s eighteenth century heroes. All around, indeed, are the Roderick kin, for Cousin Roderick, whose mother married a Bertram, bears the family name of his mother’s people, a numerous clan who, by dint of sundry alliances and ancient understandings, attend to whatever little matters need attention in the community affairs of Rebelville, where Jefferson’s “least government” principle is a matter of course. Before supper, or after, some of the kinfolks may drop in, for there is always a vast deal of coming and going and dropping in at Cousin Roderick’s.

As he takes his ease on the porch, Cousin Roderick looks to be neither the elegant dandy nor the out-at-elbows dribbler of tobacco juice that partisans have accredited to the Southern tradition. He is a fairly tall, vigorous man, plainly dressed, with the ruddiness of Georgia sun and good living on his face. His eyes are a-wrinkle at the corners, ready to

catch the humor of whatever is abroad. His hand fumbles his pipe as he tells one anecdote after another in the country drawl that has about as much of Mark Twain and Sut Lovingood in it as it has of the elisions and flattenings supposed to belong to Southern patrician speech. In fact, though he is really patrician (as the female members of his family can assure you) he does not look anything like the Old Colonel of legend, and in spirit he, too, belongs to the Jeffersonian constituency. He has some of the bearing of an English squire, and a good deal of the frontier heartiness that Augustus Baldwin Longstreet depicted in *Georgia Scenes*. He assumes that the world is good-humored and friendly until it proves itself otherwise. If it does prove otherwise, there is a glint in his eye that tells you he will fight.

Cousin Roderick is the opposite of Chaucer's Man of Law, who ever seemed busier than he was. Cousin Roderick is busier than he seems. His air of negligence, like his good humor, is a philosophical defense against the dangerous surprises that life may turn up. Really, he is not negligent. He does not work with his own hands, like Brother Jonathan, or his Southern brothers of upcountry and bluegrass; but in the past he has worked aplenty with his hands and knows how it should be done. On his several tracts of land, the gatherings of inheritance and purchase, are some one hundred and fifty Negroes whom he furnishes housing, food, and a little money, they do his labor — men, women, children together — they are his "hands." He is expected to call them by name, to get them out of jail, to doctor them, even sometimes to bury them when "lodge dues" may have lapsed. They are no longer his slaves, but though they do not now utter the word, they do not allow him to forget that he has the obligations of a master.

As Cousin Roderick makes the "rounds" of his fields — no more on horseback, as of old, but in a battered Chevrolet — he sets forth his notions of economy. As for the depression, that is no new thing in Rebelville. People here have got used to ruination. After the Confederate War came Reconstruction, Tom Watson, and the Populist turmoil of the nineties; a while later, the peach boom and its collapse, then the Florida boom with its devastations; and now, this new depression. Like most of his kin, Cousin Roderick has simply retreated into the plantation economy. He tells how, when he was a young fellow just beginning to take charge, his father came out to the plantation one day and asked for a ham. Cousin Roderick explained that hogs were up to a good price, he had sold the entire lot, on the hoof, and had good money in the bank. "Sir," said the old man, "let me never again catch you without hams in your smokehouse and corn in your crib. You've got to make this land take care of itself." "And that," says Cousin Roderick, "is what I aim to do." From the land he feeds his own family, the hundred and fifty Negroes, and the stock. Whatever is left, when taxes and upkeep are deducted, is the profit.

Anything that grows, he will plant: asparagus, peaches, pecans, onions, peppers, tomatoes, and of course the great staple crops, grain, hay, and cotton. Especially cotton, for no matter how low the price, cotton is money. It is ridiculous, he thinks, to talk of getting people who are hard-up for money to reduce cotton acreage. For his part, Cousin Roderick intends to make every bale his land will produce. But if cotton fails, he still can sell cattle, or cabbage, or timber from his baronial holdings. Land is the only abiding thing, the only assurance of happiness and comfort. He wants more land, not less.

One suspects that Cousin Roderick, however hard-pressed he may be at the bank, is fundamentally right. If he is not right, how does he manage, in these times, to send a daughter to college, and entertain his friends, and keep a cheerful face before the world? The portraits of his ancestors, looking down from their frames above great-grandfather's sideboard or his wife's new grand piano, eternally assure Cousin Roderick that he is right. They won this Eden of sandy earth and red clay, where all things grow with a vigor that neither winter nor drouth can abate. Not soon, not soon will their son give it up.

To the designs of experts who want to plan people's lives for them, Cousin Roderick gives no more than the indulgent attention of a naturally kindhearted man. He reads the anxious thunderings of the young men who reproduce, in the *Macon Telegraph*, the remote dynamitical poppings of the *New Republic*, and is unmoved, the young men are like the mockingbird who sat on the cupola of the courthouse while court was in session and so learned to sing *Prisoner-look-upon-the-jury! Jury-look-upon-the-prisoner! GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY!* It is a little incredible that so much planning should need to be done. Don't people know how they want to live? As for politics, long since it became tawdry and uncertain. Politics is for lawyers. Cousin Roderick would no more think of running for the legislature than he would think of moving to China. In that, perhaps, he lamentably differs from his ancestors. But in Rebelville political action is generally no more than a confirmation of what has been talked around among the clans. If you really want things done, you speak quietly to Cousin So-and-So and others that pass the word to everybody that counts. And then something is done.

In Rebelville the politics and economics of the bustling world become a faint whisper. All that matters is to see one's friends and relatives and pass from house to house, from field to field, under Georgia skies, to gather at a simple family dinner where only three kinds of bread and four kinds of meat are flanked by collards, sweet potatoes, corn, pickles, fruits, salads, jams, and cakes, or at a barbecue for fifty or more, for which whole animals are slaughtered and, it would seem, entire pantries and gardens desolated, or to sit with the wise men in front of the store, swapping jokes and telling tales hour after hour; or to hunt for fox, possum,

coon, and quail, in swamp and field, or (for the ladies) to attend meetings of U.D.C.'s, D.A.R.'s, and missionary societies, or church service, or district conference, or the tender ceremonies of Confederate Memorial Day, or the high school entertainment, or to hear the voices of Negroes, sifting through the dusk, or the mockingbird in moonlight, or to see the dark pines against sunset, and the old house lifting its columns far away, calling the wanderer home. The scuppernongs are gone, and cotton is picked. But already the pecans are falling. And planting begins again while late roses and chrysanthemums are showing and, even in the first frosts, the camellias are budding, against their December flowering. What though newspapers be loud and wars and rumors threaten — it is only an academic buzzing, that one must yet tolerate for manners' sake. Sowing and harvest go together, and summer runs into winter, and in Georgia one is persuaded to take the horizontal view.

By some it may be said that dark clouds hang over Yankeetown and Rebelville — and clouds of menace, maybe of destruction. I do not deny their presence, but my story is not of such clouds. In this strange modern world it may be observed that men talk continually of the good life without producing a specimen of it, to convince the inquirer. Brother Jonathan and Cousin Roderick do not talk about the good life. They lead it. If government is intended to serve human interests, what does it propose to do about them? I cannot believe that a government or a science which ignores or depreciates them is very trustworthy. I believe that government and science will fail unless they are taken into account. They, and others, are the incarnations of the principle of diversity through which the United States have become something better than Balkan, and without which the phrase "my country" is but a sorry and almost meaningless abstraction.

Checking Your Reading

What is the significance of Laurence Stallings's allusion to Charleston's resistance to "Abraham Lincoln's attempts to put the country into Arrow collars"? What does Davidson mean by "the uniformity of America"? How does he attempt to show that it is "more a myth than a reality"? What is his opinion of the sociological experts whose conclusions are based solely on laboratory research and statistics?

On what base does Davidson believe the real unity of America must rest? What part does the weather and terrain of localities play in sectional differences among Americans? What sectional differences do Brother Jonathan and Cousin Roderick illustrate? What are their respective characteristics? What does Davidson consider to have been the principal factor in the evolution of these characteristics? What does Davidson mean by "the principle of diversity"?

Identify or explain: James Bryce, F. Scott Fitzgeraldites, the sepulchral Eugene O'Neill, economic determinism, "the Harlan County visitors, the Scotts-

boro attorneys, the shock troops of Dayton and Gastonia," "The Yankees remembered the Mayflower and forgot John Smith, honored Bunker Hill and neglected King's Mountain "

Forming Your Opinion

What is the significance of the title of this essay? What do you think of Davidson's stand on regionalism? Is the way of life he advocates practical today? Or does it constitute a rear-guard action against increasing industrialization? Do you believe, with Davidson, that such diversity of life as he describes in Vermont and Georgia will continue to survive in the face of our industrial civilization? Do you believe that it should survive or that we should try increasingly to make all Americans alike? In what ways is American life already uniform throughout the country?

What do you think of the fairness of Davidson's attack on "an overgrown urban America," on the sociologists who consider sectional differences "irrelevant," on the effects of industrialization? What alternatives can you suggest to Davidson's ideas? What do you think of the accuracy of his descriptions of rural life in Georgia and Vermont? Are they typical as far as you know?

SMALL-TOWN MIDDLE WESTERNER

Willis Fisher

Little need be added here to what Willis Fisher (1894–1944) tells of himself below. From London, Ohio, where he grew up, he went to Ohio Wesleyan, and later did graduate work at Princeton. From 1933 until his death he was a member of the English Department at Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, New York. He also contributed verse, articles, and book reviews to various magazines.

I WAS BORN and brought up in a small town in the Middle West, and I am glad of it.

I do not look back upon my life in London, Ohio, as a lost Paradise. It was no Paradise. Nor is it lost: things are not lost, nor have time and change quite taken them, while they are loved in remembering. Besides, I am still a certain kind of small-town Middle Westerner. I do not think of myself as one escaped from bondage. My life feels continuous to me. What is in it goes back to London, where the roots are.

That I do not now live there, or in some other town much like it, is due less to preference than to drifts and decisions following 1917, when, in line with a human tendency toward confusion in such matters, we decided to listen to our great men and shoot at the Germans. A man free to starve if even mildly unlucky must learn his trade where he can, and follow it where opportunity offers. Perhaps I could not live there from now on with much satisfaction. That is nothing to brag about, however much the town has changed.

Changed it certainly has since my time there, the last twenty years of the horse-and-buggy era. Men have learned to travel farther and faster, though on errands not conspicuously improved. This, I believe, is called progress. But this progress, thus gaining a little at the cost of a great deal more, seems in a fair way to destroy something worth keeping, if we can keep it: the small-town democracy of a betrayed and dying America.

It was not a perfect life; it had the defects of its qualities. But for the common man, in his capacity as private citizen — the only test not either stupid or sinful — it was a good life, better, I believe, than any other, before or since. It may be true, as some say, that it cannot be saved before it dies — it is not dead yet — of our own stupidity and the leadership of our great, wise, and good rich men.

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If we are to build democracy — if we are not to drift into some witless hell of fascism, or wall ourselves in with a communist State in which we shall be free to do exactly as we are told — we must face a future full, among other things, of small towns.

That prospect, for some reason, seems disturbing to most people of the kind who are given to referring to each other as intellectuals. Their horror I do not share and find hard to understand. It cannot be due entirely to Sinclair Lewis, for many of them seem to have transcended admiration for his excellent novels. A few have never lived in small towns and are to be accounted for as persons insufficiently inhibited from comment by lack of information. But many, indeed most, of them are in a position to know better. Why are they in such full flight from their native Main Street, as from the chief thoroughfare in hell? Can the neighbors have been that much too much for them? Is it not at least thinkable that a small-town economy might be an excellent thing for a nation, though at the same time a given small town might not be the ideal location for a given young artist or intellectual? If such persons must have a place to go where they are safe from the neighbors, could not that be arranged without building larger and larger cities, at the price they ask from millions of people who are neither artists nor intellectuals? Are not these artists and intellectuals functioning now only because they are not noticed by the men who have built their cities of refuge? And if the walls crack and the roofs come down, as there is some rumor of their doing, where will the artists and intellectuals go then to avoid the neighbors?

But these are high matters, beyond the range of present intention. As a man with some experience of being a very private citizen in the small-town atmosphere and in the area dominated by New York City, I shall try to explain why I am not sorry that I was born and brought up in a Middle-Western village, and why I intend to retain for myself and to encourage in my children the small-town view of life which I believe is the right view; for which I might fight, but would certainly never apologize.

II

London, Ohio, lies near the middle of the State, in flat farm lands slightly scarred by quiet streams — Deer Creek, Oak Run, Little Darby — which feed the Scioto. Always on the horizon there are trees. Between the mist of spring and the haze of the fall of the year you may see daisies in the blue grass, or fireflies in the corn at nightfall. You may smell the growing corn of hot nights, and the red clover. The dust from white gravel roads powders the ironweed and the stake-and-rider fences as summer wears on. The yellow water lilies grow in the quiet place this side the bend in the creek, and the white sand boils up in the bottom of Coniac Spring — a name which proves some carelessness in spelling and embalms

a trace of history There is wind and snow in winter. On July and August afternoons the sky darkens into thunder and quick rain, which is good for the corn.

Because the town is small, you are never far from such things there, and you may come to care for them. If you do, you will find that you cannot live in peace without them. They are things of small account to Progress and the State. But some men have loved them, some men have died in the Wilderness and in the Argonne Forest with these things, among others, in their minds. These things, bent to the unsuspected purposes of the great men who think that they own America. What you love, you will fight for

Unless, of course, it is money, in which case you will probably incite simple men to get it for you. This you may do with safety, so long as you leave them something they can love enough for them to care when you lie to them, saying it is in danger But you must be careful to leave them something, a very little will do. You must also be careful not to let them see what you are doing That, in the long run, may not prove easy. Easy or not, it is little to be proud of Indeed, greed and theft and deception are things which in London, Ohio, some of us were taught, at home and by a "decadent Puritan clergy," to regard as wrong, however profitable The tendency to think that way did not die out with the horse-and-buggy era. Small-town men of the Valley may yet insist on judging their economic system by its justice rather than by its prosperity. The danger, of course, is that in such a frame of mind we may again be misled into freeing our neighbor's slaves instead of our own, or into making the world safe for what we are getting instead of democracy.

All of which is not so far afield from the Ohio countryside as it may seem. A man's flag should be the symbol of his own back yard. A small-town man may learn to love the wind rustling the tall corn, or the sunlight and shadow of a quiet street, in a way which makes them part of him wherever he may go. These, with the people he has known and cared for, may be what he has in mind when he says he loves his country I can't make any sense of his meaning anything else. I cannot imagine feeling that way about Mr Rockefeller's money, the power trust, or Mr. Ford's beneficent factory.

III

In one sense, London, Ohio, has no history. Since 1810, when it was founded, nothing has happened there. Nothing, that is, but birth and death, and the strange tissue of dark and bright which men weave to fill the interval. No Londoner has ever managed to attract any of the world's attention. That the town has been the breeding ground of no great men is not perhaps to its discredit, considering what sort of place the great men of the earth have been making it for the rest of us lately.

History of a sort the town has, however, much of which I have read in the files of *The London Times*, a weekly for which I used to work in the summer. It was a pretty bad paper, I suppose. But I didn't think so then, and I like to remember the feel of dropping type into a stick, the shake of the floor as the old flat-bed Hoe press ran off the last form, the office jokes and arguments in the rush of folding the sheets by hand, sticking on the labels, and carrying the papers down the alley to the side door of the postoffice on Second Street, next door to the fire-engine house where . . . But all of that is another story, part of a kind of life at first-hand accessible to a boy in a small town in Ohio.

I was speaking of the files. One thing, among others, emerges from a study of them. As things got bigger and better everywhere, the local papers grew duller and duller. As interest in personalities faded, the flavor of personality in writing went with it. One could measure the approach of Progress by the loss in vitality of the editorial page, which disappeared about the time Progress caught up with us. The papers of even the seventies and eighties reflect a life which was in a sense narrowly provincial, but not dull. It had vitality and color. The minds one sees in it were small-town minds, but they had edges. After the turn of the century there is perhaps more information, less prejudice. But life, as you read of it in the papers, seems duller, remoter. We were losing our small-town characteristics, ceasing to express our own opinions, ceasing to form them.

It was during this same period that control of things, or the feeling of possessing control, was passing away from us. Our plans were subject to change from more than such familiar acts of God as the weather. We owned less and owed more, and as the industrial machine reached out to take us, we began to lose the feeling of first-hand responsibility which is the basis of self-reliance.

If the small town today is dead intellectually, it is because it has ceased in a certain sense to be a small town at all. It has almost lost its identity. In becoming so much a part, it has forgotten how to be a whole. As issues grow more complicated, they grow vaguer in men's minds. As the power piles up in New York and Washington, it is harder to see the relationship between how it is used and one's own life, harder to size up the difference between the avowed intentions and the actual purposes of the men who use it. Wherein lies the great objection to communism: not that it proposes to end the existing travesty of democracy, but that it intends a State so gigantic that no one can understand it. Things must be small if you are to grasp them.

Perhaps, as some men say, it is too late to do anything but try to make the inevitable Colossus as wise and kindly as possible. I do not believe that. In the long run we shall get only what we ask for. We have, after all, been asking for what we have now. Perhaps it would be well to consider asking for something else, instead of shouting that further

progress into folly is inevitable, and that we must learn to like what we hate by making it more hateful.

IV

Over the state of the arts in the small town there has been much lamentation.

Now it is true that few small towns harbor universal geniuses, or support a symphony orchestra or a grand opera company. But universal geniuses are scarce, and even New York City is none too generous with its Philharmonic. The kind of art which becomes a part of life forever is produced by a certain highly specialized kind of man, who comes into being once in a while as the result of genetic coincidences too complicated to unravel. He is sometimes more than a little mad, and always remarkably energetic. I doubt that a small town, or even a large one, can put him down, short of shooting or starving him. How much harm did Sauk Center do Sinclair Lewis? Perhaps every small town in the Mississippi Valley now contains a mute inglorious Milton, gagged and bound by local clergymen and Rotarians. Again I doubt it — if only because, as someone has said, the one sure test of a Milton is that he is neither mute nor inglorious. Furthermore, it seems a little presumptuous to attempt to plan a society for the production of geniuses. No one knows how to make it, even if it were desirable, and the geniuses, once we got them, would be almost certain to dislike it.

But there is another aspect of art which demands consideration. It is good for men to do things for themselves, whether or not the result achieves the accident of immortality. Chesterton was right when he observed that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing badly.

Do things some of us certainly did in London, Ohio, badly, but without let or hindrance. A part at least of our culture was homemade. If you wanted a thing, you did not always save up your money to buy it. Sometimes you made it.

Our canoe, for example. Chubby Burnham, Dewey Culp, Sprouts Placier, Bill Farrar, Peahead Rankin, and I wanted a canoe to navigate the shallow waters of Deer Creek, three miles east of town, where we used to camp among the cattle in Luke Smith's pasture land, and there create in our minds and hardly endure the perils of the wilderness. None of us had ever seen a canoe. We didn't even have a handbook. But build one we did — a strange craft of oak and barrel-hoops and painted canvas. But she floated. Indeed, for more than twenty years she was hauled out of one barn or another to serve the seagoing impulses of small boys who came after us. A bad boat in almost every sense; but first-hand, however awkward and unseaworthy.

We built the boat because it seemed to be the thing to do at the time.

To me, as a certain kind of small-town Middle Westerner, it still seems a good kind of thing to do. I make my own wine from my own grapes today I designed, and with my own hands built much of, the house I live in.

But building a boat, it may be objected, is not one of the fine arts, and it is the fine arts which languish in small towns, even in unskillful performance.

In both cases, stuff and nonsense

Mrs. Dodds, who painted pink roses and other forms of vegetable life on china utensils intended for a surprisingly wide range of uses, at least did it herself. The Indian heads and Gibson girls scorched into leather which took prizes at the Madison County Fair were maiden efforts, not boughten. What happened when the London Silver Cornet Band worked out on "The Stars and Stripes Forever" might grieve the sensitive, but it was not achieved by turning a knob. When Matt Horen, organist for the Catholic Church and owner of a music store, as we called it, wrote the song for the centenary homecoming festivities, he at least did his own swiping from Schubert, and people seemed to like it. When, after seeing three plays—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *A Lady of Lyons* at the Opera House, and Mantell's *Macbeth* in Columbus—I wrote the Commencement play the year I graduated from high school, I committed bad art. But I did it myself, and author, cast, and even audience got a lot of fun out of it. What is art for, after all, if it is not to be an extension of life for the artist, and not too hard on the bystanders?

As a certain kind of small-town Middle Westerner I shall continue to maintain that the London Silver Cornet Band unfurling "The Stars and Stripes Forever" in their own way were doing more for art and less for irony than many dowagers and débutantes oh-ing and ah-ing over an exhibit of Van Gogh.

V

Another thing for which I owe thanks to my years in London, Ohio, is the experience of what democracy feels like.

I am well aware that before my day America had already betrayed Mr. Jefferson—not altogether, it may be, without his own assistance. If we had not quite sold out to our captains of industry and porchclimbing, we had at least given them an option. But that was not known in London when I was a boy, indeed, it is none too clearly seen there at present. We were still living under the impression that how a man made his living, or how much of a living he managed to make, was less important than what kind of man he was.

When school let out for the summer, you got a job, if you were old enough. There always seemed to be jobs of a sort. I do not know what that involved in terms of the balance of the village economic system; but I do

know that it was good fun, and that I am glad not to have missed it. Among other things, I drove the delivery wagon for a feed store, worked around the water plant, sawed and hammered with a gang of carpenters, ran a candy, corn, and peanut stand at the county fair, and swept out, set type, wrote copy, and even learned to feed the big press, in the office of *The London Times*. All of which was quite typical.

These labors did little to advance Western civilization or to make my fortune, but they have been of some benefit to me in my capacity of private citizen. I learned that people are much alike, but also amazingly different once you come to know them, as you will if you work either with or for them. I observed that the virtue of a man does not lie in his grammar, his clothes, or his behavior in the presence of food. I got the feeling that all men who work have, in that very fact, so much in common that if they make a virtue of the color of their collars they are betraying their own interests and — which is much worse — their own dignity. I learned why there are labor unions, and why the man is up to no good who opposes them. I have discovered since then no reason for altering those small-town opinions.

At the end of my first year in graduate school at Princeton I was broke, as well as somewhat bored with footnotes. Following my small-town pattern, I got a job as ship carpenter's helper in the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, swinging a sledge and carrying things. Our gang's job was to shore up ships against the strain of launching — that backbreaking upthrust on the stern as it takes the water with the bow still on the ways — a strain which the ship, with luck, will never again encounter. It was a good job, and a good gang. A week before I left, old Scotty, the foreman, told me that if I'd buy some tools and join the union he'd get me rated as a ship carpenter.

I came back to Princeton proud of it, and feeling sure that you've never been anywhere or done anything until you've been down under a big freighter at her launching, with the sledge men or on the battering rams, knocking out from under the keel the blocks which keep the ship up off the ways. You sweat like hell, and look out sharp for your head and the other fellow's, for there isn't much light and the air is full of things which are heavy and move fast. You clear out and stand aside. You watch the men on the crosscut saws which tear through the great oak timbers which hold the ship from slipping. The last inch or two of oak pulls out like a rope breaking, and the great hull eases itself down into the water. I shall never forget that — that, or the surprise and sorrow with which I heard, back in Princeton, that it was awfully hard luck to have to spend a summer that way. The exercise, of course, was good for one, but the associations must have been a trial. The point of view was new to me, and I didn't like it. I don't like it now, for I am still a certain kind of small-town Middle Westerner.

In London, Ohio, my father's closest friends were an Irish drayman, a banker, a moderately well-to-do farmer, and the engineer in the local water plant. I never noticed that he treated, or even thought of them, differently. More accurately, his relationship with each man was based on nothing but a sense of the other man's individual characteristics. He took men as they came, judging each by what he proved himself to be at first-hand.

And that is my feeling for democracy.

VI

If we are to have democracy at all, it seems obvious that we must have a State populated not by anonymous economic units, but by men and women who can know, and be known by, one another. The anonymous man is in a sense no man at all. That is one reason why he tends to become the forgotten man. The man known only by hearsay and distant rumor is a monster.

But knowing men well enough to judge them involves living with them in a closeness of contact whose perfection is sometimes marred by the qualities of human nature. When you come to know your neighbor, you may not like him. He may even go so far as not liking you. Granted a certain robustness of nature, that state of affairs may be a source of pleasure to both. There are always people whom it is a privilege to dislike — a privilege one would miss by not knowing them.

"The chief trouble with a small town is that everyone knows everyone else, and everyone else's business." How often one hears that statement, usually as the final argument, the ultimate damnation! It is perhaps worth examining.

In a small town, it is true, everyone does in a certain sense know everyone else, and even to some extent everyone else's business. It is interesting to compare that fact, in passing, with the sense of awe before the mystery of other human spirits which broods so notably over men and women in the streets of New York City; with that delicate dislike of intrusiveness which ennobles Walter Winchell's public, with that happy freedom from snooping which adorns the life of Henry Ford's happy workers. But the objection is too important for such evasion, nor is it enough to point out that most people are curious, and all neighbors potential nuisances. These traits of human nature do most undeniably come into fuller play in a small town than elsewhere.

Small-town people, however, vary considerably in the amount of attention they devote to each other. Some of them are snoopers and gossips; some, but not all. Some have only a mild and fitful interest in even the misdeeds of their neighbors. Some are too tightly shut up in private worlds of their own to be vividly conscious of anyone else. Some have even a lively sense of the distinction between their own affairs and those of

others Such men and women are rare anywhere, and perhaps a little difficult to explain satisfactorily on the basis of the size of their communities I doubt that anyone knows the relative percentages of such persons in small towns and large cities — or of the other types, for that matter. As to everyone's knowing your business, it is surprising how much of that you can avoid, in small towns or elsewhere, by keeping quiet about it I did not find my life in London, Ohio, marked by any particularly widespread public interest, oppressive or otherwise. I am sure the neighbors annoyed me far less than I did them What they gained from knowing me is, and sometimes was, open to question. What I gained from knowing them I am grateful for. Lest I be misunderstood, it is well to add my belief that the maxim, "To know everything is to pardon everything," is probably the silliest remark on record

Of course the chatter of busybodies, or the strong threat of having much unwanted good done you, may create an atmosphere intolerable to a certain kind of person He escapes to the anonymity of the city, not always over the protest of the neighbors Perhaps he is skilful and lucky enough to accomplish there what he has on his mind — writing a novel, say, about the horrors of life in a small town Then, and quite honestly, he will argue for the blessings of urban anonymity, particularly if favorable notices from the reviewers are to some extent depriving him of it. But can he, at best, prove anything more against small towns than that one of them was a good place for him to get out of?

If you form your opinion of small-town life solely from his novel, you may think of it as a dingy huddle of dolts and sadists, stirred up to mean deeds by Methodists and Rotarians, and from time to time emitting fiery particles in the direction of Greenwich Village But not every boy leaves home just to get away from it Young men and women who leave small towns are usually traveling toward, and not away from, something You cannot learn bio-chemistry in the high school laboratory You cannot go to sea without leaving Nebraska.

Perhaps, too, there is some truth in the theory that it is not strength but weakness which drives the intellectual or artistic type of man away from Main Street It is not always easy to stand up to the neighbors, especially if they are given to being vital at the wrong times and about the wrong issues. It is no sure mark of genius to be misunderstood, nor is moving on quickly when challenged the sign of a very robust virtue. Perhaps the feverish thinness, the lack of real laughter, the out-on-the-end-of-the-limb intellectualism of so much of our recent literature are signs of the protective sophistication of the man who "can't take it." Perhaps not, but it would be interesting to have more literature — we already have some — from men and women mature enough emotionally to encounter human nature at first-hand, away from the reassuring warmth of like minds in a close huddle.

However all that may be, one thing is certain. The intensely personal atmosphere of the small town, the necessity of meeting close up the judgment of your neighbors, does tend to place a limit on the amount of harm you can do. Which, human nature being what it is, is at least something. If you swindle your neighbor in a horse trade, it is pretty sure to get around, and your reputation will suffer. You may even have to fight it out with him in the alley. But if you are a captain of industry, you may swindle a million men, without ever having to face one angry victim, or even hear an adverse comment. You are away from all but men of honor like yours, or hired and subservient neighbors. You are remote, impersonal, and not to be called to account, which is not good for your soul. If you are great beyond the range of small-town stature, you may have the power of life and death over thousands of men you have never seen. That is not good for them, nor for you. You may find it easy to order other men to do what you might not be brave or bad enough to do at first-hand, in person. It was not Henry Ford who shot men down on Bloody Monday in March of 1932. It was not Herbert Hoover, rugged individualist and commander-in-chief of the army and navy, who led the troops to victory at Anacostia.

Hardly!

VII

The small town, and particularly the small town in the Mississippi Valley, is alleged to be hopelessly under the domination of Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian clergymen more noted for noise and zeal than for wisdom or Christian charity, and of such auxiliary troops in their war against fun and Satan as the Epworth League and the Wimodaughsis Society. From their influence arise grave dangers to the State, such as prohibition, anti-evolution laws, Sunday-school picnics, and the discouragement of adultery.

Now the plain truth of the matter is that these men do not dominate the small-town life of the Valley. They do not dominate anything. Such power as they have comes from acquiescence, not leadership. I have never met a small-town clergyman who was half as sure of himself as even a small-town banker. The trouble with these men is not that they are fanatics single in the service of their God, but that they are not. They have livings to make and children to educate; debts on churches to pay off, money to raise for altering all sorts of heathen. If, under the stress of such burdens, they have erred, it has been in the direction of toning down their fanaticism and centering their attention on raising money. The fault of the divines of the Bible Belt is not that they worship a savage bush-league Jehovah, but rather that they have sold out even him to the religion of success, to the elevation of our great, wise, and good rich men. Their very violence against the sins of the flesh is only a compensation for their failure to be sufficiently violent against the deadlier sins of avarice and

arrogance. But how many clergymen, small-town or metropolitan, American or foreign, Catholic or Protestant, are unspotted with tar from that brush? In what happy land and era has Christianity been free from that kind of betrayal? When and where also have there not been honorable exceptions?

One at least, for a time, in London, Ohio — a gentle old man with much first-hand knowledge of human nature, and that kind of sweetness which is not soft, but more like good steel or the music of Beethoven. It is true that he was a Prohibitionist, inciting me, among others, to march in “dry” parades before Beal law elections, singing “Touch not, taste not, handle not the DREADFUL thing,” and other strange war songs, off key. But it is also true that the only fierce sermon I ever heard him preach was directed against a filthy anti-Catholic publication called *The Menace*, which got about quite extensively in the Middle West in pre-war days. Once, when I was a senior in high school and president of the Epworth League, I advanced, with adolescent earnestness, the theory that evolution shows that man will steadily progress until at last he is divine. I was immediately denounced at some length by a superannuated minister in the audience, not on the obvious ground that I was an ass, but because I profaned the house of God with talk of evolution. “My boy,” said the minister to me after the meeting, “I want to ask you two things. Do not think too hardly of Brother Marsh. He is an old man and has old-fashioned ways of looking at things. And do please keep the paper you read tonight and read it again ten years from now. You see, you are both wrong.”

One swallow does not make a summer, of course. Nevertheless, I mention these things to show why, although I have not been inside of a church for years, I cannot quite agree with Mr. Mencken about the Protestant clergy. However much they may have erred in the specific application of first principles, the first principles they do still insist upon. Earnest and more or less ignorant men are still preaching, among other things, that theft and oppression are sins against man and God. It is true that, with all of Protestantism, they have tended to regard wealth as too sure a sign of the grace of God, and they have wasted their ammunition on trifling issues. Their influence, at its worst, represents no very powerful menace. William Jennings Bryan was, I suppose, a pretty fair sample of what you can expect from it. He was not particularly impressive at Dayton, Tennessee. But in all fairness one should remember too his record in Washington in the months before we entered the war. And there, product of the Bible Belt as he was, he showed up quite as well as Page in London, or Wilson later at Versailles.

At any rate, these evangelical clergymen are insisting that there is a difference between right and wrong. It is useless to expect from them leadership toward an evaluation of our economic system in those terms. They do not lead, they follow. But if the leadership for them were to

appear, if they could be taught how much more our world is like hell than heaven, they would in all likelihood do as well as any group in the general population. For they do still believe in right and wrong, and in these times that is the prime distinction.

The Bible Belt may yet surprise Mr. Mencken. Unfortunately, that surprise may take a form surpassing his wildest dreams — a fascist nightmare. Which way will our national violence turn, if roused? Will we gallantly call out the American Legion to cast down one communist from his high place on the soapbox, or more sensibly turn our attention to the great, wise, and good rich man who made the soap — if you can call it soap, considering what is probably in it? No man knows the answer to that question, particularly no man who knows the Mississippi Valley.

In such towns as London, Ohio, right now there are two schools of opinion. One holds that our truly great Americans have been our Huntingtons, Hills, Harrimans, our Morgans, Mellons, Fords, du Ponts, and Rockefellers. The other holds that if that is true, we should at least round out the list with our Benedict Arnolds, our Al Capones and Dutch Schultzes. There is one complaint that we do not send our big business men to Washington, another, that we have not sent enough of them to Atlanta.

In London, Ohio, I heard last summer two interesting expressions of opinion. One was that we should stop tinkering with things, get the Government out of business, suppress the labor unions and "all these reds and radicals," and return to Rugged Individualism and Free Competition. The other was that there is no hope until the Mississippi Valley secedes from the East and begins to work out its own salvation.

Both of these men were Republicans. The minds of both were confused, and not overcrowded with information. The first, who wanted the Government to let business alone, expected it nevertheless to make and enforce laws against labor unions, and he considered a high tariff a fine thing, because it protected the worker. The second, whose grandfather came back in a box from Antietam, believed that the secession of the Southern States was justly put down, because slavery was wrong. This time secession would be right, we should only be fighting for the right to manage our own business!

Out of such confusion, when things are desperate, almost anything may come.

What the small-town Middle Westerner could accomplish in the direction of fascistic tyranny he has already hunted, in the days of the Ku Klux Klan. Like any other man, whether in New York, Italy, or Russia, he is capable of falling into error which will lead him into mass action of unspeakable cruelty. He can be wrought upon to defend his own inner doubts by suppressing all differences of opinion, to take out his own dissatisfaction with life by finding a scapegoat to punish. But such traits are not uniquely Middle Western. They are characteristics of men everywhere.

when made desperate by insecurity You cannot prevent them unless you remove their causes.

Taking him by and large, the small-town Middle Westerner is a decent fellow You can depend upon him to do the right thing, once he really understands the situation He does not understand it at present and has for years been aiding and abetting his own betrayal Suspicious of "foreigner" and the East, he will not accept enlightenment from the communist He still believes in democracy He does not know that he has not got it, that it must be built if he wants it. He does not know what Henry Ford's heaven in Detroit is like for many of the people who have to live in it, nor does he suspect the way of life of the Southern tenant farmer He is being told that all is well with the world, or so nearly well that everything will be all right when he turns out the Democrats and puts in the Republicans, or vice versa.

He can yet be informed, and set to work rebuilding democracy. Two things, at least, would help One is a little less superciliousness on the part of those who have more information The other is the miraculous appearance of a national political leader with honesty enough to tell the truth — all of it — and courage to ask for justice, which is not quite the same thing as prosperity.

Checking Your Reading

How does Mr Fisher define "progress"? What effect does he believe it has on small-town democracy in America? In what sense has London, Ohio, "no history"? Does your own home town have a "history"? What has Mr Fisher to say about the state of the arts (literature, music, painting) in small towns?

Identify. Huntington, Hill, Morgan, Mellon, du Pont, Rockefeller Why do some people believe that these men should be identified with Benedict Arnold, Al Capone, Dutch Schultz? What is the answer to such an attitude?

How does Mr. Fisher finally sum up his conception of "the small-town Middle Westerner"?

Forming Your Opinion

How does your own conception of small-town life (based on experience or reading) compare with Mr Fisher's? How effective is his answer to the charge that the small town is intellectually dead? artistically dead? What did Chesterton mean when he said, "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing badly"? Do you agree with him? Do you think that enough of our culture is "homemade," or are we a nation of "knob-turners"? To what extent can urban life give "the experience of what democracy feels like"? Does Mr Fisher weaken his case by too sweeping claims for the small-town view or by too sweeping indictments of a different view? What other "views of life" in America can you define? Which appeals most to you? Which do you consider best for the future of the country? To what extent do Mr. Fisher's views agree with those expressed in Davidson's "Still Rebels, Still Yankees"?

13,000,000 AMERICANS

Ellis Arnall

*Ellis Gibbs Arnall (1907–), who calls himself a democrat with a small “d,” is also one of the ablest of the country’s liberal Democrats with a capital “D” Born in Newnan, Georgia, and educated at Mercer, Sewanee, and the University of Georgia Law School, Arnall capped a brilliant rise in Georgia politics by election to the governorship at thirty-five. As governor he gained national recognition by his unrelenting fight against monopolies, crooked politics, and racial and religious intolerance. Since the expiration of his gubernatorial term (Georgia governors cannot succeed themselves), he has been lecturing and writing widely on subjects which range far beyond purely state and sectional interests. American foreign policy, labor and industrial relations, the control of monopolies, better race relations. The breadth of his knowledge and interests is reflected not only in his writings, in recent appearances on Information Please he amazed and delighted “the experts” by his familiarity with subjects ranging from classical literature and opera to baseball and boogie-woogie. The following selection, dealing with the Negro in America, is a chapter from his book, *The Shore Dimly Seen* (1946). A second book concerned with national problems, *What the People Want*, appeared in 1948.*

“THE COLORED MAN, be he Japanese, Chinese, Indian, or Negro, is the natural enemy of the white man, in the same way that the tiger is the natural enemy of the lamb.”

I glance at the copyright page of the volume, which is one among the many “hate books” that come to the desk of any man who happens to hold public office. It assures me, and I am not very greatly surprised, that the volume was published by a Brookline, Massachusetts, firm, and that additional copies can be obtained from an address in Boston, America’s Tobacco Road. It occurs to me, idly, that I know very few of these people whom the author describes so vividly, at all well.

There have been one or two Japanese waiters in my life. Newnan had one American-born Chinese family for a time. About the Indians, I am immediately uncertain whether he means the people who live in India, and who are chronically short of food. Once, when he was making a personal-appearance tour for the Red Cross, I met Sabu and was impressed that he was a rather tired young person with very white teeth.

From *The Shore Dimly Seen*, copyright 1946 by Ellis Arnall, published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

But perhaps the author means Redskins, of whom I killed thousands before I was eight, and for which bloodshed I am certain my boyhood heroes, Jim Thorpe and Joe Guyon, would forgive me. If so, my direct acquaintanceship is limited to those innumerable Virginians who are descendants of Pocahontas and who speak in definitely clipped accents that suggest Charlottesville and the gracious buildings that Jefferson imagined rather than any tepee or long house. But I know a great many Negroes, because in Newnan they are a considerable part of the population.

I have seen Negroes all my life, and it has never occurred to me that there was anything tigerish about them. Some of those I knew were exceptionally shrewd businessmen, some were teachers, some were sharecroppers, some were prideful farm owners. A few "white man's niggers" I disliked instinctively, in the same way that I dislike scalawags, Quislings, and the stink of cheap moonshine liquor in a Saturday night crowd: they were a little mephitic and a little vulpine as they played the role of Uriah Heep in blackface, but they were not tigerish.

It is difficult to divest oneself of the many Southern attitudes about the Negro. I say many attitudes, because obviously those of William Alexander Percy and of John Rankin are both typical, and those of Clark Foreman and of Virginius Dabney are both typical, and my own is typical, and none of the five coincides. Four of the five of us, it is true, would agree that the Negro is a part of the South's heritage, Congressman Rankin dissenting. Four of the five of us would agree that the Negro is a useful citizen, who has been a valuable part of America's working and fighting forces in two world wars and a part of America's social and economic fabric at all times, Congressman Rankin dissenting. Three, or a bare majority, would determine that the Negro constitutes a special problem for the South and the Nation, the author of *Lanterns on the Levee* and I dissenting, but, as is so often the case in such matters, for entirely different reasons.

For I am not an aristocratic poet and the owner of an ancient plantation, nor a stump speaker seeking a scapegoat for the economic distress of the people of my Congressional district, nor a social scientist with a brain keen enough to reduce almost everything to statistical data, nor the editor of one of the foremost Southern liberal publications steeped in the history of a State from which I derive my name, I am a Georgian from a cotton-mill town. My viewpoint is colored neither by a love for the music of lazy voices on the levees of the great river, nor by a desire for reelection to Congress, nor by a concern with the statistics that prove that the world might get better if in the meantime it does not worsen, nor by a belief that presently all will be well if everyone exercises good taste and moderation, though I think that this might help rather a great deal.

It is sad, for him and for the South, that Will Percy has gone to a place

where he can see the sun across the Mississippi only by leaning from the golden bar of Heaven, and where his ears can hear only far off the plunking of the banjo, and the sound of plantation Negroes laughing on Saturday night. I did not know him well, except through others, but I went to college at Sewanee and they remembered him there and I talked to him once when he visited the mountain. a fragile man, with the mouth and hands of a poet, and the heart of St. Francis of Assisi, and the temper of Hotspur leading the charge against Prince Harry's men

I do not think that the Negroes that Will Percy loved ever lived anywhere except at Trail Lake and in his heart, though surely, wherever he is — and it will be on the banks of the Last River thinking of the fish in it and cracking jokes with Skillet and St. Simon the Cyrenian with even the holy angels not too proud to call him "Mister Will" and do his bidding — there'll be some of them. Every Negro cropper in Mississippi wanted to work on his plantation, half the scamps in his county, black and white, lived at one time or another out of his smokehouse. If every feudal lord had responded to the cry of "haro" from those demanding justice as did he, the world would be a somewhat different world, and the hearts of men would smell as clean as pine woods after a night rain. Nevertheless, I have never seen the careless, laughing, improvident, gentle, and rather triflin' Negro men and women who populated the dream that was Trail Lake.

Nor have I seen the half-apes that populate the nightmare that Congressman Rankin uses to frighten some of his constituents into the vapors. These creatures live in the Rankin heart, just as those of Will Percy lived in his. And sometimes I wonder, with William Blake, at the mystery of heart-making. Perhaps every man makes his own heart and populates it with the dreams of his own devising.

Clark Foreman is from my home State. He has been a remarkable public servant, both in governmental office and in the semi-public life incident to serving various privately established commissions. He is a great economist, a masterful sociologist, and I respect many of his views and agree with a fair number of his conclusions at times. But I rather think that his Negro is so completely an economic creature that he exists, not in the heart as do the Negroes of Percy and Rankin, but somewhere in the mind, or perhaps in a filing cabinet, tucked away with other data.

The Dabney Negro lives in the intellect, too, most of the time, and is somewhat the creature of compromise, because the great Richmond editor is engaged in the difficult task of being a liberal in the South, which is even more difficult than being a liberal elsewhere. There is coming, I think, a day in which the South will be the most liberal section of our common country. The basis for genuine liberalism is to be found here. The people have a natural inclination in that direction, as Mr. Dabney untiringly points out. But liberalism in the South is handicapped by the

attitude of a group of critics, who form a coterie of professional liberals, and who can find nothing in America to view with alarm except the atmosphere of the Southern States

Assailed on the one hand by these, and on the other by native reactionaries, scalawags and demagogues with vocabularies of invective of which "Communist," "traitor to Southern ideals," "fellow-traveller" and "nigger-lover" are the least opprobrious and only the beginning, most Southern liberals search for another tag to wear.

Possessing less hardihood than Virginius Dabney, that is precisely what I am going to do

Let me label myself, if I must have a label, as a democrat, with a small "d," please. I have known a good many individuals whose political line deviated from my own, some of them radicals and some reactionaries. I do not think that I have ever met a genuine Communist, except once at a press conference. The old-fashioned, Hell-and-damnation reactionary, who was not Fascist-minded like so many of the newer sort, rather charmed me, so did the elderly Socialist, who talked a little, with moistening eyes, about Eugene Debs and made you see the man as he must have appeared to those who loved him so greatly. The Communist, if he was one, was a little brittle, I thought, and perhaps a little tense, but then he may not have been a Communist but only a young man with his mind on something outside the room where the press was asking questions, though, for all I know, his mind might have been on revolution, bombs, and the equation that determines how the surplus value contributed by manufacture shall be divided among Third-Vice-Commissars.

I liked the reactionary and the Socialist very much, they were a little alike, although so different, with one owning a booming voice and the other as quiet spoken as a country parson. I liked them because they believed something, even if it was something that I could never quite believe, whether a perfectly astounding brand of individual initiative that uprooted entire forests, or a vision of a brotherhood of man founded on the ownership of power sites. They were a little quaint, like the illustrations in my mother's third reader; and very American. I have never met a Fascist that I liked; even an incipient fascist, with a little "f," busy with his thoughts of how a Third-Assistant-Vice-President might fare, come the managerial revolution, in the division of the surplus value contributed by manufacture. Most of the young fascists, with a little "f," seem to me to be as brittle as the young man who, quite likely, was a Communist, and both seem to be thinking about the same thing.

About professional liberals, however, I am not so sure. They no doubt acquired their thirst for rye-and-soda in the days of Prohibition, when, if I am informed correctly, Maryland rye was the standard of comparison in the speakeasies. They are great weighers of the value of things, and

undoubtedly well intentioned, and prone to organize committees that never meet, and to pass resolutions.

They distrust emotion and approve of a pure style in writing, and are careful of every unimportant little fact, and sometimes are careless about the big facts. During the House and Senate hearings on the Bulwinkle Bill, which would permit the railroads to cut the guts out of the antitrust statutes, they discussed what was the matter with our Bulgarian policy. During the hearings on the bill to provide Federal assistance to education through an equalization fund, they discussed what was the matter with our relations with Ecuador. During the past five years, when some parts of New England have been boiling and seething with the Hell's brew of racial and religious intolerance, they have discussed at great length whether the detention and starving of the Spanish Republicans was or was not more annoying than the affair of the sixteen Poles, but then, Boston is not many miles away from their favorite night spot and they lack the perspective necessary to weigh properly the ifs-and-ands of the question. Though I am fond of many of them personally, I am afraid that, when Gabriel finally persuades the Lord to let him blow, they will be busy with an indignation meeting over rye and soda and will miss the affair at the barricades of Hell.

So let me close this parenthesis by saying that, for the time being, at least, I had rather be called a democrat, with a little "d," please, than to be called a liberal. It is a better label for a resident of Newnan.

There is no Negro problem, although the American of Negro ancestry has a problem. In many respects it is a problem common to all minority groups anywhere in this or any other country. It is an ugly problem for the racial group concerned. It is an ugly problem for the Pole in some parts of New England. It is a doubly ugly problem for the Jew in Boston, where there is negligible police protection. It is cruelest of all for the Mexican minority in the Southwest, the most savage for the third-generation Japanese on the Pacific Coast. It is unpleasant for the Negro in the South, or in Harlem, or in Chicago, or in Detroit. Because the Negro is the largest minority racial group, because he is easily differentiated from all other groups by the oddity of coloration, his problem is the greatest one in volume if not in intensity.

Individually, the Negro has a problem. Collectively, it is an American problem, affecting deeply the great centers of population and the agrarian Southern States that are the seedbed of America. But it is not "the Negro problem," for the Negro is no problem as an individual, as a citizen, as a race; he is sometimes a victim, and occasionally, when he becomes fictionalized, he is an ideological nuisance, and he is a strawman for cheap, loud-mouthed, scalawag demagogues to beat verbally. The Negro is in desperate danger of becoming, in the next depression, the scapegoat, if prompt, energetic measures are not taken to prevent a spread of Fascist

philosophy in this country, in that particular, the Negro is less in danger in the South than in those urban centers where he lives in a black ghetto and is subjected to pressures from many different directions.

In the South, the Negro's problem is a part of the general poverty of the section. He shares in the injustices of a socio-economic system that has reduced the South to colonial status, and, since he possessed nothing eighty years ago and still finds himself at the bottom of the economic pile, he gets a shade the worse of what is a bad bargain for all the citizens of the Southern regions. The injustices that oppress the Southern Negro are felt keenly by a preponderant number of his white fellow-Southerners, both those who share his oppression and those who have found some defense against it.

One afternoon in my office, I caught a glimpse of one of the many Southern attitudes toward the Negro. My visitor was an old friend, some twenty years my senior, and the owner of some of the finest farmland in Georgia. Negro farmers of the county in which he lived always tried to get on his place, possibly because he had helped some score of tenants to become landowners. On his mother's side, he was the descendant of one of the great Georgia families, his father had been a man from the Georgia uplands, of yeoman stock. Enough of his younger great-uncles and older uncles had been wounded and killed at Shiloh, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Chickamauga to assure the family of a place in Southern tradition. One great-uncle had been helped off the field at Shiloh by his Negro body servant, the armies of Lee and Johnson must have been heavily encumbered with houseboys, messboys, grooms and body servants, to such an extent that deploying was awkward.

I never ascertained precisely what public business he wished to discuss. He was in the kind of fury that novelists describe as a "black rage." It seems that he had brought Eulamae nearly two hundred miles to town to take the train to Philadelphia, where some granddaughter or other who was in the Wacs was spending a leave. Eulamae was my friend's brother's nurse, but before he came along she had graduated into the kitchen. I have eaten Eulamae's fried chicken, which is fit to set before the kings of this world. My friend, his wife, their children, and their two grandsons stand in awe of Eulamae, who wears terrific corsets and square-lensed spectacles over which she looks frigidly whenever a small person is behaving in an unseemly manner, she had never been outside the county but once, when my friend's wife drove her to Macon to have some dental work done.

"We couldn't get any Berth Thirteen for Eulamae," my friend began, somewhat incoherently, referring to the practice of providing transportation in Pullman drawing rooms for Negro travellers whose use of such facilities was too infrequent to justify the operation of separate sleeping cars. "And you ought to have seen the stinking cattle car she had to ride

in It'll half kill her to ride to Philadelphia in that thing The crummy Yankee railroad owners charge full fare for our colored folks, don't they? Why can't they give them decent cars, then? If I was half the man my grandfather was, I'd take a horsewhip to the nearest railroad president If the white people in the South don't do something to keep the carpet-bagging ."

I must leave him to trail off into voicelessness, because I have no wish to decorate this page with the explosive forms of punctuation from cartoonists' balloons, and I dare not quote him verbatim lest this volume be banned in Boston, where old maids see such words only when they peer through their lorgnettes at the scrawlings on synagogues

The fiercely possessive attitude of my friend toward every Negro family that has ever been associated with his farms or his household is one aspect of the Southern attitude toward the Negro I do not share it To begin with, there are not enough white men like my friend to make it a working system It is bad in principle, and it deprives the Negro of the sense of self-reliance and responsibility that is a part of citizenship But it is an attitude far from that often pictured as typical of the cotton belt

I stumbled into another attitude and another conversation by accident one morning. One of my friends is a man who could play Cat in *Chanticleer* and improvise all of the lines, so neatly does the character fit him He has very few fixed convictions and a love for argument and a ready imagination for non-existent facts with which to bolster them He was engaged in his favorite occupation of bawling one of those people whom he disliked on sight.

"The niggers have got to be put in their place," his victim was saying. "They can't be allowed to associate with white people in any way There's too much of this fool talk about educating them All they need to learn is to say 'yes, sir' to a white man and 'gee and haw' to a mule"

"You're thoroughly right," my friend concurred He had his tongue in his cheek and his fish hooked. "I'd like to see us really have complete segregation. Different stores for the Negroes, run by them. Keep them out of the white section of town altogether While I don't mind educating them, I think we ought not to have any business dealings with them at all."

"I couldn't go that far," the reply came quickly. "After all a nigger's hand doesn't stink up a dollar. I just want to keep them in their place" The man had shrewd little pig's eyes, and you could tell at a glance that his grandfather had been an overseer, and his father a scalawag, and that he had voted against Al Smith.

There is some of this attitude in Georgia, in every Southern State, in Chicago, Detroit and New York. It is not a regional attitude It does not arise from any dislike for the Negro, but from a dislike for all mankind

It comes of a desire for power and wealth at the expense of other men, and from cowardice that understands that it is easier to rob a blind man than one who can see and less dangerous to slap the face of a man whose hands are tied Mrs Stowe in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Erskine Caldwell in *Kneel to the Rising Sun* have drawn pictures of two types of sadistic "nigger-haters" Simon Legree is running a good many plantations for British or American investors in Southern cottonlands, Mister Arch has a fair number of tenants who have yet to be killed or to run away, but Mister Arch and Simon Legree are to be found in many other parts of America, their name is Legion, and they have escaped from the bodies of the Gadarene swine to trouble earth again.

The Negro makes up about a tenth of the population of America. Of the approximate thirteen million Americans of that race, about half live in the Southeast, where they constitute about a third of the population About two and a half million more live in the Southwest, where they are about a fifth of the total population The remainder is scattered about the Nation, and, generally, this remnant is concentrated in a few large industrial cities in the East and Mid-West, although numbers of Negroes have gone to the Pacific Coast during the war years

Within the South there are many differences in the percentage of Negroes to whites Georgia is almost a precise average for the entire Southeast, with one Negro for two white citizens In Tennessee, outside Memphis, there are very few Negroes, and the percentage of Negro residents of Kentucky is actually smaller than that of Delaware Heaviest proportionate concentration of Negroes is in Mississippi, South Carolina and Louisiana The Mountain States and New England have only occasional Negro residents, mainly city dwellers

The problem of the Negro's life with white citizens surrounding him is different in the South from the problem in Chicago. It varies in many sections of the South.

For example, in Georgia and North Carolina, there have been serious efforts by FSA and by the local communities to make the rural Negro into a farm owner, and these efforts have been successful In fact, while many white farmers were slipping into a tenant status, twenty-five per cent of all Negro farmers became landowners About the same proportion of Negro farmers in Tennessee own their own land, and land-ownership is increasing among Negroes in Northern Florida although not in the citrus and truck-farming areas of that State.

That one Negro farmer in every four in the Southeastern States should have been able to climb from absolute poverty to the position of a land-owner within a period of eighty years is evidence of two things. first, that the widely believed stories current throughout America about the lack of thrift of the Negro are untrue; second, that a much greater economic

opportunity and more economic justice exist in the Southeast than critics of that region are willing to admit.

The economic status of the Negro in the principal and representative Southeastern States is tied to the economic status of every other resident of the Southeast. If he is a farmer, he is caught to some extent in the trap of a one-crop economy and is not flourishing. His opportunities in industry are few, since the only industries permitted the South before the Second World War, except textiles, were of the cruder types of processing.

In other parts of the South, it is likely that the relationship of the Negro to the economy of the region and to the white residents is vastly different. The large plantations of the Delta, of Arkansas, of the Black Belt, are frequently in the hands of absentee owners, operating through managers whose duty is to supervise the mining of the soil to extract the last possible pound of cotton. There are model plantations here and there, where tenants are treated fairly and obtain incomes higher than the very low standards that generally prevail in the entire South. But these plantations are the exceptions, and many sharecroppers, both white and black, have a dismal life and periodically enjoy the privilege of starving.

The complaint of the Negro in the Southeast, his demands for justice, do not originate out of a sense of economic mequity. His diet of fatback, corn pone, and molasses is the standard diet of the tenant farmer of his section. If he lives in the tobacco belt of South Georgia, or in West Georgia, he is very likely to be a landowner and to fare reasonably well.

His complaint is about other things: poor educational opportunities, deprivation of political rights, occasional interferences with civil liberty. This last is less serious, relatively, than it appears from any examination of specific cases, outbreaks of antiminority feeling are uncommon in most parts of America, and they are uncommon in the South; in general, the basic civil liberties of Negro citizens are respected thoroughly in Georgia.

Educational opportunity for the Negro has been inadequate everywhere in the South. Too little has been spent on schools for both races, although the South has taxed itself more heavily for education than any other section of America. North Carolina and Georgia both, as was pointed out earlier, are spending more money on Negro schools currently than they spent on all schools in 1900, and the basic pay of teachers in the more progressive Southern States is not affected by racial considerations. In Georgia, the literacy rate of Negro citizens is rapidly increasing, although it has been difficult to persuade either landlords or the parents involved that Negro boys and girls should not periodically interrupt their classwork for seasonal farming crises. Indeed, it may be that some solution of this problem must be met by educators in devising a year-round classwork system that will permit farm youth to help at home at periodic intervals.

The higher education of Negroes has been shamefully neglected in the South, to the distress of the region, which needs thousands of Negro

physicians, dentists and other professional men, as well as teachers This, too, is being gradually corrected, and will present no challenge of want of opportunity within a few more years

But the legitimate aspirations of the Negro to have some share in the government to which he pays taxes, before whose courts he must submit his complaints, for which he must fight every twenty years or so, have confronted a more difficult obstacle

There is no Southerner, except a crackpot or a dirty-mouthed demagogue, who does not agree that any Negro is entitled to the same precise justice from a court as is accorded a white man But not every Southerner is willing to grant the franchise to the Negro

The aftermath of the War Between the States was the longest armed-occupancy of a defeated country in the annals of modern history. By contrast, the occupation of a few portions of Germany after 1918, lasting months instead of years, was a mild affair Reconstruction brought to the South a good many cranks, who wanted to provide every rural Negro with forty acres and a mule, it would have been a good thing, indeed, if this had been done and the Negroes set on their feet as self-sustaining units in Southern economy; it might have been done, if it had not threatened both to cost money and to interfere with the systematic looting of the section

For twelve years, until the Bourbon Brigadiers made their infamous "treaty of 1876" with the looters and despoilers of the whole Nation, agreeing to the fraud against Tilden and continuation of the railroad thefts, the Southern States had no political independence of any kind. In the next two decades, the Negro was used as a political tool by miscellaneous scoundrels, until he awakened under the impact of the Populist rebellion. Then, at the very moment when a large portion of the race had fitted itself for participation as voters — which had not been the case in the thirty years preceding — Negroes were disfranchised.

In the more progressive States of the Southeast, this disfranchisement was not accompanied by specific repression, although the status of the Negro unquestionably deteriorated henceforth until the exodus of 1917. In many States, the disfranchisement of the Negro was the expedient by which more than half the white voters of the State also were pushed off the registration lists. But, again, so disparate is the South, broad generalizations are impossible.

Prior to 1917 there had been Negro residents in the East and in the Mid-West. One of the largest colonies, indeed, was to be found in Chicago, which had once been a haven for escaped slaves, manumitted slaves, and freemen and freeborn Negroes from the East. In 1917 and in the years that have followed, the Negro has spread to many parts of the country; and he has found problems awaiting him everywhere.

In the South, a recognition of the relationship of the two races began

to grow, partly because the exodus called attention to the value of the Negro as a working force and partly because the era of Reconstruction had passed, it had been two decades since a gentleman from Boston, puzzled how his fellow-citizens of that festering mudpuddle could cause trouble — and not having hit upon the expedient of smearing filth on the windows of kosher delicatessens — suggested civilizing the South with more bayonets. Today I believe that the Southeast rather generally shares my view of the Negro and of his position in the South. And that view is very simple to state.

The Negro is entitled to equal protection under the law. His civil liberties must be guarded as zealously as those of any other citizen.

He is entitled to educational opportunity for himself and his children, and this should not be limited through prejudice or narrow-sightedness to vocational training, but should include opportunity to acquire professional skill.

He is entitled to the rights of a citizen: to vote in the elections, including the primaries of the party to which he belongs, provided he is literate, and the literacy tests should be enforced even-handedly and not made subterfuges to prevent Negro citizens from voting.

Where segregation exists, equivalent facilities must be afforded. Segregation must not be a device for robbing the Negro, as it has become in the instance of some classes of public transportation.

Segregation in the South mystifies those who have never seen it. John Gunther visited Atlanta in his tour over the Nation obtaining material for his book *Inside U.S.A.* On a Saturday night we rode down Peachtree Street to Five Points. The streets were crowded. I asked Mr. Gunther to notice any Negroes he saw. The only Negro he was able to point out to me was the Negro doorman at the Henry Grady Hotel. At Five Points we turned into Decatur Street. There were literally thousands of Negroes on the street, visiting, shopping and fraternizing. I explained to Mr. Gunther that there was no law, no city ordinance, and no prohibition which kept white citizens from going on to Decatur Street. Likewise, there was no prohibition preventing the Negroes from strolling down Peachtree Street. He asked me why it was that they didn't. The only answer that occurred to me was that the white preferred to window-shop on Peachtree, while the Negroes preferred to visit together on Decatur Street.

Negro citizens are entitled to the same standards of public service that are provided for other citizens, to the same kind of social security, to the same public health benefits; it is exceedingly difficult to induce the typhoid bacillus to observe the rules and to stay in Darktown, and these aspects of fair treatment of the Negro are hardly more than elementary precautions on behalf of the white populace.

Like the other people who live in the South, and to the same extent, and to no greater and no less extent, the Southern Negro is entitled to

economic opportunity. In large measure, he has been accorded precisely the same want of economic opportunity that his white neighbors have found facing them. Economic problems so fundamental cannot be solved by legislation such as that proposing a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission. Undoubtedly there are some well-meaning individuals among the advocates of this measure, but its principal purpose is to serve as an irritant to the South, for Southern citizens, both liberals and conservatives, regard it as a successor to the Lodge Force Bills. FEPC is an example of class legislation, it is indefensible logically. Employment rights might be affected by age, sex and other considerations as well as race. The FEPC has become a political game, useful to reactionaries of both parties as an excuse for embarrassment to liberals in the South. Currently it serves no other purpose, it alleviates no economic distress and promotes no harmony between the races.

Fundamentally, the problem of the Negro in the South is a problem of economics. In a prosperous South, in a South that did not suffer from colonialism and exploitation, the Negro would prosper and would be able to obtain most of the things that he desires. He would find his life, I think, more comfortable in the South than elsewhere, because it has been his home, and he is not easily to be wrenched away by the roots from the soil that he loves and from people who, in the main, are less resentful of a minority group than any other in America.

From a friend who is among the many Georgians who have been exported from the South because of want of opportunity, there came to me recently a report upon a young Negro who wished to return to the South and become a teacher. He was a little sick and fed up with Chicago, where his parents had moved in 1917 from one of those rather exceptional Southern communities where the Negro is frankly repressed.

That kind of town, of course, exists in the South, though it is not representative. In the instance of this community it can be traced to an altercation between a drunken, subnormal Negro and an outlander who had acquired some property in the area who disliked Negroes intensely; there was an "incident," and the suggestion of a riot; and for a score of years, until the depression hit the section in the fall of 1930, there was a police chief who "knew how to keep niggers down," and there was a good bit of tension. The father of this family was a barber, a profession then almost preempted by Negroes. On moving to Chicago, he eventually secured employment as a waiter and did fairly well. The young man who wished to return South was born the year before his parents moved to the great city on the lake. He has known no other home. His parents are somewhat distrustful of the South, on the basis of their experience, and all that he knows about it comes from acquaintances. He thinks, or so he tells my friend, that he would prefer the South to Chicago.

Two reasons were given. First of all, the "Old Settlers," descendants

of the Negroes who went to Chicago in the days before the War Between the States or even in the earlier years of the twentieth century, looked down their noses at the new arrivals, loaded them with opprobrious names, and excluded them from their various lodges, churches and social groups. Second, the social sanctions imposed upon the Negro were unregulated by any etiquette between the races, cruelly enforced, and accompanied by newspaper attacks of the utmost virulence. This last surprised me, I had forgotten that the *Tribune* was published in Chicago, assuming that it would long since have transferred itself to the more hospitable atmosphere of Boston.

In the narrative of this young Negro, there is an obvious disparity between what is consciously recognized and the underlying factors that are the true ones. He has overlooked, for example, the congestion of the Negro areas of population, a mere physical congestion that puts a serious burden upon the individual psyche. He emphasized the degree of racial repression evidenced in Chicago, and, I think, somewhat exaggerated it, but he failed to look beneath the veneer and see that the economic opportunity for the Negro was so limited that it formed the basis for most of these complaints.

I have never seen the congested Negro areas of Chicago and New York — "Black Metropolis" and Harlem — but I have seen a portion of the Negro slums in Detroit, and these beggar description. The problem of the Negro in the urban East and industrial Mid-West is the problem of finding living room, it is accompanied by tremendous exploitation, and is associated, in some cities, with alliances between selfish interests and political machines. It is a matter of space, and space for the Negro citizens sells at too high a premium everywhere but in the South. Though the Negro slums of the South are a reproach, they at least provide room for expansion, which the slums of the industrial areas do not.

The want of opportunity for the Negro in all areas of America needs to be overcome. Except by joining in the exploitation of his own race, there is no opportunity for him to obtain landowning status other than in agrarian areas. Outside the South, apparently, the Negro farmer is unwelcome, which limits his aspirations to own property to becoming a yeoman farmer in the Southeast.

The riots in Detroit, Chicago and New York can be traced very largely to the two factors that I have enumerated, a want of living space and want of opportunity. The bottling up of the Negro in urban slums is dangerous to his welfare, and to the Nation, for it makes him the obvious scapegoat for some Fascist-minded agitator to view with alarm when the next depression rolls around.

As the individual Negro American ponders his problem, he will find it most readily solved in the Southeast, in spite of economic difficulties. He will find it most difficult in the Southern plantation area, the Black

Belt and the Delta. He will find his ultimate status most perilous in the urban areas of the Mid-West and in the Eastern centers, except New York. So far as my observation permits me to judge, the only serious efforts to assist him in solving his problem are being made in New York and in the Southeast. In the former, a real attack is going on, not too successful as yet, upon the grave problem of housing. In the latter, an effort to improve his status as a citizen and his economic position is being made.

In most of the Southern States, the right of the Negro to cast his ballot in both primary and election is now unchallenged. Educational facilities for his children are improving rapidly, and with increasing emphasis upon subjects other than wholly vocational. In Georgia, there has been even-handed enforcement of the compulsory attendance laws, with a result that there are 249,629 Negro children enrolled in the schools compared to 468,579 white, a ratio almost exactly that of the respective population totals.

Prejudices die hard. They can be kept alive by agitation, by the cheap quackery of demagogues of both races, for the Negroes have developed some of their own. The relationship between Negro citizens and their white neighbors will not be settled in a day. They will not be settled by Bigger Thomas; certainly they will not be settled by Uncle Tom, and it is a commentary on the sound judgment of the average Negro that "Uncle Tom" has become an idiom of reproach among their race, applied to those servile scoundrels who traffic in good-will. They can be solved only by mutual forbearance, by improving the economic outlook of those sections where the overwhelming number of Negroes live, and by developing a national consciousness of the danger of fascism.

If I insist upon recurring to that theme, it is because I apprehend a danger. The Negro is dispersing over America, although his roots remain in the Southeast, where I think he will be safe whatever dangers arise elsewhere. He is an inviting scapegoat for the Fascist to select, scapegoats were usually black, and the black man will do, he can be pointed out easily and found easily.

Even in the South, where Fascist-thinking is not the really serious aberration that it may become elsewhere in America, you can detect a new note in the stump roarings of the demagogues and a new twist to the "racial issue" that they develop. No longer do they speak of the Negro as one not yet fitted intellectually by training and experience to become a voting-citizen, as did their predecessor, but as a creature risen from Hell to be repressed. It isn't taking too well in the South, but it may be a prelude of what will happen someday soon in some other part of America.

Accept this as a personal view, however; all of it. It is a view colored by my knowledge of West Georgia Negro farmers, of Georgia's Negroes in uniform still bewildered at having travelled all over the world and found their way home again to the ice-cream palaces on Decatur Street.

in Atlanta, and shaped by a belief that the Negro is a part of the South and of our common country and that the problem he faces is one that all America must take a hand in solving.

Other men will have other views, and other solutions. There is a Congressman who suggests sending all the Negroes to Africa and dumping them somewhere to build a new home or starve. There are clever economists and sociologists who have provided ideas drawn from filing cabinets and slide rules. There are well-intentioned liberals, who hope that everything will someday work out well. There was Will Percy, but for him, as for Hotspur, time has had a stop, I wonder what he would have said to the author of the nasty little "hate book" from Boston, with whose quotation I began this

More than half the problem is a problem of poverty, a problem of the poor South, of two races that must share a half-loaf between them. But it is not all of the problem, for part of the answer must be found within the human heart.

Checking Your Reading

What are some of the attitudes toward the Negro which Arnall deplores? What seems to be his own attitude? Do you agree with it? What does he mean when he says there is no Negro problem? What percentage of our population is of the Negro race? What are the centers of Negro population in the United States?

What are some of the inequalities of which Negro Americans complain? Do these inequalities vary in different sections of the country? in rural as opposed to urban areas? What inequalities seem to be general over the entire country? What inequalities or injustices does the Negro share with other minorities in America?

Forming Your Opinion

What does Arnall mean when he says that "fundamentally the problem of the Negro in the South is a problem of economics"? How is the Negro's condition in the South similar to that of much of the white population there? According to Arnall, what economic opportunities have been denied the South? How has the South suffered from "colonialism and exploitation"?

How have "a want of living space and a want of opportunity" discriminated against Negro Americans all over the country? What instances of exploitation or discrimination do you know of in your own locality? How can they be corrected?

What is being done in your community to guarantee equal rights to all Americans, of every race and religion? How can education help? How can minority groups themselves help?

Have you read the short story in this volume titled *A Short Wait between Trains*? What is your solution to the problem indicated there? Remember, a real solution must be plausible and workable; it must consider existing conditions.

A SHORT WAIT BETWEEN TRAINS

Robert McLaughlin

Robert McLaughlin (1908–) was born in Chicago and attended the Universities of Illinois and Colorado before joining the staff of The Rocky Mountain News. After a year of reporting, he began free-lance writing. His first novel, The Axe Fell (1939), was published in England, and his short stories have frequently appeared in The New Yorker. He was managing editor of McCall's when he entered the Army in 1943, and during his service he edited The Chemical Warfare Bulletin. The following selection, based on an actual incident reported in the letters column of Yank, The Army Weekly, is the title piece of his collected stories of Army life published in 1945.

THEY CAME INTO FORREST JUNCTION at eleven-thirty in the morning. Seen from the window of their coach, it wasn't much of a town. First there were the long rows of freight cars on sidings with green-painted locomotives of the Southern Railway nosing strings of them back and forth. Then they went past the sheds of cotton ginneries abutting on the tracks. There were small frame houses with weed-choked lawns enclosed by broken picket fences, a block of frame stores with dingy windows and dark interiors, a small brick-and-concrete bank, and beyond that the angled roof and thin smokestacks of a textile mill.

The station was bigger than you would expect, it was of dirty brick and had a rolling, bungalow-type roof adorned with cupolas and a sort of desperate scrollwork. The grime of thousands of trains and fifty years gave it a patina suggesting such great age that it seemed to antedate the town.

Corporal Randolph, a big, sad Negro, said, "Here we is."

Private Brown, his pink-palmed hand closed over a comic book, looked out the window. "How long we here?" he asked.

"Until one o'clock," said Randolph, getting up. "Our train west is at one o'clock."

The two other privates — Butterfield and Jerdon — were taking down their barracks bags from the rack. Other passengers bunched in the aisles — two young colored girls in slacks; a fat, bespectacled mother and her

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brood, with the big-eyed child in her arms staring fixedly at the soldiers, tall, spare, colored farmers in blue overalls

As they waited for the line to move, Jerdon said, "Who dat?"

Grinning, Brown answered, "Who dat say 'Who dat?'"

Jerdon replied in a nervous quaver, "Who dat say 'Who dat?' when I say 'Who dat?'"

They both began to laugh and some of the passengers looked at them with half-smiles and uncertain eyes

Butterfield said, "Even the kid thinks you're nuts."

The child in the fat woman's arms looked at him sharply as he spoke, then her eyes went back to Jerdon and Brown

"You think I'm nuts, baby?" asked Jerdon "Is it like the man say?"

The line of passengers began to move

"That baby don't think I'm nuts," said Jerdon "That baby is sure a smart baby"

Their coach was up by the engine, and they descended to the platform into a cloud of released steam, with the sharp pant of the engine seemingly at their shoulders

A motor-driven baggage truck, operated by a colored man wearing an engineer's cap, plowed through them The three privates, with their bags slung over their shoulders, stood watching the corporal He was checking through the papers in a large manila envelope marked "War Department, Official Business" It contained their railway tickets and their orders to report to a camp in Arizona.

"Man," said Brown, "you better not lose anything We don't want to stay in this place"

"This don't look like any town to me, either," said Jerdon.

Butterfield, slim, somewhat lighter in complexion, and a year or two older than the others, looked around him "Hey," he said, "look what's up there"

The others turned Down the platform they could see two white soldiers armed with carbines and what appeared to be a group of other white soldiers in fatigues A crowd was forming around them.

"They're prisoners of war," said Butterfield "You want to see some Germans, Brown? You say you're going to kill a lot of them; you want to see what they look like?"

Brown said, "That what they are?"

"Sure," said Butterfield. "See what they've got on their backs? P.W.' That means 'prisoner of war'"

The four soldiers moved forward. They stood on the fringe of the crowd, which was mostly white, looking at the Nazi prisoners with wide-eyed curiosity. There were twenty Germans standing in a compact group, acting rather exaggeratedly unconscious of the staring crowd. A small mound of barracks bags was in the centre of the group, and the eyes of

the prisoners looked above and through the crowd in quick glances at the station, the train, the seedy town beyond. They were very reserved, very quiet, and their silence put a silence on the crowd.

One of the guards spoke to a prisoner in German and the prisoner gave an order to his fellows. They formed up in a rough double column and moved off.

Little boys in the crowd ran off after them and the knot of watchers broke up.

When the four soldiers were alone again, Brown said, "They don't look like much. They don't look no different."

"What did you think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked.

"I don't know," said Brown.

"Man, you just don't know nothing," said Jerdon. "You're just plain ignorant."

"Well, what did *you* think they'd look like?" Butterfield asked Jerdon.

Jerdon shifted his feet and didn't look at Butterfield or answer him directly. "That Brown, he just don't know nothing," he repeated. He and Brown began to laugh, they were always dissolving in laughter at obscure jokes of their own.

A trainman got up on the steps of one of the coaches, moved his arm in a wide arc, the pant of the locomotive changed to a short puffing, and the train jerked forward.

The colored baggageman came trundling back in his empty truck and Corporal Randolph said to him, "They any place we can leave these bags?"

The baggageman halted. "You taking the one o'clock?"

"That's right."

"Dump them on the truck. I'll keep them for you."

Randolph said, "Any place we can eat around here?"

"No, they ain't."

"Where we have to go?"

"They ain't no place," the baggageman said, looking at them as though curious to see how they'd take it.

"Man," said Jerdon, "we're hungry. We got to eat."

"Maybe you get a handout someplace," said the baggageman, "but they sure no place for colored around here."

Butterfield said sourly, "We'll just go to the U.S.O."

"Oh, man, that's rich," Brown said, and he and Jerdon laughed.

"They got a U.S.O. in this here town?" Jerdon asked the baggageman.

"Not for you they ain't," said the baggageman.

"Man, ain't that the truth," replied Jerdon.

Randolph said stubbornly, "We got to get something to eat."

The baggageman said, "You want to walk to Rivertown you get something. That the only place, though."

"Where's Rivertown?" Butterfield asked

"Take the main road down past the mill. It's about three, four miles."

"Hell, man," said Jerdon, "I'm hungry now. I don't have to walk no four miles to get hungry."

"You stay hungry then," said the baggageman, and went off.

"Well, ain't this just dandy?" said Brown

The men all looked at Corporal Randolph, who transferred the manila envelope from one hand to the other, his heavy face wearing an expression of indecision.

Butterfield said, "There's a lunchroom in the station. You go tell them they've got to feed us."

Randolph said angrily, "You heard the man. You heard him say there's no place to eat"

"You're in charge of us," Butterfield said. "You've got to find us a place to eat."

"I can't find nothing that ain't there"

"You're just afraid to go talk to them," said Butterfield. "That's all that's the matter with you."

Brown said, "Corporal, you just let Mr Butterfield handle this He'll make them give us something to eat" He and Jerdon began to laugh.

"O.K." said Butterfield "I'll do it"

Brown and Jerdon looked at Randolph.

"My God," said Butterfield, "you even afraid to come with me while I ask them?"

"You're awful loud-talking—" Randolph began, angrily but defensively.

"You coming with me or not?" Butterfield asked.

"We're coming with you," Randolph said

The four soldiers went into the colored section of the station and walked through it and into the passage that led to the main entrance. The lunchroom was right next to the white waiting room. The four men moved up to the door, bunching a little as though they were soldiers under fire for the first time.

Butterfield opened the screen door of the lunchroom and they followed him in. There were five or six tables and a lunch counter and, although it was around twelve, only a few diners. A cashier's desk and cigarette counter was by the door, and seated behind it was a gray-haired woman, stout and firm-chinned and wearing glasses.

Butterfield went up to her, rested his hands on the edge of the counter, and then hastily removed them.

She looked up.

Butterfield said quickly, "Is there any place we could get something to eat, Ma'am?"

She looked at him steadily, then her eyes shifted to the others, who were looking elaborately and with desperation at their shoes.

"This all of you?" asked the woman.

"Yes, Ma'am, there's just us four "

"All right," she said "Go out to the kitchen. They'll feed you."

"Thank you, Ma'am "

Butterfield, trailed by the others, started back toward the kitchen.

"Just a minute," said the woman "Go out and around to the back "

They turned, bumping each other a little, and went back out the door

Brown said, when they were outside, "Mr Butterfield, he sure do it."

"That's right," said Jerdon "You want to look out, Corporal. That Butterfield, he'll be getting your stripes "

Butterfield and Randolph didn't answer, didn't look at each other.

In the kitchen they found a thin, aged colored man in a white apron and a young, thick-bodied colored girl, who was washing dishes.

"What you want?" asked the cook.

"Something to eat."

"Man, we're hungry," Jerdon told him "We ain't put nothing inside us since before sun-up Ain't that right, Brown?"

"Since before sun-up *yesterday*," said Brown.

"The lady say you come back here?" asked the cook.

"That right "

The cook took their orders and, as he worked, asked them what camp they were from, where they were going, how long they'd been in the Army He told them about his two sons, who were in the Engineers at Fort Belvoir.

"Labor troops," said Butterfield "A bunch of ditch diggers and road menders."

The cook stared at him "What the matter with you, man?"

Butterfield didn't answer He lit a cigarette and walked to the serving window, looking out at the woman at the cashier's desk

Brown and Jerdon went over to the girl washing dishes, and Corporal Randolph, his manila envelope under his arm, listened mournfully to the cook.

Suddenly Butterfield threw away his half-smoked cigarette and called to the others, "Come here and look at this."

"What?" said Randolph.

"You come here and see this "

They all came over, the cook, the girl, the three other soldiers.

Sitting down at the tables in the lunchroom were the twenty German prisoners. One of their guards was at the door with his carbine slung over his shoulder, the other was talking to the cashier The other diners were staring at the Nazis in fascination The prisoners sat relaxed and easy at the tables, lighting cigarettes, drinking water, taking rolls from the baskets on their tables, and munching them unbuttered, their eyes incurious, their attitudes casual.

"God damn! Look at that," said Butterfield "We don't amount to as much here as the men we're supposed to fight Look at them, sitting there like kings, and we can't get a scrap to eat in this place without bending our knee and sneaking out to the kitchen like dogs or something."

The cook said severely, "Where you from, boy?"

"He from Trenton, New Jersey," said Brown.

Butterfield stared around at them and saw that only Randolph and the cook even knew what he was talking about and that they were both looking at him with troubled disapproval Brown and Jerdon and the girl just didn't care He turned and crossed the kitchen and went out the back door

The cook said to Randolph, "I'll wrap some sandwiches for him and you give them to him on the train." He shook his head "All the white folks around here is talking about all the nigger killing they going to do after the war. That boy, he sure to be one of them."

Randolph cracked his big knuckles unhappily. "We all sure to be one of them," he said. "The Lord better have mercy on us all."

Interpreting Your Reading

This story is told in so simple a fashion that it is almost without style. But Mr McLaughlin wants to emphasize the incident and not the manner in which it is told. The irony of the situation is at once apparent and yet none the less brutal or true

Is there any respect in which you would improve the manner of telling this story? Is its conversation idiomatic? Is its denouement satisfactory? Characterize briefly Brown and Jerdon, Butterfield, Randolph Does the story focus your attention seriously enough on a tremendously serious problem in race relations? Could the problem have been better presented in an essay? Do you think that its effect upon you now is any different from the effect it would have made upon you during the war? Have you compared this story with Ellis Arnall's "13,000,000 Americans" in this volume?

DO AMERICAN MEN LIKE WOMEN?

David L. Cohn

As a social historian, David L. Cohn (1897–) writes on an increasingly wide range of subjects international trade, race relations, our tariff policy and its effect on American life, the place of the automobile in American civilization. Born in Greenville, Mississippi, he was educated at the University of Virginia and at Yale University. About twelve years ago he retired as a successful businessman in New Orleans in order to spend more time writing of his travels in Europe, the South Pacific, and the Middle and Far East, of his home town in a volume called Where I Was Born and Raised, and of his adopted home in New Orleans. This Is the Story is a recounting of his round-the-world trip during the war years. He is at present at work on a cultural history of the United States during the years 1865–1939. His treatment of the provocative subject of the following essay attests to Mr. Cohn's realism, sympathy, and tact.

IN MANY A BULL SESSION with our junior officers and GI's during the war, in camps and billets around half of the world, I put this question: Do American men like women?

The men were invariably startled by my query. It seemed silly to them in view of the American soldiers' universal reputation — one that does not do us too much good — as perhaps the most tireless skirt chasers of all time and all peoples. It was necessary to explain.

The question, I assured them, has nothing to do with psychologically abnormal males, nor with a man's liking or loving one or more women in the course of a lifetime. It does not bear upon the professional amorist, for he usually subconsciously hates women. It does not contemplate the sweet-talking Southerner, the cowboy-gallant Westerner, or the generality of our men who automatically snatch their hats from their heads when ladies come into the elevator. The question is deeper and broader.

Do our men like women as people? Are they really interested in the ideas, the points of view, the conversation of women? Are they responsive to women when the physical connotations inseparable from any relationship of the sexes are weak, as when one lunches with a woman beyond her physical prime but attractive because she is mellow, mature, stimulating? Do our men admit women to a rounded intimacy with them and treat them as equals, or do they keep them in the mink-lined purdah beyond which they are not permitted to go?

From *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1946. Reprinted by permission of the author.

This explanation of my question seemed as startling to my companions as the question itself. They took it for granted — being men — that they liked women. Hadn't they wives or sweethearts at home, lights-o'-love throughout the world, and millions of pin-up girls on the walls of their billets? Hadn't they seen a great deal of girls in high schools and coed universities, danced with them, swum with them, picnicked with them, daydreamed about them? Weren't American men notoriously indulgent toward their women, making living as easy as possible for them, and smoothing their way at every step? Didn't all this prove that they really liked women?

Yet when the question had been tossed about, when it had been examined from a hitherto novel point of view, the great majority of the men said they did not like women in the terms of the question. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that I do not state this as the conclusion of twelve million servicemen on the subject, but only of the limited group with whom I talked.

Illuminating my thesis by examples of everyday American life, I cited the urban dinner party. Here the so-called wise host usually serves an abundance of cocktails before dinner so that the men are glowing and talkative at table, each generous of talk with the lady to the right and the lady to the left of him; but as time passes and the dinner wines are not sufficiently potent to take up where the cocktails have left off, the men and the talk often slow down. Most of them, however, manage to stagger through the remainder of the meal with some grace, buoyed up by the knowledge that after the ice the company will separate for a time. Over coffee and brandy the men will have a dearly beloved stag party.

Released then from the heavy burden of women's society, they can be themselves as they discuss business, politics, and other things that really concern them, and revel in the warm male camaraderie of the golf club locker room. It does not occur to them, as they linger inordinately, that the ladies may be bored talking with one another. It does not matter to them that no woman goes to her hairdresser in the morning to look her best at dinner in the evening for the sake of spending much of the time with other women who have done the same thing. But all this does concern the haggard hostess, who often has to drag the men — including her husband — out of their trance to rejoin the ladies in the living room.

A similar process is operative in the informal circles of small towns. There, after dinner, the men huddle together like quail in cold rain. They tell jokes, talk crops, baseball, business, rejoice in the solidarity of their male world which had been temporarily threatened during dinner. The women sit in their corner discussing items out of their exclusively feminine world: children, servants, gardens, gossip. Every little while the pattern is disrupted as a man darts into the kitchen to mix a drink, or a woman half-heartedly taps out a tune on the piano. Soon it is time to go

home, and once more we have had a demonstration of the fact that, despite our gregariousness and slaphappy manners, we are perhaps the loneliest and most bored of peoples.

II

In this country, where marriage, two times in five, is a stylized detour to arrive at a divorce (statisticians estimate that by 1965 more than one half of all marriages will end in divorce), the relationship between millions of couples is not a man-woman relationship. Shortly after Herbert and Azadia have married, he comes to regard her not as a woman but as the Little Woman, while she looks upon him not as a man but as a Boy. To her he is a dear, sweet boy, helpless and in need of mothering, the poor thing can never find his brief case and forgets his galoshes on rainy days. And if he cannot call her Mama instead of Azadia two years after marrying, he is likely to look upon the whole thing as a failure.

The maternal love of Azadia for Herbert may be all to the good so far as he is concerned. It permits him to remain spiritually in a state of suspended animation. He is the chrysalis which never becomes a butterfly, but sleeps always warm and secure within the cocoon without facing the dangers, or enjoying the sunshine delights, of living. A man-woman relationship would consume more of his time and energy than he is willing to devote to it. It might reduce some of the emotional content he pours into his work as assistant display manager for northwestern Minnesota for the International Tweezers Corporation. His full duty toward his wife — and proof of the fact in his mind that he is essentially a decent man — is discharged by regarding his wife as a lady in the sense that he regards his mother as a lady. In this way he continues to remember Mama without ever discovering Azadia, and the fact that she may secretly feel he is overdoing the lady business never enters his mind.

The Boys of this country are simply retarded adolescents whose ideal of femininity remains a gurl in a bathing suit, and who are incapable of developing a mature feminine ideal through a synthesis of spiritual and physical values. Men of this kind are neither adult nor adequate in their relations with women. They are the oafs who make "propositions" to every woman in sight and then fly in panic to Mama's protecting skirts when they fear the proposition is about to be accepted. They are the brave lads who spoil the evening slippers of ladies by playing footsie with them under the dinner table; who think it manly ("sophisticated") to get drunk at the Country Club on Saturday nights and tell off-color stories to uninterested women, on the theory that this is virile and the stories are fatally aphrodisiac. They care nothing for an interchange of ideas with women, or for any wit more subtle than the barnyard joke. And the country is filled with them. Yet, mice tailored to look like men, they want to be mothered by their wives — a process that freezes their already arrested

development and renders impossible any relationship on a mature man-woman basis.

Every day, therefore, is Mother's Day in the lives of many women and without benefit even of a potted begonia. But these women weary of men whose emotional content is no greater than that of a Popsicle, who oscillate between the tepid and the torpid. As women they want, not unnaturally, to be loved by men. They long for that experience which is so often denied them and, longing for it, divorce one Boy only to find themselves presently married to another.

Men who like women have an intimate relationship with them; but marriage, among us, is frequently an intimate relationship without intimacy. Consequently the land is awash with charlatans who earn a fat living in the name of psychiatry by telling Mama "Your husband does not understand you" At the same moment, perhaps, Papa, taking the stock approach of the philandering husband, is telling some other woman whose husband does not understand her that his wife does not understand him.

Understanding is of course inseparable from intimacy, and this does not mean merely physical relations, for they are not necessarily any more a part of intimacy than, in the maxim of the Pullman washroom, they are an introduction which one must acknowledge on the street. Intimacy arises only when two persons move to one music. It involves an integrating and meshing of personalities, a deep interest in the flora, fauna, hills, valleys, and streams of the other person's mind; in all that has lived there, has died, or is coming to birth. It implies a mutual respect for dignity, a time to speak, to be silent, to act, to refrain from acting. It can arise only when a man likes a woman as a woman: a concept transcending that of wife, mistress, or sweetheart.

Yet many of our marriages — two-dimensional studies in frustration — are often lacking in intimacy of this kind, so that divorce, when it comes, is the putting apart of something that had never been joined. The results of lack of intimacy are disastrous. The woman who is not permitted to play a woman's role in her husband's life does not develop mentally and spiritually. She is simply in a marriage of which she is not a part. She remains a lonely woman and, failing to mature, seems to justify her husband's retrospective opinion that she had always been incapable of maturing.

Nearly forty years ago, the dilemma of such women was admirably stated by Edith Wharton in *The Custom of the Country*. Let us note one scene. The marriage between Ralph Marvell, an attractive but weak member of the old school of fashionable gentlemen, and Undine Spragg, a social climber, is not going well. Laura Fairford, Marvell's sister, is talking to Charles Bowen, a family friend:—

"Now that Ralph has had to go into business . . . it's cruel of her to drag him out every night. . . . Undine doesn't seem to notice how hard he works."

Bowen gazed meditatively at the crumbling fire. "No — why should she?"

"Why *should* she? Really, Charles — I"

"Why should she, when she knows nothing about it?"

"She may know nothing about his business, but she must know it's her extravagance that's forced him into it. . . . You talk as if you were on her side!"

"Are there sides already? If so, I want to look down on them impartially from the heights of pure speculation. I want to get a general view of the whole problem of American marriages."

Mrs. Fairford dropped into her arm-chair with a sigh "If that's what you want you must make haste! Most of them don't last long enough to be classified"

"I grant you it takes an active mind. But the weak point is so frequently the same that after a time one knows where to look for it."

"What do you call the weak point?"

He paused. "*The fact that the average American looks down on his wife.*" [My italics]

Mrs. Fairford was up with a spring. "If that's where paradox lands you!"

Bowen mildly stood his ground. "Well — doesn't he prove it? How much does he let her share in the real business of life? How much does he rely on her judgment and help in the conduct of serious affairs? Take Ralph, for instance — you say his wife's extravagance forces him to work too hard, but that's not what's wrong. It's normal for a man to work hard for a woman — what's abnormal is his not caring to tell her anything about it"

"To tell Undine? She'd be bored to death if he did!"

"Just so; she'd even feel aggrieved. But why? *Because it's against the custom of the country* [My italics] And whose fault is that? The man's again — I don't mean Ralph, I mean the genus he belongs to — homo sapiens, Americanus. Why haven't we taught our women to take an interest in our work? Simply because we don't take enough interest in *them* . . . To slave for women is part of the old American tradition, lots of people give their lives for dogmas they've ceased to believe in. . . ."

If these should be regarded as the imaginings of a novelist, we may turn to that superb study of a typical American town, *Middletown*, by Robert and Helen Lynd. There the Lynds found husbands speaking of their wives as purer creatures than men, emotional, unstable, easily hurt, and "largely incapable of facing facts or doing hard thinking." Middletown wives, on the other hand, said, "Men are nothing but big little boys who have grown up and must be treated as such." These couples apparently did not regard a high degree of companionship as essential for marriage; aside from sharing its primary functions and the mutual concerns of family, they had little in common.

"The men and women frequently either gravitate apart to talk men's talk and women's talk, or the men do most of the talking . . . I" Yet since some form of community social life must be maintained, since there must be some mutual interests between married couples, and since they are not interested in group talk, the dilemma is solved by playing cards. Conse-

quently one of the commonest joint pursuits of Middletown couples is card playing.

There comes a moment, however, when couples must face it alone in Middletown as elsewhere. A few of them read aloud together, but only a few, because "literature and art have tended to disappear as male interests . . . More usual is the situation described by one prominent woman: 'He (my husband) is busy all day and when he gets home at night he just settles down with the paper and his cigar and radio and just rests.'"

Thus novelist and sociologist are one in their findings about this phase of American life. But in this land where men do not like women, where love is regarded as a secret infirmity, and where divorce, as we practice it, is the right of any husband (or wife) to leave his mate in the sleeping car and continue the journey with the girl (or man) he has just met in the diner, men put women on a pedestal. This treatment is often taken to be proof positive of the profound esteem in which we hold women, the pedestal being an American invention as distinctive as the cheeseburger. It is, to my mind, proof that men do not like women.

III

It is commonly assumed that American men began to put women on a pedestal in early pioneer days, when their scarcity gave them a high rarity value, and it is true that many a frail lady who went West to tend bar was soon snapped up in marriage and frequently became a good wife, good mother, and the matriarch of what are now first families. But it is also clear from the records that pioneer women were often treated pretty roughly, that their lives were hard and short, alternating painfully between repeated childbearing and strenuous physical labor. May it be that women were put on a pedestal for other reasons?

It seems to me that when pioneer times had passed, when men were no longer dependent upon their wives' or their children's labor, and above all, when they made the staggering discovery that there is more gold aboveground than underground, they placed woman on a pedestal because they did not know what else to do with her. She was not wanted at a man's side. She was not desired as a companion in intimacy. She could be taken down and put back without disturbing the essential pattern of man's life, and, at the same time, standing there on a pedestal she gives the satisfying appearance of a household goddess. One might pay homage to her at stated intervals and lay at her feet the fruits of the chase — cars, emeralds, country houses, old masters.

What are the reasons for our real attitudes toward women as opposed to our rather nauseating pretensions? One is, as R. H. Tawney puts it, that "industry has risen to such a position of exclusive prominence among human interests," that the world is "like a hypochondriac . . . absorbed in the processes of his own digestion." Among us the business of living is

so often business that historians call our civilization a business civilization. Men, in an environment where competition is fierce but money-prestige rewards are high, have little time to give to anything but business

Business is exciting. It is all-absorbing, filled with heady scents of power more alluring than any perfume, more demanding than any petulant mistress. It may be that men so absorbed are good providers and the backbone of the country. And it may also be that if they had time for women, if business were not more enchanting to them than women, they might one day discover them and, with a delicious shock of surprise, find they liked them.

Many men dislike women because they were dominated by them throughout childhood and early youth. In no other country is the development of boys molded by women, in home and school, to so great a degree as in the United States. Nowhere else is their early training so little distinct from that of girls, for nowhere else are women teachers and coeducation so common, while long ago in the home father gave way to mother as the head of the house. But at the same time their environment requires of them, more than elsewhere, that they behave like "red-blooded boys" (One sees the outcroppings of this attitude in some of our novelists, who drag four-letter words into their texts as proof of their virility; in the language of young soldiers who mistake profanity for virility.) Hence in a violent reaction they exaggerate their maleness by rejecting all values that they regard as feminine: flowers, music, art.

One result of the system is that our men are as taboo-ridden as Andaman Islanders. In our culture, it is "manly" to drink whiskey but not wine; to take coffee but not tea, to collect daggers but not Persian silks. It is suspect to read verse; and to write it is almost certain to bring one's sexual normality into question. The consequence of women's guiding of boys' instruction is that many of them go into manhood and marriage outwardly docile beneath the yoke of domesticity, but inwardly resentful of women.

This theme is elaborated upon by Henry Elkan, an Army veteran, in a recent issue of the *American Journal of Sociology*. He explains the constant use of profanity in the Army — "hardly a sentence was spoken, and no exclamation was uttered, without at least one profane term" — as a method by which "the GI symbolically throws off the shackles of the matriarchy in which he grew up."

His conclusion — sound, as I see it, and capable of easy proof in terms of everyday life — is this: "It may be inferred from typical forms of Army speech and behavior that a very large proportion of American men have never developed beyond childhood stages of emotional experience and display strong anxieties and excessive reactions when they are expected to live by psychologically mature standards." Such men, obviously, do not like women in the sense of this paper and, given their upbringing, it is unreasonable perhaps to expect that they should.

A large group of American men vaguely feel that they ought to be adventurers as were their ancestors who roamed this continent. They suspect that they have been domesticated by women as poultrymen have domesticated the wild jungle fowl and made a barnyard biddy out of a free bird. They have become proprietors of grocery stores. They are traveling salesmen who leave home at morning and return at night to pitch in after supper and help do the dishes. Instead of being adventurers on the Oregon Trail or voyagers to China in the fur trade, they are minions of business, slaves of a standard of living, robots of routine, and for this they often subconsciously blame women without a thought of how much their plight may be of their own making.

Finally, the American male is resentful of women because, just as they first took away and then took over the saloon, he feels they have preempted many of his former prerogatives. He would like to dream of woman as the blue-eyed Helen — remote, inaccessible, and therefore maddeningly desirable. But actually she is the woman seated on the next chair at the cocktail bar, matching him drink for drink, the woman ahead of him on the golf course shooting in the low seventies, the woman telling *him* the off-color story, the woman doing a job as well as he can and doing it for half his salary.

The attitudes of American males — inside and outside marriage — toward women remain primitive. Yet the American husband, generous, hard-working, sentimental, but essentially indifferent to his wife as he was to the girls he knew before marriage, tends to be what is called “a good man.” His kind is celebrated in a poem by D. H. Lawrence bearing the illuminating title “Good Husbands Make Unhappy Wives.”

There is nothing in the teaching the average man receives at home as a youth, nothing in the hit-and-run amorous or sentimental relationships he has had outside the home, nothing in the literature of his country or in the philosophy of his elders or companions, to show him the profound satisfactions that may flow from cultivating a woman as a beloved garden is cultivated. It is for this reason that the United States is filled with neurotic wives, who, well kept but badly cared for, are potential material for the divorce mills, or who degenerate into that rather loathsome creature known as the spoiled woman.

Checking Your Reading

Explain what Mr. Cohn means by the question: Do American men like women? What evidence does he produce to support his answer to this question? What reasons for the situation does he adduce? Who are the Lynds and what is *Middletown*? Define purdah, gregariousness, camaraderie, aphrodisiac, charlatan, retrospective, taboo, hypochondriac.

Forming Your Opinion

Are Mr. Cohn's generalizations based on sufficient evidence? Do you think that he is deliberately overstating his case for the sake of emphasis? How general in your opinion is the Big Boy type of husband? What exceptions can you think of to this typing? Do you agree with Mr. Cohn's list of taboos that affect masculine behavior? Would you add any others to the list? To what extent do you think that women now enjoy equality with men in business and the professions? What do you think of Mr. Cohn's conception of satisfactory marriage? What causes for divorce does he intentionally overlook? How would you answer the question. Do American women like men?

THE REVOLT AGAINST RADIO

The Editors of *Fortune*

WHEN LEE DE FOREST was graduated from Yale in 1896, the classbook saluted him with the quotation. "Think you a little din can daunt my ears, have I not in my time made lions roar?" Since then the ears of the eminent Mr. De Forest, whose invention of the Audion tube made modern radio possible, have been considerably daunted by the din proceeding from his own contraption. Last October, when the National Association of Broadcasters met in Chicago, he reminded the *Chicago Tribune* that he, "who originated the idea, and the means for broadcasting, was not invited to their council. Had I been I might have said 'What have you gentlemen done with my child?' He was conceived as a potent instrumentality for, culture, fine music, the uplifting of America's mass intelligence.

"You have debased this child, you have sent him out on the street in rags of ragtime, tatters of jive and boogie-woogie, to collect money from all and sundry for hubba hubba and audio jutterbug. You have made of him a laughingstock to intelligence, surely a stench in the nostrils of the gods of the ionosphere. . . . Soap opera without end or sense floods each household daily. . . . Murder mysteries rule the waves by night and children are rendered psychopathic by your bedtime stories. This child of mine, now thirty years in age, has been resolutely kept to the average intelligence of thirteen years. Its national intelligence is maintained moronic, as though you and your sponsors believe the majority of listeners have only moron minds. . . ."

In recent months Mr. De Forest's much-quoted indictment has been echoed by hosts of American radio listeners. A revolt against radio is in progress. Faced with the recent surge of criticism, the directors of the radio industry have charged that much of the abuse is irresponsible, or uninformed, or sensation-seeking. But clearly such adjectives cannot be applied either to Mr. De Forest or to any number of listeners known to almost anyone of adult mind. It is no matter for hairsplitting or statistics, as Frederic Wakeman, author of that devastating backstage view of radio advertising, *The Hucksters*, recently declared: "I disdain statistics, the evidence is in your own loudspeaker."

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No one would deny that the radio offers many attractive features, from the baton of Toscanini to the deft raillery of Charlie McCarthy. But it is obviously a fact — whatever that fact may be caused by, whatever it may imply — that a very large part of America's radio fare (most soap operas, quiz programs, audience-participation shows, gag-comedy acts, juke-music sessions, commercial announcements) would affect any person of modest discrimination somewhere in the range between complete indifference and acute illness.

The industry likes to point out that the revolt is a minority action. Besides being called irresponsible, uninformed, and sensation-seeking, criticism is often branded as coming largely from the "intelligentsia" — as though there were something wrong with a modicum of mental vitality. But if the revolt is among a minority, there is very little of the hothouse about it, as any sampling of the rebellion will show. Thus the great show business trade weekly, *Variety*, whose brow may be broad but is scarcely high, is one of radio's severest critics, observing among other things that "radio has failed to embrace seriously any other role than that of an entertainment medium." There is also a new group of highly sensible newspaper radio critics, notably John Crosby of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Sane, clear, anything but precious in tone, distributing praise as well as blame, he can in no way be accused of remote intellectualism. Nor can his sympathetic colleague, the cartoonist H. T. Webster, whose good-natured jibes at broadcasting appear under the title "The Unseen Audience."

But consistent good nature is perhaps too much for the radio industry to expect from its critics, many decent and magnanimous listeners have been plunged at times into moods like that of the Scripps-Howard columnist Robert Ruark. "Nearly everything [in radio] is either corny, strident, boring, flaccid, inane, repetitive, irritating, offensive, moronic, adolescent, or nauseating." Most radio criticism is certainly no more oppressively cerebral than Mr. Ruark's. And it is only partly a demand for more intellectual matter on the air. A great many critics are delighted with the idea of radio entertainment but disgusted with the kind they get. One would seldom suspect from radio that the U. S., as Broadway has repeatedly proved, contains many superb showmen — masters of pace, suavity, glitter. And why, in passing, has the whole radio industry produced no outstanding new comedian, save the rising Henry Morgan, in the past ten years? Finally, even when radio's performance happens to be good, the listener must often put up with fatuous and maddeningly incongruous commercials. A great many people who are not in the least highbrow are repelled by the whole pervading tone of radio salesmanship.

One wing of radio's critics claims that the main trouble lies in the fact that the sponsor, through his advertising agency, plans most of the big programs. Agency influence in the networks is intense. In 1945, for

instance, just five agencies were responsible for 33 per cent of the gross billings of American Broadcasting Co., the top five agencies using Columbia Broadcasting System furnished 46 per cent, and the top five using Mutual Broadcasting, 38 per cent. On *Town Meeting of the Air* last December, Frederic Wakeman declared. "Since advertising's chief interest is in products, it should not be permitted to control the program material of radio, whose chief interest must be not in customers but in listeners . . . you radio people should take back your programs from the hucksters. Take back your networks. Take back your stations and do your own programming without benefit of what any sponsor thinks any program should be . . . commercials can then be sold to advertisers on a dignified, properly controlled basis that will protect the program, not destroy it. It works with newspapers and magazines — why not with radio?" While forcefully made, Mr. Wakeman's suggestion has been charged in some circles with a fundamental unreality, it is suggested that if programming reverted from the advertising agencies to the networks, the slick agency wizards who now set so much of the tone of radio might simply revert along with it.

A few sponsors, of course, have found it profitable to encourage the kidding of themselves and radio advertising as a whole. Thus there has been the relentless and sometimes brilliant ribbing of radio by Henry Morgan, and the veteran satire of Fred Allen, as we go to press the sixth-ranking act on the air (Hooper rating) * Allen's high was probably his Gilbert and Sullivan parody, including:

*The day that I take over, I'll clean up radio
I've got a little list, I've got a little list
Of things that upset listeners, I'll see that they all go
And they never will be missed. They never will be missed.
There's those fat off-key sopranos who keep singing Rinso White!
And that fellow Gabriel Whoosis, with his "Ah, there's news tonight . . ."
There's those mournful serial programs, all unhappiness and grief,
Where the baby's a delinquent and the grandma is a thief
And those honeymoon atrocities, where the bride is always kissed
They never will be missed. They never will be missed*

Significantly, Allen was heavily censored before being aired

The weightiest act of contrition by a member of the industry was performed by Chairman William S. Paley of the Columbia Broadcasting System. To last fall's convention of the National Association of Broadcasters he made a speech that, while it was heavily qualified and did not exactly flourish the sackcloth, still managed to suggest that Bill Paley felt a certain degree of melancholy about his calling. "The most persistently repeated charge against broadcasters," he said, "is that we permit advertising excesses. Are we guilty or not? It is my opinion that we are. . ."

* The Hooper service, conducting a regular telephone poll, rates programs according to the number of radio sets found to be tuned to them

Chairman Paley's proposal was "a new and detailed code of program standards. . ." Since his earnest remarks, C.B.S. has broadcast a weekly Sunday program discussing the nature and problems of the radio industry. Also, the N.A.B. has set up two new committees on standards. As of the turn of the year, they had not yet begun to lucubrate.

The revolt against radio took an official turn a year ago, when the FCC published its so-called Blue Book, a meaty pamphlet entitled "Public Service Responsibility of Broadcast Licensees." This, in effect, warned the industry that hereafter, in granting licenses, the FCC would consider promises and performances with respect to "civic, educational, agricultural and other public service programs." The power invoked was the Communications Act, which "directs the Commission to grant licenses and renewals of licenses only if public interest, convenience and necessity will be served. . . ." An FCC ruling of 1928 was quoted: "In a sense a broadcasting station may be regarded as a sort of mouthpiece on the air for the community it serves, over which its public events of general interest, its political campaigns, its election results, its athletic contests, its orchestras and artists, and discussion of its public issues may be broadcast. *If . . . the station performs its duty in furnishing a well-rounded program, the rights of the community have been achieved*" The Blue Book then stressed four activities it thought favorable to the "public interest, convenience and necessity."

The carrying of sustaining (non-sponsored) programs. It was pointed out that sustainers have several special advantages. They allow broadcasts "which by their very nature may not be sponsored with propriety" (religious programs, government information, certain kinds of political or other controversy). Sustainers can also feed "significant minority tastes and interests" (the fine arts, etc.). They are suited "to the needs and purposes of non-profit organizations." And they "provide a field for experiment in new types of programs." The Blue Book tacitly urged an increase in sustainers as a way by which radio "can achieve a *balanced* interpretation of public needs. . . ." The extent of program imbalance still prevalent is indicated by the fact that in September, 1945, the National Broadcasting Co. was still devoting 4¾ hours per day, Monday through Friday, to nineteen soap operas, and the Columbia Broadcasting System was similarly devoting 4¼ hours . . . to seventeen such programs." In passing, the Blue Book noted that "approximately 76.8 per cent of the available audience answering the telephone during the soap-opera hours reported that they had their radios turned off altogether." This was not to say that they would have turned them on for any other kind of program — but the statistic quite naturally titillated the FCC's curiosity.

The carrying of local live programs. The great bulk of radio programs are either live network shows or transcriptions (played from recordings). The Blue Book sought to promote live broadcasts featuring "local inter-

ests, activities, and talent . . . It has been the consistent intention of the Commission to assure that an adequate amount of time *during the good listening hours* shall be made available to meet the needs of the community in terms of public expression and of local interest." The Blue Book admitted that the "most immediately profitable way to run a station may be to procure a network affiliation, plug into the network line in the morning, and broadcast network programs throughout the day — interrupting the network output only to insert commercial spot announcements, and to substitute spot announcements and phonograph records for outstanding network sustaining programs" But the case was cited, from Sandage's *Radio Advertising for Retailers*, of a small Midwest station that lost money for four years until 1942, when a new management stopped trying "to compete directly with outside stations whose signals were strong in the local community. . . . Management not only studied the activities peculiar to that community, but also took a personal interest in them. Station facilities were made available on a free basis to civic institutions such as the Chamber of Commerce, women's clubs, parent-teacher association, public schools and Community Chest. School sports contests were broadcast . . . In a relatively short time an audience of more than 50 per cent of all local radio listeners had been attracted to the station . . . At the time the new management came in, gross monthly income was \$2,400 and at the end of twelve months this amount has been increased to \$6,000. *The new manager attributed all improvement to the policy of making the station a real local institution and a true voice of the community*"

Discussion of public issues Under this heading the Blue Book made a vivid point by statistical analysis of all network and local programs in the crucial period between January 1 and May 31, 1941. The great issue of that time — isolationism versus intervention — had certain related questions: lend-lease, ship convoys to Britain, the acceptance of foreign bases under lend-lease, and the supplying of food to British-blockaded countries. Conclusions: ". . . each [of the four major networks] broadcast a program devoted to one or more of these issues every third day. But while the networks made these programs available, not all affiliated stations carried them. Of 120 C.B.S. affiliates, 59.3 per cent carried the average lend-lease program. Of 165 M.B.S. affiliates, 45.5 per cent carried it. Of the approximately 200 N.B.C. stations on both Red and Blue networks . . . sixty-nine stations carried [it]. . . . Even more significant are the figures relating to non-network programs. Of 842 stations reporting, only 388 claimed to have originated even one program on any subject relevant to this study. The remaining 454 denied having broadcast a single non-network program on foreign policy during the entire five-month period." Few would claim that U. S. radio has been any more ardent about public affairs in recent months than in the period examined.

The elimination of advertising excesses. On this highly charged sub-

ject, after general discussion and examples, the Blue Book reached a mild enough conclusion "Since it is not the intention of the Commission to concern itself with advertising excesses other than excessive ratio of advertising time to program time, no exhaustive study has been undertaken. There is need, however, for a thorough review by the industry itself [working toward] sound standards. . . ."

As a clincher the Blue Book argued that the radio industry could easily *afford* efforts at self-improvement — if it wished. The broadcasting income (broadcasting revenues less expenses) of all networks and stations rose from \$22,600,000 in 1937 to \$90,300,000 in 1944, the ratio of income to revenues climbing from 19.8 per cent to 32.8 (Revenues rose from \$114,200,000 to \$275,300,000, expenses from \$91,700,000 to \$185 million). In 1937, out of the broadcast revenue dollar (after deducting commissions) 80 cents went to broadcast expenses and 20 cents to broadcast income (before federal income tax), whereas in 1944 only 67 cents went to expenses and 33 cents piled up as income. This, said the Blue Book, showed that "the tremendous increase in profits from 1937 to 1944 . . . was not due solely to the increase in advertising revenues but is also attributable in considerable part to the fact that the industry has progressively retained a larger and larger proportion of each revenue dollar as profit and has spent a smaller and smaller proportion for serving the public." (Figures for 1945, with broadcasting income of \$83,600,000, and an income-to-revenue ratio of 27.9, show the industry still in ripely profitable condition). Finally, the FCC was careful to point out that, whatever its own licensing powers, "primary responsibility for the American system of broadcasting rests with the licensee . . . It is to the stations and networks rather than to federal regulation that listeners must primarily turn for improved standards. . . ."

The Blue Book provoked a deal of protests from the industry. Perhaps the most magniloquent was made by President Niles Trammell of the National Broadcasting Co., before the N. A. B. convention last October.

Mr. Trammell on the soap opera: "I am reminded of an old European proverb that 'the culture of a nation is determined by its use of soap' — and that the U. S., with 6 per cent of the world's population, uses one-third of the world's soap supply. Broadcasters are mindful of the fact that the sponsors of serial dramas pioneered in the daytime use of radio. They helped broadcasters build a new daytime service, and in doing so, they brought pleasure and relief from drudgery to millions of American housewives. Criticism of these program pioneers overlooks their contribution both to the American system of broadcasting and to the American housewife. . . ."

Mr. Trammell on radio in general: ". . . it seems appropriate to state one very simple proposition. It is this. *the broadcasting of any radio program which a substantial proportion of the available audience wants to*

listen to at the time it goes on the air is an example of broadcasting in the public interest." (Italics added) In other words, whatever sells is fine.

Many other men made many other defenses. It was widely declared that radio had, after all, made considerable progress in its brief history. It had produced entertainment and other features in an extraordinary volume and variety. If you didn't like one thing, you could dial another. If you didn't like anything you could turn the machine off. As for commercial excesses, it was argued that whereas newspapers and magazines were filled 50 per cent with advertising, one typical large radio network devoted only 6.8 per cent of its time to commercials. The networks emphasized that they owned or fully controlled only some 20 of the country's 1,084 broadcasting stations, and could scarcely hope to set standards for the rest. The FCC was charged with the intent to impair freedom of speech and impose censorship on the radio (although the Blue Book was clearly interested in balanced *types* of programs rather than the specific content of any given broadcast and, for that matter, the FCC is explicitly forbidden by law to act as a censor).

But the underlying basis of most of radio's self-defense was Mr. Trammell's point—however the critics might gripe, the general public was mightily satisfied. The key figures came from a poll by the University of Denver's National Opinion Research Center. According to this investigation, 82 per cent of the U. S. listeners thought the radio industry was doing a job somewhere between good and excellent, 62 per cent would rather have radio advertising than not, only 33 per cent offered any criticism of the commercial, and 81 per cent said they could get programs they liked whenever they liked. The stuff was selling, it must be fine. Radio's defenders repeated the idea in a variety of ways. Self-critical as he was, Chairman Paley of C B S nonetheless cautioned his hearers "that we exist to serve the people. Is it conceivable in a democracy governed by the majority will of its people that broadcasting should not be responsive to that will—the will of the majority?"

None argued the thesis with more practicality, pith, and candor than Carroll Carroll (Los Angeles advertising man and former script writer for Bing Crosby) in *Variety*. Excerpts: "... critics of commercial radio lash out at the shows and stars this nation loves and deplore the fact that radio doesn't do more to educate and uplift. They prefer to scream at what the people quite obviously prefer. . . . The critics of commercial radio are critics not of art, nor of intrinsic goodness, but of the national taste. . . . Perhaps it is culturally deplorable that more people in the U. S. want to listen to Abbott and Costello than to Toscanini and 100 men. . . . Nevertheless, much-maligned radio offers both Mr. Toscanini and the Messrs. Abbott and Costello. While the critics snarl at the time Abbott and Costello waste, much of the public snarls at the time Toscanini wastes. . . .

"Among the things the war proved was the social and educational value of commercial radio with its gigantic audiences absolutely absorbent to the ideas of their weekly heard friends Bing Crosby in a few casually read words could instill more patriotism and fire in more people for getting on with the war than all the best poetry of Stephen Vincent Benét, Archibald MacLeish, and Norman Corwin set to kettledrums and broadcast nightly over four joined networks . . .

"The FCC not long ago gave out a snort against 'Soap Operas' emphasizing all their weak points and adding the charge that they contribute to imbalance on a station's program. Imbalance, a beautiful word, is apparently exactly what radio listeners want most. . . To argue against imbalance on the air, and urge that educational material be sandwiched in with the other stuff, has as much logic as to demand that newspaper editorials be slapped between 'comic' strips. Or 'comics' put on the editorial page . . . You can make them turn to the editorial page to read a comic. But you'll never make them read an editorial that way."

There can be little doubt that, as Mr. Carroll suggests, any revolt against U. S. radio automatically implies a revolt against the national taste. All available evidence suggests that the gross national radio audience has a fine time with the gross national radio product. If persons of some discrimination abhor a large part of that product, they must, obviously, extend their abhorrence to include the sensibilities of a great number of their fellow citizens. The condition of U. S. radio may suggest a lot about the commercialism of its sponsors and operators—but it also suggests a lot about the state of American culture.

In many other fields there can be seen the vast hold on the public of the slick commercialization of the arts and letters and entertainment. It can be seen not only in the rise of the comic book, but in the rise of the book clubs, with their literary dividends. And not only on the jukebox level but on that of the music-appreciation racket. The suspicion naturally arises that the commercialization of U. S. culture is a process that is self-perpetuating, that catering to dubious tastes on a mass-production scale serves only to increase the spread of those tastes. The critics of the process ask: Are we not mass-producing most of our values as well as our four-door sedans? Where is relief from the deadening weight of assembly-line culture?

So far as radio tastes are concerned, certain figures are pertinent. The region around New York City is perhaps the only area in the country where the radio listener, if he wishes, may tune his set all day to broadcasts of fine music or high-grade non-musical programs. In addition to the major networks and a number of other highly commercialized stations, the region is fed by two broadcasters that offer virtually nothing but high-grade musical and non-musical programs: station WQXR and the municipal station, WNYC. Here is U. S. radio at its most persistently mature. It is

estimated that WQXR, offering a stream of the finest recorded music, attracts only 10 per cent of the city's listeners, and WNYC only 4.5 per cent.

In these figures, it should be noted, there is no reason for Americans to feel any special national chagrin. In the light of radio experience elsewhere, the cultural situation in the U. S. would seem to be no worse than in many other places. One of the clearest indications why commercial radiomen shy away from sophisticated programming came recently from England, where the government-owned British Broadcasting Corp. controls the air and gives the public just what it deems fitting and proper — without benefit of advertising. (Recent polls show the British public about evenly divided between continuing with B. B. C. alone and permitting commercial broadcasting as well.) On its two main programs, the so-called "Home Service" and "Light," the B. B. C. sticks pretty closely to middle and lowbrow material. Last autumn, however, B. B. C. added an experimental Third Program, which was nothing less than a highbrow's dream. Offering nothing but rich aesthetic and intellectual fare, it has served, for instance, in the course of a single week, such items as Racine's *Phèdre*, a reading of *The Canterbury Tales*, Paul Hindemith's major piano work, *Ludus Tonalis*, a psycho-morality play by the poet Louis MacNeice, *Tristan und Isolde*, with Sir Thomas Beecham on the podium, discussions of Henry James, British foreign policy, contemporary French prose; Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* (recorded), Sir Cyril Burt on psychology, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and music by Stravinsky, Roussel, Villa-Lobos, Grieg, Schubert, and Bach.

Now that is, manifestly, a stiff dose of elevation, unrelieved by anything that might be called simply entertainment, and one would not be surprised to find any lively listener wishing a change after a while. However, it goes on constantly; you can pick or ignore what you choose of it, and one might suppose that it would have a very substantial popularity among the anciently cultivated peoples of the British Isles. Polls have indicated that the Third Program is dialed by only about 5 per cent of British radio listeners — 5 per cent.

The U. S. radio industry has persuasively demonstrated that the majority of the U. S. radio listeners are not only willing but eager to accept the great part of U. S. broadcasting. But does that excuse U. S. radio for continuing to offer pretty much the same old vaudeville in the same old way — to jam the public air with that sticky commodity? Many critics of radio say no. They think it is no way to treat a public franchise. And many also think that, in the long-term view, the radio industry itself is losing by it. This latter argument is emphatically made by young John Crosby of the *Herald Tribune*. "The broadcasters have defective but reasonably accurate methods for measuring what the people prefer (not necessarily like) among those programs available on the air. But how much effort has been

made to try out new programs which the people might infinitely prefer to anything now on the air? Let's put it another way. Suppose the automobile industry ran itself by polls. Let us suppose the auto makers in 1922 conducted a poll asking car owners if everything were all right. Were the two-wheel brakes O.K.? Was the rear axle transmission all right? Anything the matter with the canvas or leather top? Chances are there would have been some complaints against existing equipment. But would we now have the four-wheel brakes or fluid drive or turret top or any of the revolutionary developments in engine building that distinguish American cars?"

Mr. Crosby's point may well have great relevance, although he is clearly a man of optimistic mien. For decades now, the bulk of Americans have been perfectly happy to howl their heads off at, intrinsically, the same sort of vapid gags. And when great financial success comes with bad vaudeville, it is rather idle to expect the impresario to undertake the sweats and risks of grand opera. The situation was succinctly described in 1943 by James Rowland Angell, former President of Yale, who was hired by the National Broadcasting Co. as public-service counselor, and must have jolted his employers with some of his observations. Said he: "I have met a great many owners and managers of American broadcasting stations in my time and found them fine, upstanding businessmen, but I have infrequently met any whose concern for the public service they were rendering could be mentioned in the same breath with their interest in making money."

Very well, who is going to persuade the radio industry to act on the theory that the radio public might come to appreciate higher-class radio? Is it the critical part of the public? In some U. S. cities attempts have been made toward program improvement through the formation of listeners' pressure groups. Cited as outstanding by the FCC is the Cleveland Radio Council. Founded in 1940, this has 128 member bodies (including 60 parent-teacher associations) representing some 150,000 Clevelanders. It publishes a biannual "Selective Dialing for the Family," in which listing is eagerly sought by radio-station managers. The council takes credit for some slight relief from the daytime drone of soap operas, and for the introduction by local stations of such programs as Garden Gates, Invitation to Learning, and the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir.

If this seems a long way to uplift, one wonders if waiting for the broadcasters to uplift themselves isn't even longer. Let alone the larger revenue producers, the networks and their biggest affiliated stations, there are the many hundreds of smaller independents. A good half of them are "coffeepots," whose signals carry only about ten miles, reaching perhaps 20,000 people, netting the operator perhaps \$5,000 a year, with a few shows wired from the networks and a mass of transcriptions interlarded with local advertising. Who or what is going to persuade or coerce this

ornery host of pragmatists into the strenuous life of self-improvement?

Is it the FCC? Did not the FCC issue a Blue Book emphasizing four points with regard to radio reform? Will not the FCC continue to spearhead the revolt against radio? The important fact here is that the Blue Book represented the viewpoint of Commissioner Clifford J. Durr, who has long been known among the seven-man commission as "the great dissenter." Aside from Commissioner Durr, the FCC has not been conspicuous for reformist thought or action. Furthermore, Mr. Durr, a Democrat whose term ends in 1948, may not be long for the FCC.

It remains to be said that today the radio industry has many distracting things on its mind besides the revolt against itself. Various intangibles are operating that dim the luster of recent high profits and are calculated to make the industry wary, even pessimistic, rather than full of an experimental zest for public service. For one thing, operating costs have been rising rapidly. For another, the big networks, whose great profit source has always been live shows, are now faced with the threat of transcribed headliners. This began when Bing Crosby, a national hero who can have anything he wants from the radio industry, got tired of doing weekly live shows and proposed to transcribe several shows at once, before a live audience, and then rest during the weeks they were put on, one each week. After a brief drop in Hooper rating, the transcribed Crosbys have begun to climb again toward Bing's accustomed heights. Their continued success would mean a major threat to the networks' whole economic system. Under that system the networks' profits have come largely from selling time to sponsors for live shows, then selling the shows to affiliated stations. But in a radio situation dominated by transcriptions, the sale of time for live shows and of live shows themselves would naturally greatly diminish, and the big profits would go to whoever made the transcriptions — which any radio station could spin on its own record player. Still another worry is labor — the inevitable Petrillo, and others. And what long-term effects are to be expected from the growth of frequency-modulation broadcasting and television?

Perhaps all these disturbing vistas should tend to make the radio industry reconsider the quality of the product it offers its listeners. But the reverse seems quite as likely to be the case. The seers of *Variety* declare: "The networks aren't kidding anybody, until now they've dished out public-service programing . . . but only so long as it did not interfere with the balance sheet. Of course the war years brought different pressures, and the conscience of the country and the network execs was alerted to emergency needs. Today, with restrictions off, both financial and governmental, the lip-service era looks set to ride high and wide."

In other words, while the revolt against radio continues, the resonant leaders of the industry may be expected to continue their lofty denials and remonstrations. But these in all likelihood will be just further

instances of what Frank Norris, former director of the *March of Time* radio program, once referred to as radio's "chronic state of apophysis"* Today it looks very much as if any substantial improvement in the standards of American radio must wait on the rise in the industry, from within or without, of directing personalities willing to take a chance on higher quality — because they get a satisfaction from higher quality, and because they have a conviction that eventually it will pay. In the hands of such pioneers, radio might at long last become an institution of rich and varied and solid worth.

Checking Your Reading

What complaints are being leveled against the radio? From whom do they come? On whom do the critics place the blame? What is the FCC? What four activities does it stress as favorable to the "public interest, convenience and necessity"? Does the radio industry concede any element of justice in the attack? What arguments does it bring in self-defense? What are the possible agencies of reform? What other worries has the radio industry at present?

Forming Your Opinion

What is your own opinion of the general level and quality of American radio programs? Would you add anything to the attacks or the defensive arguments set forth in the *Fortune* article? Do you find any difference of opinion among your acquaintances on this subject? Should radio programs merely cater to public taste or attempt also to improve it? Can you name programs that do contribute to the improvement of national taste? that contribute to its debasement? Whom would you blame for the poor quality of some programs: radio executives, sponsors and advertisers, listeners? What can the public do to improve the quality of radio programs? What would be the advantages and disadvantages of public ownership of radio?

* Apophysis. "A kind of irony, whereby we deny that we say or do that which we especially say or do." — *Oxford English Dictionary*.

PHENOMENON: A PROFILE OF FRANK SINATRA

E. J. Kahn, Jr.

A few days after graduating from Harvard in 1937, E. J. Kahn, Jr. (1916-) went to work for The New Yorker. He was drafted in July, 1941, but throughout his war service he continued his writing, sending back to The New Yorker and The Saturday Evening Post amusing and informative sketches of Army life in the training camps and overseas. Since the war he has been once more with The New Yorker, where his "profiles," biographical articles on well-known Americans in all fields, convey much information with breezy informality and a kind of naive sophistication. The following article on Frank Sinatra is typical in its material and style of Mr. Kahn's handling of the "profile"

I. THE VOICE WITH THE GOLD ACCESSORIES

FRANCIS ALBERT SINATRA, a young man of twenty-eight who sings popular songs to the satisfaction of several million adolescent girls, is a social phenomenon. He has more avowed fans than any other living entertainer, and not only what he sings but everything he does is of greater concern to them than are the actions of anybody else in the world, including President Truman. Sinatra became wildly famous early in 1943, and there are no indications that he is, as they say on Broadway, slipping. A lady whose unenviable duty it is to paste up his publicity scrapbooks, each one of which, though large, can accommodate only a thirty-day accumulation of published items about him, is now a year and a half behind in her work, and the prospect of her catching up grows steadily worse. Some people are troubled at the thought that Sinatra could become a permanent institution, and they may get some small comfort from the fact that his income is declining. This year, it will probably amount to slightly less than a million dollars, before terrific taxes, whereas in both 1944 and 1945 he earned nearly a million and a half. These figures are misleading, however. Sinatra's annual take has diminished principally because he has lately been seeking only part-time gainful employment, having chosen to devote a considerable portion of his energies to speech-making and to entertaining, gratis, on behalf of a number of liberal causes with which

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he is in articulate sympathy. However long or short a time he may continue to occupy the perch on which he is now comfortably settled, practically all his fellow-citizens will think of his ascent to it as astonishing. Sinatra is one of the few people who honestly disagree. His success does not astonish him. It has always seemed to him the logical reward for his own peculiar talent.

Sinatra is not conceited. He is, however, extraordinarily self-confident, and it sometimes disturbs him that others do not instantly recognize his abilities. Early in his career, when he was more dependent on the praise of other men than he is today, he asked a music critic on the staff of *Metronome*, a monthly trade paper, for an opinion on some records he had just made. The critic replied with what he thought was enthusiasm that they sounded fine. "Don't you think they're wonderful?" Sinatra asked in a hurt tone. Sinatra usually has the idea that he can do anything he tries better than anyone else has ever done it. For example, he is planning, quite avocationally, the construction of a California sports arena, to be called Hollywood Square Garden, which will be bigger than its Madison Square counterpart by two hundred and fifty seats. While still a fairly obscure singer, he was asked by another vocalist what his plans were. "To be the singer on the Hit Parade," he said. This astounded his companion, whose job happened to be just that. A few weeks later, Sinatra was offered the Hit Parade assignment and accepted it without blinking.

Several months ago, Sinatra, in a mood unusually cocky even for him, strolled into the office of Emanuel Sacks, an executive of the Columbia Recording Corporation. Sacks is not only a business associate (Sinatra is one of the company's most important assets) but a crony, and, because he somewhat resembles Sinatra, is now and then mobbed by girls who have taken him for the real thing. "You know, Manie?" said Sinatra. "I want to conduct." "You can't even read music," said Sacks, truthfully. Sinatra can be a persuasive young man, and the result of an hour's debate was that Columbia found itself committed to allowing Sinatra to conduct a symphony orchestra in a recording performance of some new and serious music by Alec Wilder. As the time for this bizarre rendezvous drew near, Columbia became nervous and discreetly engaged a professional conductor to stand by. "Well," said Sacks, reconstructing the scene a few weeks afterward, "here were all these symphony guys with their goatees and their Stradivarius fiddles and one goddam thing after another, and Frank walks in and steps up on a platform just like Koussevitzky, and by the time he's through, the musicians are applauding and grabbing him and hugging him. I don't know how he did it, but he made the most beautiful records you ever heard."

Sinatra has been singing in public for ten years, during the first few of which he was his only fan. As late as the summer of 1942, when he was a vocalist with Tommy Dorsey's band, he was still so inconspicuous a

performer that he got no more than a hundred or so fan letters a week. Today, he averages seven or eight hundred a day. Like Dorsey's trombone, Sinatra's voice can glide along effortlessly from note to note without its owner's ever seeming to take time out to breathe. An analyst of Sinatra's delivery once reported that it is simply a matter of his breathing through his nose while singing, a respiratory trick widespread among American Indians but rarely practiced by the white man. Sinatra's enunciation is excellent, he pronounces every word of every song with loving care. He also more or less manages to give the impression that he believes all the sentiments he is obliged to express, an accomplishment that is at times heroic. One American music critic has described the experience of listening to him as something like "being stroked by a hand covered with cold cream." In England, the quality of his voice has been compared, less repellingly, to worn velvet. Another American critic, who expressed the opinion that Sinatra's singing "conforms to the usual crooning standards — each phrase begun slightly behind the beat, with soft, insinuating scoops and slides between the notes, and a dropping away of the voice after every line," felt impelled to add a postscript to the effect that "a friend of mine who thinks much about these things finds this style very dangerous to our morale, for it is passive, luxurious, and ends up not with a bang but a whimper."

Sinatra has been most successful as an interpreter of slow, dreamy love songs, or what the trade calls ballads. Without ever taking an audible breath, he records twenty-four popular songs a year, enabling Columbia to issue one new Sinatra record a month. His records are now selling at the rate of around ten million a year, from which massive output he will derive annual royalties of some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He earns about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in the movies. He is the star of a weekly radio program, which pays him nearly a half million, and every appearance he makes as a guest on somebody else's program brings him six or seven thousand more. For performing on the stages of movie theatres, his present minimum is twenty-five thousand a week. This year, he has limited himself to three one-week appearances. One of them was in Chicago, where the terms of his contract called for him to receive, in addition to the twenty-five thousand, fifty per cent of whatever the house grossed over sixty thousand. The theatre's take for the week was ninety-two thousand, so Sinatra's total emolument came to forty-one thousand — an all-time world's record for a week's appearance by any entertainer. Even before Sinatra's voice became quite so splendid an asset, a talent agency that was marketing it optimistically advertised it as "The Voice That Is Thrilling Millions." This sweeping phrase was condensed by a weary journalist to "The Voice," a term the writer applied not merely to Sinatra's voice but to all the rest of him as well. This name, which has

resulted in such imitations as *The Hat*, *The Look*, *The Body*, and *The Shape*, has stuck to him ever since

The Voice's voice is one of the world's most precious uninsured properties. Every now and then, Sinatra and a few of his business advisers consider inviting Lloyd's of London to issue a policy on it, but they have taken no action, perhaps because they think that Lloyd's appraisal of its worth might not concur with Sinatra's. His principal advisers fear laryngitis much as other people might the bubonic plague, and they had a bad scare a couple of years ago when an affectionate fan grabbed Sinatra's necktie during an otherwise routine stage-door *mêlée* and bruised his throat, inside and outside. Publishers of popular music and their song-pluggers are among the most abandoned admirers of his voice, he is one of the few individuals who can make a song a hit merely by singing a chorus of it. He regards his voice as an instrument without equal, and although he tries scrupulously to be polite about the possessors of other renowned voices, he is apt — if the name of a competitor comes up abruptly in conversation — to remark, "I can sing that son of a bitch off the stage any day in the week."

In the past three years, there has been a flourishing revival of a sentimental type of singing originated, mainly by Rudy Vallee, in the twenties. This is known as "crooning," and is largely dependent on mechanical amplification, in the early days by megaphone and now by microphone. Most of the modern crop of crooners admit that Sinatra is single-voicedly responsible for the limelight in which they now bask. Many of them have tried to copy his casual, intimate manner of singing, and the few who have not consciously aped him have been accused of doing so anyway. "All I want to do is sing straight and relaxed," one singer said in self-defense a while ago. "If you do that, you *got* to sound like Sinatra." The most relaxed and most successful of all contemporary singers is Bing Crosby, who sometimes sounds as if he were falling asleep in mid-song. Crosby began singing with bands in 1922, when Sinatra was four. Since Sinatra has grown up, he has occasionally imitated Crosby, at rehearsals, he sometimes shows up wearing a yachting cap and a florid sports shirt and clutching a pipe — all equipment for which Crosby is noted. The two singers, who are casual acquaintances, get along well enough, but their supporters have been known to clash. A twenty-seven-year-old lady admirer of Sinatra had to be taken to a hospital after her roommate, a Crosby fan, had stabbed her with an icepick during a debate. Many of the radio stations that rely almost entirely on recorded music have tried to give a certain variety to their fare by calling any joint recital of Crosby and Sinatra records a *Battle of the Baritones* or something else equally bellicose. Listeners are often asked to indicate which of the contestants they favor. Crosby wins the majority of them. Sinatra's most noteworthy

triumph was beating out Crosby, in one of the larger polls, 571,978 to 533,211

Crosby's rise to fame was gradual, Sinatra's, after a slow start, was meteoric. A comet ordinarily attracts more attention than a fixed star, no matter how bright, and many singers who have always taken it for granted that they cannot hope to benefit from Crosby's fame have tried, in the past couple of years, to take advantage of Sinatra's golden eminence. A search of the newspapers reveals that within the space of a single year a number of entertainers who had adequate names of their own were henceforth also to be known as the Mexican Sinatra, the Russian Sinatra, the Filipino Sinatra, the Hungarian Sinatra, the French Sinatra, the Indian Sinatra, Canada's Frank Sinatra, the Sinatra of South America, the South of the Border Sinatra, the Bowery Sinatra, Sinatra in Technicolor, the Sinatra of Grand Opera, the Chocolate Sinatra, the Sepian Sinatra, the Older Girl's Sinatra, the 77-Year-Old Sinatra, the Ageless Sinatra, the One and Only Hank Sinatra, and San Francisco's Chinese Sinatra, a singer named Soo who has also called himself Soonatra. A girl singer who used to appear on the One and Only Frank Sinatra's radio program bills herself as "Frank Sinatra's Radio Girl Friend." During the war, when a young soldier named Johnny Desmond, who now has a radio show of his own, became popular as a singer at Army shows in Europe, it was inevitable that he should be labelled the G I Sinatra, and he has since become the Postwar Sinatra.

In the night clubs and in vaudeville, singers and comedians draw down the best money. Sinatra is responsible for the prosperity of many of the singers and for the prosperity of quite a few of the comedians, too. He has been the subject of so many jokes that, according to *Variety*, an anthologist is planning to bring out a book of them. Furthermore, some of Sinatra's most celebrated devices—the straggling lock of hair calculatingly disarrayed on the forehead, the hands tightly gripping a microphone, as if to sustain a body too frail to stand alone—are profitably imitable. In 1944, two Washington theatre managers, reminiscing about the comedians who had appeared on their stages over a six-month stretch, computed that of twenty-six monologists they had presented, nineteen had done impersonations of Sinatra. The singer has also had a decided effect on the lives of other people legally named Sinatra. A Frank Sinatra who was a tympanist in the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra got more publicity than his conductor, and one who was a private in the Army got more than his colonel. Another Frank Sinatra, after being divorced from his wife, found news of his domestic unsettlement proclaimed on the front pages of newspapers all over the country. When a salesman who merely had the surname of Sinatra appeared in court for several traffic violations, the magistrate, upon hearing his name, let him off with a light fine on the ground that he had already suffered enough. "You have been punished by a cruel and merciless fate," said the judge.

Like many other entertainers, Sinatra offstage does not in every detail resemble his onstage self. Because of the professional manner he has adopted, his youthful audiences think of him as one of themselves, and when he speaks to them from a stage, boyishly, unpretentiously, and often shyly, they seek by the raptness of their attention to encourage him, much as if he were a frightened salutatorian addressing a graduating class. They are constantly exchanging bits of biographical information about him — such as that he is fond of banana splits, collects lawn furniture, and utters five “ha’s” when he laughs, the fifth slightly louder than the preceding four. Sinatra does collect lawn furniture, occasionally eats banana splits, and laughs a good deal, now and then employing only four “ha’s,” but in general his habits are quite mature. He like parties and night clubs. He has been known not to refuse a drink. He stays up late at night. He is brash, candid, high-strung, and irritable, but when in a benevolent mood he can turn on a flow of charm capable of melting the iciest resistance. As a Broadway song-plugger recently put it, “There’s something about him if he wants to be a nice guy that you could eat him up.”

Sinatra’s private life is somewhat circumscribed by the fact that for him privacy is, in a sense, unattainable. During the several years he and his wife lived in a six-room house he owned in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, he would occasionally, upon looking out of a window, meet the admiring gaze of some young lady looking in. In 1944, he moved to Hollywood, where he now owns a house surrounded by a ten-foot brick wall, and when he is off that reservation, he is often surrounded by a strolling wall of self-appointed guardians, who nervously watch over him. He doesn’t have any official bodyguards now, but he has had them. One of them, who had previously trained heavyweight prizefighters, remarked, after a tussle with some schoolgirls, that the heavyweights fought cleaner. Sinatra’s fans have, in the intensity of their affection, several times knocked him to the sidewalk and have almost overturned automobiles in which he has been trying to escape from their multiple embrace. The fact that so far they have killed neither him nor any of themselves is probably just beginners’ luck. “When they come after him,” one of his friends recently observed, “it’s like they were a St. Bernard playing with a puppy, and I just close my eyes and pray the puppy will still be there when I open them again.”

New York is the singer’s favorite city, and he would like to be able to wander around it freely, but the police have asked him not to linger on the streets, because he is a traffic hazard. He has attempted to disguise himself by wearing dark glasses or a hat, or both, but unsuccessfully. “Nobody looks from the back like Sinatra does,” an associate of his said after one of these vain experiments. “You could put a three-foot beard and a wig on him, but you wouldn’t fool the kids.” One night, Sinatra went to a sparsely settled section of Brooklyn to eat a spaghetti dinner at

the home of a friend. A small boy saw him enter the house, and before the meal was over, a thousand children had gathered in the street outside. Another night, also in search of spaghetti, which his fans like to tell each other he has every morning for breakfast (he does have it once in a while), Sinatra and a few pals went down to a small restaurant on Mulberry Street, in Little Italy. Sinatra, who is of Italian parentage, is the special darling of many Italian-Americans, and as soon as the neighborhood grapevine spread the news of his presence, a commotion involving three thousand people and fifty policemen developed outside the restaurant. The police forbade Sinatra to leave by the front door. They broke a window in a basement washroom, hoisted him out through it into an alley, and smuggled him to a taxicab parked in the next block. He frequently has to leave buildings by unconventional exits. He is fond of the Waldorf-Astoria as a retreat because there are twelve ways of getting in and out. He once fooled several groups of his fans by using the main exit, on Park Avenue. "It was unfair," one girl complained. "You never expect Frankie to use a front door."

Sinatra's house is modest by Hollywood standards, since there are only ten rooms. He owns four automobiles, the newest one a gift from Benson Ford. He is friendly with several of the Fords, and last July Benson Ford sent his own plane to pick him up in New York so he could spend a week-end with them in Detroit. His closest friends, though, are in the main people with whom he does business. He is nearly always accompanied by a retinue of friends and advisers, over whom he rules with the easy grace of a monarch whose sovereignty is undisputed. One of them is his secretary, a young veteran named Bobby Burns, who was manager of Tommy Dorsey's band before the war. Another is his conductor and arranger, Axel Stordahl, who was Dorsey's arranger. Among his other companions are Toots Shor, the proprietor of his favorite restaurant, Phil Silvers, a comedian who accompanied Sinatra on a U.S.O. tour in Europe last year, Hank Sanicola, a former song-plugger who is now part owner of a music-publishing firm of which Sinatra is also part owner, Julie Styne and Sammy Cahn, an inseparable team of songwriters who have composed many numbers for him, Skitch Henderson, a young pianist and band leader who used to appear on Sinatra's radio programs and now appears on Crosby's, Jo Davidson, the sculptor, who is chairman of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions, of which Sinatra is one of the ten vice-chairmen, Gene Kelly, the dancer, who appeared with Sinatra in the movie "Anchors Aweigh," Peter Lawford, who will appear with Sinatra in a forthcoming movie, "It Happened in Brooklyn," and George B. Evans, a Broadway press agent who, since January, 1943, has been handling Sinatra's publicity and other of his complex affairs. Evans is sometimes said to be the Svengali to Sinatra's Trilby, and Sinatra is sometimes said to be the Svengali to Evans' Trilby, but

however the pair are cast in these roles, they exercise a great influence on each other. Sinatra has several other friends who, while not precisely desperadoes, are fairly rough-and-tumble individuals. "In a way, Frank's still a little boy who likes to play cops and robbers," one of his quieter friends recently observed, disapprovingly. "These characters latch themselves onto him and become paternal and possessive toward him. They are always looking out to see that nothing happens to Frankie, and it makes him happy to think they're tough hombres."

Most of Sinatra's friends, and some people with whom he is barely acquainted, have received expensive presents from him. His generosity is impulsive and enormous, and he rarely gives anything that is not solid gold. The record shows that in the past four years he has distributed three hundred gold cigarette lighters at a hundred and fifty dollars apiece — forty-five thousand dollars' worth of cigarette lighters. One afternoon, he noticed Mrs. Jo Davidson fumbling for a match to light a cigarette. A couple of days later, she got a gold lighter, inscribed "From Frankie to Flossie." Sinatra uses "Frankie" — the name his fans have chosen — when he is really fond of a recipient and "Frank" when he is giving a routine present. He has given George Evans two gold cigarette lighters, among other remembrances. He gave a bodyguard a gold key chain with gold letters spelling "Frank Sinatra" hanging from it. When, during the war, he heard that the personnel of a PT boat had christened their vessel the Oh Frankie and its dinghy the Oh Frankie, Jr., he sent gold St. Christopher medals to the crew of fifteen. Now and then, he sends a gold money clip, or something of the sort, to a headwaiter. He is equally generous toward himself. He glitters with gold accessories, and he has a huge collection of clothes to go with them. His wardrobe contains fifty suits, twenty-five sports coats, a hundred pairs of slacks, and sixty pairs of shoes. This is not entirely superabundant luxury, for the wear and tear on his clothes is abnormal. Young women find it diverting to try to separate him from his apparel, and they often succeed to the extent of pulling off buttons, lapels, and sleeves. During the war, he voluntarily parted with some of his garments, each in one piece, to stimulate the sale of bonds. One autographed Sinatra bow tie sold fifty thousand dollars' worth. Another Sinatra tie, put up for sale in an auction that also included a second-hand basketball that had been used in an Ohio State-Northwestern game, brought in only two hundred and fifty dollars, as against three thousand for the ball.

Sinatra is one of the country's notable bow-tie wearers, and a type he invented a couple of years ago, after becoming dissatisfied with the standard bow, is now one of his trademarks. He commissioned the custom-tie department of A. Sulka & Co. to make an experimental model, from his own design, and Sulka bravely complied. Sinatra now owns several hundred, all of the same peculiar, long, droopy cut, with ends that hang down

like a spaniel's ears, and he orders a few more from Sulka whenever he is in town. He is partial to polka dots, and the brisk rate at which polka-dotted bow ties, of orthodox cut, have moved across the counters in recent years may be a tribute to his influence. No one has compiled any statistics on polka-dotted bow ties, but sales of bow ties in general have increased by four hundred per cent since 1944. Grateful bow-tie manufacturers, though not unappreciative of the debt they owe to Winston Churchill, look upon Sinatra as the principal agent of their good fortune.

Until a couple of years ago, Sinatra confined himself to singing in his public appearances, but lately he has been adapting his voice to other uses. This summer, for instance, without the accompaniment even of background music, he lectured for fifteen minutes over a coast-to-coast radio network on the Paris Peace Conference, veterans' rights, the Congress, President Roosevelt, President Lincoln, truth, and Lee Hats, the sponsors of his talk. It was an excellent speech, but undoubtedly thousands of young listeners were sorry that he did not liven it up by singing at least a few bars of music. The fact that he has become an outspoken liberal has irritated many non-liberals and has confused a few liberals. Some people who overhear him quoting from the works of Thomas Paine are inclined to view this recitation with dismay. Sinatra is quite candid about his stature as a commentator. "I am not a heavy thinker," he says. "It's like this," one liberal said recently, trying to clarify Sinatra's position. "Frankie's not very conscious, but instinctively he's on our side of the fence."

Up to 1944, the year of the last Presidential campaign, most professional entertainers, regardless of the extent of their consciousness, were reluctant to risk antagonizing their audiences by a display of partisanship in public matters, and always cautiously stayed on the fence. The 1944 Presidential campaign knocked many of them, including Sinatra, off the fence, on one side or the other. He had, to be sure, tried to help out the Hague political machine in Jersey City a year earlier by singing at a local election rally (whether or not he helped was debatable, inasmuch as the moment he finished singing several hundred politically indifferent girls struck up such a din that Mayor Hague and several other speakers were unable to perform), but his political instincts were not fully awakened until, in the fall of 1944, he found himself, along with the late Sidney Hillman and Fala, attacked by opponents of the Roosevelt administration as special objects of their discontent. Sinatra's election to this triumvirate was the result of a visit to the White House in September of that year by an equally odd trio — Sinatra, Toots Shor, and the late Rags Ragland. Many newspapers gave their readers the impression that the three callers had had a private audience with the President, causing him to neglect weightier affairs. Actually, they had merely been asked by Robert Hannegan, Democratic National Committee chairman and a frequent diner at Shor's, to attend a run-of-the-mill White House reception for several

dozen administration sympathizers. Sinatra was a vigorous sympathizer, he had named his son, born eight months before, Franklin. The singer exchanged only a few words with the President and was amazed at the importance attached to the chat. When some die-very-hard Republicans suggested that a mere crooner was one of the President's campaign strategists and a couple of ebullient anti-Roosevelt columnists hinted that Sinatra was being considered for the Cabinet, Sinatra went into furious action. He went so impulsively that he and his wife had donated seventy-five hundred dollars to the Democratic cause before they became aware that the contribution was not, as they had thought, deductible in their income-tax returns. Sinatra's taxes were so high, and his budget so tight, that this miscalculation put him momentarily into debt, despite the fact that he was earning three times the amount of his gift a week. Chilled but undeterred, he became a rampant member of the Independent Voters Committee of the Arts and Sciences for Roosevelt, which later turned into the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions. He took to the air in his campaign, presenting himself as "a little guy from Hoboken" and plumping earnestly for Roosevelt. He was delighted with the outcome of a boyish prank he played on Governor Dewey when, in the course of a tour around the city, the nominee was about to be greeted by a large group of Republicans outside the Waldorf. Sinatra stole his crowd away simply by appearing at the entrance himself.

It was inevitable that anyone so devoted to the President would annoy Westbrook Pegler, who denounced Sinatra for meddling in politics and has been sniping at him ever since. After the election, Drew Pearson reported that on election night, Sinatra, who was staying at the Waldorf, had expressed a desire to beat up Pegler, who was also registered there, and, being unable to find him, had beat up the furniture in Pegler's room. Pegler, in response, accused Sinatra of having spent the night at Sidney Hillman's campaign headquarters, also in the Waldorf. Orson Welles, then a columnist himself, volunteered the information that Sinatra had spent the night with him, at Toots Shor's. They were all partly correct, for Sinatra had covered a good deal of ground in the course of the evening. At one point, he had pounded on the door of a room he understood to be Pegler's and called on the occupant to come out and fight, but there was no response, so he returned to his own suite and scored a quick knockout over a small end table.

Sinatra is so belligerent that the squared shoulders of his coats sometimes seem to be built up largely with chips. In addition to having threatened various citizens with violence, he has laid punitive hands upon a musician whose unfriendly attitude toward autograph-seekers he disapproved of, a counterman in a café down South who would not serve a cup of coffee to a Negro in Sinatra's party, and a fellow who swore at Sinatra when he objected to the man's needlessly obstructing his view of

a night-club floor show Sinatra has never fought professionally, but his father was once a boxer and he has always taken a fond interest in prize-fighting. Tamí Mauriello used to be a close friend of his. As a favor to Mauriello, Sinatra once sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" in Madison Square Garden a few minutes before his friend entered the ring there. Another time, after a Mauriello triumph, Sinatra jubilantly hoisted the victor, who outweighs him by sixty pounds, to his shoulders. Sinatra's spindly physique is deceptive, and a great many jokes have been made about what happens to him in a strong wind, and so on. When a columnist intimated that he was in such tottering health that he had hired a flunky whose sole duty it was to feed him two invigorating pills a day, George Evans angrily pointed out, in a letter to the newspaperman, that Sinatra was "138 pounds of solid, healthy guy who eats five good-sized meals a day." Not even this staggering quota of meals has any effect on his weight or his emaciated appearance. One of the many psychologists who have attempted to define his charm concluded that it boiled down to "one of the elemental instincts of womankind — the urge to feed the hungry."

Sinatra has a twenty-nine-inch waistline and is five feet, ten and a half inches tall. He has an attractive, bony, expressive face, which was slightly scarred at birth. His hair, now thinning on top, is black, and his eyes are blue. His ears protrude just a little. He has even white teeth, which were capped when he went into the movies. Jo Davidson, who was commissioned early this year by *Modern Screen* to do a bust of Sinatra, has vehement opinions about his subject. "His face has a curious structure," says Davidson. "Those cheekbones! Those bulges around the cheeks! That heavy lower lip! He's like a younger Lincoln." Though Davidson is thirty-four years Sinatra's senior, the two men are great friends, and have gone together to many functions, including meetings of the United Nations Security Council and the memorial service for President Roosevelt at Hyde Park. On this occasion, a Sinatra fan, eager for his autograph, prevailed upon a middle-aged intermediary, who happened to be Henry Wallace, to get it for her.

Sinatra can be as impetuous with his voice as with his fists. Two years ago, there was a brief but national excitement when he was quoted as saying in Hollywood, "Pictures stink." There may have been some merit, of course, to such an observation, but Sinatra did not make it. What had happened was that, after laboring on a set through a hot and tiring day, he had turned to an electrician and said, "This stinks," which is what a broker might have said after a similar session on the floor of the Stock Exchange. For the past year or so, Sinatra has been outspoken mainly about racial and religious intolerance. He has lectured on this subject to a variety of audiences, including the assembled student bodies of quite a few schools. Some people, unable to figure out why a crooner should be

giving instruction on such matters, have muttered that the project is simply a publicity stunt and have accused the singer of being insincere. Sinatra is an Italian and a Catholic, if the most useful knowledge is, as the progressive educators say, that which is acquired through experience, he has had a thorough schooling in intolerance and is well qualified to talk about it.

Even before Sinatra began voicing his views in public, he had made them clear to his associates. While he was with the Dorsey band, he hit a guest at a party on the jaw for making an anti-Semitic remark. Today, he is so intolerant of intolerance that he will refuse to go on talking with people who use the word "nigger." Whenever he sings "Ol' Man River" he changes the line that usually goes "Darkies all work on the Mississippi" to "Here we all work on the Mississippi." Articles with titles like "Let's Not Forget We're All Foreigners" and "What's All This About Races?" have been published in magazines over his byline. He appeared in an abbreviated movie about tolerance called "The House I Live In," and won a special Academy Award for it. His activities have also been commended by, among other groups, the Bureau of Intercultural Education, the Common Council for American Unity, the Philadelphia Boosters Association, and the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Sinatra is an ambitious young man. In the official biography his press agent passes out to interested parties, it is stated that one of his major ambitions is to retire to the shade of a maple tree close to the house he used to live in at Hasbrouck Heights. When Sinatra moved from New Jersey to California, however, he made no effort to take the tree along, and his retirement does not appear to be imminent. In fact, he is constantly expanding the scope of his interests. He is thinking about putting up (in addition to Hollywood Square Garden) a hotel at Las Vegas, Nevada, and an office building in Beverly Hills. The hotel has not yet been named, but the office building will be known as the Sinatra Building. He has an interest in the new race track near Atlantic City and in a new band led by Buddy Rich, a drummer whom he once punched in the nose when they were both working for Dorsey. He is about to launch a music-publishing company to be called Sinatra Songs, Inc., and for some time he has owned a one-third interest in the Barton Music Corporation, which has published the sheet music of many of the songs he has crooned into prominence. His picture adorns the covers of several of these numbers, including that of a not overly sensational one entitled "Dear Mr. Sinatra," the lyrics of which glow with such lines as "You're an angel from out of the blue" and "You're so tender and sweet and so fine." The contemporary Sinatra, with his finger in so many rich and unexpected pies, is a disturbing figure to some of his old acquaintances. "When he makes a statement nowadays," one old friend has said, "he thinks it ought to go right into the *Congressional Record*." Shortly after Sinatra first became successful, a

sample of his handwriting was submitted for analysis to Muriel Stafford, a graphologist whose findings are syndicated in newspapers, and she remarked that he was conscientious, idealistic, serious-minded, and had the voice of a singer, if not the temperament. More recently, Miss Stafford inspected a later fragment of his script. "His nerves are on edge," she reported. "Note those inflated capitals."

II. THE FAVE, THE FANS, AND THE FIENDS*

Frank Sinatra is a professional singer with an extremely pleasant voice, but often, when he uses it, his most ardent admirers, or fans, are so overcome by the sight of him that they drown out the sound of him by emitting ecstatic little yelps of their own. According to George Evans, his press agent, who likes to say that his association with Sinatra has brought him, Evans, more publicity than most other singers' press agents get for their clients, there are forty million Sinatra fans in the United States. Evans estimates that there are two thousand fan clubs, with an average membership of two hundred, and he has further estimated (by means of logarithms and a press agent's intuition) that only one per cent of the Sinatra fans have yet bothered to join a club. These calculations may be imprecise, but there are unquestionably millions of Sinatra fans, mostly young women in their middle teens. The adulation they have been pouring, like syrup, on their idol since early in 1943 is not without precedent. When Franz Liszt played the piano, every now and then some woman listening to him would keel over. Women kissed the seams of Johann Strauss's coat and wept with emotion at the sight of Paderewski's red hair. In 1843, when the Norwegian violinist Ole Bull, who had long, golden hair and a striking build, gave some recitals over here, his feminine followers unhorsed his carriage and pulled it around town themselves. Then there was Rudolph Valentino's funeral. The astonishing affection lavished by some women on men to whom they have never even been introduced is, as a rule, not entirely platonic. Few of Sinatra's fans, however, seem to have designs on him. Of the five thousand letters they send him every week, not many are as amorous as one from a young lady who wrote, on stationery smeared with lipstick, "I love you so bad it hurts. Do you think I should see a doctor?" Most of the fans were honestly distressed by his recent separation from his wife, and were jubilant at the news that the Sinatras had patched things up.

The fans have always considered it one of Sinatra's lovable assets that he married his childhood sweetheart, Nancy Barbato. They have been married seven years, and they have a daughter of six, Nancy-Sandra, and a son of two, Franklin Wayne. Mrs. Sinatra and the children have, among them, received as many as two thousand fan letters in a week, and some

* Part II — *The New Yorker* of November 2, 1946

Sinatra admirers have professed to be nearly as fond of them as they are of the man of the house. A few people have found this attitude incredible. Some months ago, the San Francisco *Chronicle* published an article beginning, "Believe it or not, there is a Mrs. Sinatra. On the whole, the American public is unaware of it and swooning bobby-soxers care not at all." (Sinatra's female fans are generally described by a reference to their socks, or sox, even though many of them actually wear nylons or leg paint.) The girls seem to regard Mrs. Sinatra as a cross between a god-mother and an older sister. Whenever one of the Sinatra children has a birthday, enough presents pour in to equip an orphanage. Last year, some friends of Sinatra composed a song about his daughter, entitled "Nancy with the Laughing Face." Sinatra had it published by the music company of which he is part owner and recorded it himself. Though practically no other ranking vocalist plugged the song, over a million copies of the record have been sold—a tribute less to its musical merits than to the esteem in which all close relatives of Sinatra are held. "I think you are the most average family in the United States, and therein lies your greatness," one girl has written to him. Most of his fans are plain, lonely girls from lower-middle-class homes. They are dazzled by the life Sinatra leads and wish that they could share in it. They insist that they love him, but they do not use the verb in its ordinary sense. As they apply it to him, it is synonymous with "worship" or "idealize." They rarely think of him as a potential mate, and even when they do, they are generous about it. "I wish Frank were twins," a fan once wrote in a fan-club bulletin, "one for me and one for big Nancy."

Because it was in 1943 that Sinatra caught on, his popularity has often been called a by-product of the war, the theory being that young women turned to him as compensation for the absence of their young men. Some of his ill-wishers have even blamed him for the wartime increase in juvenile delinquency. A great many psychologists, psychiatrists, psychopathologists and other experts on the psyche have tried to define the relationship between Sinatra and young womanhood. "A simple and familiar combination of escapism and substitution, to be expected in times of high emotional stress," said one. "Mass frustrated love, without direction," declared another. "Mass hysteria," said a third, "mass hypnotism," said a fourth; "increased emotional sensitivity due to mammary hyperesthesia," said a ninety-seventh. One of the editors of the *New Republic*, a journal of opinion, went on a safari to the Paramount while Sinatra was in season there and reported that in his opinion many members of the audience had seemed to find in the man on the stage a "father image," and added, "Perhaps Frankie is more important as a symbol than most of us are aware of." A romantic psychologist attributed Sinatra's eminence to "a sort of melodic strip tease in which he lays bare his soul. His voice," he continued, "haunts me because it is so reminiscent of the sound

of the loon I hear in the summer at a New Hampshire lake, a loon who lost his mate several years ago and still is calling hopefully for her return." Sinatra's appeal to his fans, whether they think of him as a father, a hypnotist, or a widowed loon, can probably be ascribed simply to the desperate chemistry of adolescence. Some of his more rabid admirers have conceded guiltily that they may cast off a tiny bit of the love they bear for him when they get married, and it is perhaps significant that when the president of a Sinatra fan club in New Zealand became engaged, she resigned her office, and that when she broke her engagement, she applied for reinstatement. In Detroit, early this summer, a radio station conducted a "Why I Like Frank Sinatra" contest. Among the fifteen hundred essays submitted was one that read, "I think he is one of the greatest things that ever happened to Teen Age America. We were the kids that never got much attention, but he's made us feel like we're something. He has given us understanding. Something we need. Most adults think we don't need any consideration. We're really human and Frank realizes that. He gives us sincerity in return for our faithfulness."

Sinatra has male fans, too, including twenty members of the crew of a Navy vessel, who, just before their departure for the atom-bomb tests at Bikini, asked him for a photograph to pin up on a bulkhead. For a while, there was a Sinatra fan club whose membership requirements were nearly as exacting as the Union League's, you not only had to be male and to admire Sinatra, but you also had to be named Frank yourself. His fans are, however, overwhelmingly young women. Their versions of the effect he has on them are, on the whole, more daintily phrased than the callous judgments of the psychologists. "I shiver all the way up and down my spine when you sing," a girl wrote Sinatra, "just like I did when I had scarlet fever." "After the fourth time I fell out of a chair and bumped my head," said another, "I decided to sit on the floor in the beginning when I listen to you." And when a local radio station held an essay contest to find out "Why I Swoon at Sinatra," the prize-winning answer, which could readily serve as the basis of a song lyric, was "If lonesome, he reminds you of the guy away from your arms. If waiting for a dream prince, his thrilling voice sings for you alone."

Sinatra is skilled at giving each of his listeners the impression that she is the particular inspiration of, and target for, the sentiments he is proclaiming. While singing to an audience, he rarely gazes abstractedly into space. Instead, he stares with shattering intensity into the eyes of one trembling disciple after another. Though his fans usually greet his appearance with loud acclaim, occasionally they are as hushed as if they were in church, and in some fan-club publications all pronouns of which he is the antecedent are reverently capitalized. Sinatra handles his kids, as he calls them, with artful skill. "I never saw anything like the way he milks 'em and kicks 'em around," one Broadway theatrical agent said as he emerged, in

a daze, from a Sinatra show at the Paramount Experienced comedians appearing as guests on Sinatra's weekly radio program have been so perplexed by the antics of his studio audiences that they have lost all sense of timing and gone up in their lines Sinatra, on the other hand, is unperturbed when his chaotic fans are screaming, shivering, and falling off chairs. Never was a man more attuned to the discord of his accompaniment. His fans seemingly will do almost anything he tells them to, and it is fortunate for the rest of the population that he does not have a hankering for, say, arson Their obedience falters only when he asks them to keep quiet, as he usually does just before a broadcast "It's like trying to tell the tide not to come in," the producer of his program has said Sinatra fans have a party line, like Communists. Lately they have been preaching self-control It was once policy to make as much noise as possible, but the older hands among them now profess to disapprove of squealing unless Frankie does something so wonderful that you can't help yourself They are reduced to helplessness by, for one thing, Sinatra's celebrated use of glissando, whenever he slides gently from one note to another, their admiration is exceedingly open-mouthed They insist that they do not really scream but merely murmur "Ooh" or "Aah," but to the unaccustomed ear the bleat of many lambs can sound as harsh as a lion's roar. The girls are currently puzzled by a throbbing dilemma They fear that if they don't continue to react boisterously to their idol, other citizens, by now conditioned to hearing him only over the strident obligato of their affection, will conclude, an intolerable idea, that he is losing his grip "What can a poor fan do?" one of them asked recently

Sinatra fans express their devotion to him in odd ways They sign letters "Frankly yours" or "Sinatrally yours," and they begin postscripts not with "P.S" but with "F S" They try, as nearly as is feasible for young women, to dress as he does Once, after he had absent-mindedly appeared in public with the sleeves of his suit coat rolled up, thousands of other coat sleeves were tortured out of shape The fans pin club buttons not only over their hearts but also on their socks, and they inscribe his name on sweaters and coats One of them painstakingly inked the titles of two hundred Sinatra songs on the back of a beer jacket Another braided her hair and tied up one braid with a ribbon labelled "Frankie," and the other with one labelled "Sinatra" A girl whose arm he had accidentally brushed while trying to escape from a pack of fans wore a bandage over the spot for two weeks, to prevent anybody else from brushing it Another became the envy of her gang when, after Sinatra had checked out of a hotel room, she got into it before the maids did and escaped with a cigarette butt and a half-used packet of matches, both of which she assumed he had touched After he had left a restaurant, an equally lucky girl got to his table ahead of the bus boy and managed to polish off a bowl of cornflakes he had unquestionably touched. Girls have plucked hairs from

his head and, at somewhat less trouble to him, have collected clippings of his hair from the floors of barbershops. One Sinatra fan carries around in a locket what she insists is a Sinatra hangnail. Souvenir-hunting young ladies broke into his Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, house after he had moved out of it in 1944 and incestuously made off with a discarded bundle of old fan mail, some of which they had doubtless written themselves. So that some girls could get his autograph, others have momentarily immobilized him by throwing themselves sacrificially beneath the wheels of his car.

No entertainer's audience is more resolute than Sinatra's. Five New York girls borrowed their parents' savings of two thousand dollars and went to Montreal to hear him sing at a theatre there. The expedition was a failure. For one thing, he had left Montreal two weeks before, and for another, they had to flee from a rooming house so precipitately, to escape some police who were tracking them down, that they abandoned forty precious photographs of Sinatra they had brought along as luggage. One stay-at-home fan has listed in a notebook every song he has sung over the air in the past three years, and another takes down his broadcasts in shorthand and transcribes them, so that she will have something to read at night. Among his other fans are a girl who saw one of his movies so often that she memorized the dialogue, which she then wrote and mailed to Sinatra, a girl who made a hundred and twenty-one pilgrimages to a movie in which he appeared only in one brief scene, and a girl who announced, after her fifty-ninth viewing of another Sinatra movie, that he spoke fourteen hundred and seventy-six words in it, not counting the lyrics of songs.

Sinatra's evolution, in the past two years, into a crusader for civil liberties and a political orator has delighted his fans. They are impressed by the knowledge that they are pledged to an entertainer of such versatility, and they look down upon the more limited idols of other fans. "Van Johnson," one Sinatra fan said in disparagement of an actor who has quite a few fans of his own, "hasn't done a darn thing for anybody except sit around and look cute." While Sinatra was stumping for Roosevelt in 1944, his fans dutifully put on buttons saying, "Frankie's for F.D.R. and so are we," and took to nagging at their parents to vote a straight Sinatra ticket. The Sinatra-fan-club papers run editorials condemning intolerance and urging their readers to cut down on ice-cream sodas so that they can contribute — in Sinatra's name, of course — to humanitarian causes. Last winter, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis collected money for its March of Dimes by conducting a popularity contest at a stand in Times Square. Passersby were invited to drop change into any one of forty-eight bottles, each labelled with the name of an entertainer. As soon as the local Sinatra clubs heard of the competition, they mobilized for action, and when the coins were finally counted, it was dis-

covered that Sinatra's bottle contained nearly twice as much money as that of the runner-up, Bing Crosby.

Sinatra has undoubtedly made his fans tolerance-conscious and persuaded them to champion the rights of minority groups, but on the whole they have not learned to be tolerant of critics of Sinatra. When Ben Gross, the radio editor of the *Daily News*, remarked that he did not consider Sinatra the greatest singer in the world, one Sinatra fan wrote him that she "would love to take you to Africa, tie you to the ground, pour honey on you, and let the ants come and bite you to pieces," and another that "you should burn in oil, pegs should be driven into your body, and you should be hung by your thumbs." For unwavering loyalty to the man of their choice and antipathy for his detractors, Sinatra fans have no peers. He likes the color blue, so do they. He likes chocolate and pistachio ice cream, so do they. It was once reported that he had switched from purple to brown fountain-pen ink, many of them changed theirs, too, and one girl, who had just bought a large supply of purple and couldn't afford not to use it up, decided to write letters three times as long to expedite the exhaustion of her supply. Before the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight this summer, Sinatra's New York fans learned that Sinatra's pal Toots Shor was rooting for Conn. The fans, assuming that no true friend of the singer would differ with him on an important matter and that therefore Sinatra must be for Conn, too, began rooting for the challenger. Just before the fight, Sinatra came to New York, and the fans learned that he not only was favoring Louis but had bet fairly heavily on him. Impassively switching their party line, the fans were solidly behind the champion from there on in.

Sinatra's fans can be demure enough young ladies when they are by themselves, and even en masse they are not always disorderly, but they have nevertheless compiled an impressive record of shenanigans from coast to coast. In 1943, when Sinatra was on his way to Hollywood, to fulfill a movie contract with Radio-Keith-Orpheum, the studio anticipated, and may just possibly have inspired, trouble at the railway station when it requested an escort of twenty-five policemen to protect Sinatra on his arrival. R.K.O. then decided to have him disembark secretly at Pasadena instead of publicly at Los Angeles. This secret was whispered over the radio. R.K.O. sent a collection of bit players to Pasadena to welcome Sinatra, in case his fans had missed hearing the whisper. They hadn't. Five thousand of them met the train, and in the ensuing turmoil at least one girl bit at least one reporter in the arm. In Boston, Sinatra was once welcomed at a station by three thousand young women. One of them, clutching wildly at him, missed and gashed a detective with her fingernails, and another, perhaps enraged by a local newspaper's report that the singer was contributing all his fan mail to a wastepaper drive, made a flying tackle at him from a divan in a hotel lobby. She missed, too. Some months

later, when Sinatra was to appear in a Boston armory, the management had the seats bolted to the floor. In Chicago, Sinatra fans broke a few windows of a train on which he had just arrived, and another time there an enthusiastic young miss, trying to hand him a bouquet of flowers, knocked down a bishop who happened to be in her way. In San Francisco, fifty-six girls lined up at four in the morning outside a theatre in which he was singing, to wait for the box office to open, and were arrested for violating a local wartime curfew. Sinatra protested to the police, in their defense, that they had not stayed up late but had merely arisen early. A plane in which he was traveling landed at the Detroit airport just before the arrival of a car bearing Secretary of War Patterson, for whom a police escort had been provided. The Secretary took a quick look at the crowd closing in on Sinatra and told the escort to take care of him instead. In Pittsburgh, a candy store next to a theatre into which Sinatra had been booked prudently boarded up its windows ahead of time, and the schools prepared for his arrival by decreeing expulsion as the penalty for inexplicable absenteeism. As a rule, any public appearance by Sinatra is a guarantee of at least a modest riot, and some of his old, experienced friends are no longer willing to accompany him to a rendezvous with his impulsive public. "You can enjoy that sort of thing for five minutes," one of them remarked, "but six minutes is too goddam much."

Nowhere are Sinatra's fans more exuberant than in New York, and nowhere in New York is their exuberance more spirited than at the Paramount, where in the past four years the singer has made four appearances, covering eighteen weeks in all. The Paramount is the shrine of their disorder. "No holds are barred there," a Sinatra fan said cheerfully a few weeks ago. "That's the home of swoon." Sinatra has broken the house records almost everywhere he has appeared, but not at the Paramount, for when he is there many of his fans literally consider the theatre their home and spend the day in it, occupying a seat through half a dozen shows for the price of one ticket. A girl who sat through fifty-five stage and screen shows in the three weeks of Sinatra's last tour of duty at the Paramount quivers with remorse when she recalls that during his first engagement there she left after one performance. She points out that she was only twelve then, but she says, "I die every time I think of it." The management of the theatre, trying desperately to increase the turnover, has resorted to various devices in an attempt to clear the house. It has, for instance, required young patrons who bring box lunches to check them in the lobby. This rule is difficult to enforce. Many fans hide sandwiches, candy bars, and other emergency refreshment in their purses and under their clothes. Furthermore, those who comply with the rule paralyze the operation of the cloakroom by milling around it when they finally depart and complaining bitterly that they deposited a peanut butter on white instead of the pressed ham on rye the attendant is trying to palm off on

them. The theatre tries to book as inferior a movie as possible to complement Sinatra, hoping the recurrent flashes of mediocrity on the screen will discourage fans from waiting around for the next stage show, but the fans either take naps or turn their backs to the screen and chat with one another during the picture.

Before Sinatra opens at the Paramount, the management summons its ushers to a lecture on a special kind of tolerance and warns its staff to watch out for patrons' attempts to reach the performer's dressing room by sneaking underneath the stage. Sinatra's recent appearances there have been big parties in which the audience has participated almost as fully as the paid hands. At the final performance of an engagement in the fall of 1945, Sinatra and the spectators joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." A year before, while Sinatra was on the Paramount stage, an eighteen-year-old boy sitting in the orchestra threw three eggs at him. One hit its mark. The orchestra swung into "The Star-Spangled Banner," but a lively fracas developed anyway. In the course of it, the assistant manager of the theatre suffered a sprained finger while helping to save the assailant from being mauled to death. A fifteen-year-old young lady who had been sitting next to the egg thrower said afterward, "I grabbed him right after the third egg, I got in a couple with my handbag. My friend hit him with her binoculars." (Sinatra fans, even when seated in the second or third row, often use binoculars.) Sinatra, unwounded, forgave his foe, and the audience took up a collection and later interrupted the show again to present the singer with four large bouquets of flowers. Even during shows not featured by assault, the fans usually present him with at least one large bouquet. At the Paramount, he has received innumerable other gifts, including a loving cup, a heart-shaped arrangement of carnations, a golden key (the card explained that he already possessed the hearts it would unlock), two Teddy bears, and a portable bar.

Ever since the Sinatra tide began to swell, it has been alleged that his popularity, though perhaps not altogether undeserved, is not altogether uninspired, either. Some people have even come right out and blamed the whole business on press-agentry. George Evans, who has been Sinatra's press man for nearly four years, was once quoted by a newspaper reporter as having said that he had urged girls to moan and suffer unaccountable dizzy spells at the Paramount. He has frequently offered to donate a thousand dollars to the favorite charity of anyone who could prove that "a kid was given a ticket, a pass, a gift, or a gratuity of any kind in any shape or manner at all to go in and screech." Recently, perhaps because of the inflationary nature of the times, Evans has raised the stakes to five thousand. He does not maintain, though, that Sinatra's acclaim has always been entirely spontaneous. "Certain things were done," he says mysteriously. "It would be as wrong for me to divulge them as it would be for a doctor to discuss his work."

The word "swoon," now inseparably attached to Sinatra, was firmly tied to him in an imaginative item that two press agents for the Riobamba, a New York night club in which he toiled in the spring of 1943, persuaded a gossip columnist to publish. Its import was that women were swooning and otherwise acting up all over the joint. One of the few actual cases of coma induced by Sinatra's singing turned out to be simply the result of malnutrition, a young lady had been waiting in line outside a theatre nearly all night and then had sat through seven shows without nourishment. Many other girls, however, have obligingly lost consciousness for a moment to accommodate photographers.

To many unenlightened visitors to Evans' office, at 1775 Broadway, the place looks pretty much like any other press agent's headquarters, but to Sinatra fans it is mecca. Though Sinatra is scarcely ever there, it is the nerve center for the vast activities of his fans, whom Evans undeniably eggs on. "It's almost like a public service," he explains in extenuation. "If the kids weren't doing this, they'd be doing something less elevating." He maintains liaison with most of the Sinatra fans through a middle-aged widow named Marjorie Diven, who sits in a cluttered cubicle stacked to the ceiling with scrapbooks, photographs, card files, and unanswered fan mail. Many Sinatra fans would consider it a treat to be permitted to help Mrs. Diven paste up clippings and slit envelopes, but ordinarily only fan-club presidents enjoy the privilege. This system serves the double purpose of giving club members aspiring to office an extra incentive and of providing Evans with a certain amount of superior unpaid clerical assistance. Sinatra's fans have huge respect for Mrs. Diven, and she has been elected to honorary membership in hundreds of their clubs. "Marj is just about the busiest person I have ever seen," one of the girls has said. Sinatra fans, like Sinatra, hardly ever use last names. "Calling Frank Mr. would be as silly as calling my mother Mrs.," said one recently. They call Evans, who has a married son, George. They are, though, rather afraid of him and try hard not to annoy him, for fear of getting in bad with Frank.

Marj has been handling Frank's fans for George since the spring of 1944. Hers is so much a labor of love that she keeps at it nights and weekends. "People think it's strange that I take this business so seriously," she says, "but I've seen many things it does that go beyond the eye. There was a sixteen-year-old girl in Alsace-Lorraine who, maybe because of some war experience, was suspicious of all men but Frank. Why, she wouldn't even trade stamps. After she wrote in, I got in touch with a forty-five-year-old male fan in Iceland — the serious, responsible type — and had him write her a couple of letters. Five months later, she wrote Frank and asked if it would be all right if she wrote back to the man in Iceland, and I said yes. Now she's happy; she sleeps with his letters under her

pillow. We in New York cured that girl in Alsace-Lorraine with the help of a man in Iceland."

Mrs Diven has organized Sinatra cells in many foreign places, including Ceylon, Nigeria, and the Isles of Wight and of Man. His fans in Argentina, she says, are the most excitable and those in England the most reserved. "Turkey is becoming very Sinatra-conscious," she announced matter-of-factly one day. She tries to get domestic fans to correspond with ones abroad, and has organized the Adopt a Foreign Fan Association. "I wrote for your picture three months ago and haven't got it yet," a fan reported to Sinatra, "but I got a wonderful friend in Canada." Mrs Diven, who is without doubt the world's greatest expert on the Sinatra fan, has a clear image of what she thinks is the typical one. "She's a fourteen-year-old girl living in a small town," she says. "She never gets to see anybody except her family, who haven't much money, and her schoolmates. She's lonely. On the way home from school, she stops at a drugstore for an ice-cream soda and picks up a movie magazine. She reads about Frank's life and its sounds wonderful: a pretty wife, two children — a boy and a girl — plenty of money, a home in Hollywood near the other movie stars. She writes him a letter. She imagines he gets about six or seven letters a day, and she visualizes him at his breakfast table, with her letter propped against the toaster. She calculates how long it will take for his answer to her to come back. When the time arrives and she hears the postman coming, she runs down the lane to her mailbox, one of those wobbly rural boxes. She keeps this up for three weeks, while her family makes fun of her. It's the thought of that fourteen-year-old girl running down that lane to that wobbly mailbox that makes me sympathetic to the fans."

Of the five thousand fan letters Sinatra receives a week, few ever feel the comforting warmth of his toaster. Nearly all, no matter how they are addressed, eventually end up in Evans' office. New York fans who have visited the place and made this discovery are sometimes disillusioned. "Why the devil do I write him every Wednesday night?" cried one girl, up to the top of her bobby sox in other fans' mail. Most of the letters are either requests for photographs, renditions of certain songs, or buttons off his suits, or else are run-of-the-mill expressions of admiration. (There are also many postcards, which Mrs Diven simply puts aside until her office gets unbearably cramped. Then she throws them out, as many as fifty thousand at a time.) There are, in addition, a few crackpot notes and a quantity of appeals for information, advice, or comfort. A surprisingly large number of young people think Sinatra is omniscient and thus qualified to answer such questions as "What does a girl do whose world seems to have come to an end?" or, as a fourteen-year-old boy put his problem, "Do you think you should talk to your best girl about sex?" Some of the most ticklish queries are tackled by Evans himself, perhaps the only press agent on Broadway who spends an hour or so a day telling young women

how to get over being wallflowers at dances. "Not every girl can be popular," he writes, and suggests that they take up the piano. Mrs. Diven, a prodigious correspondent, answers all other letters that seem to require a reply, signing herself as Sinatra's secretary "I wonder what he *really* thinks about the kids," she once remarked, when no kids were present. On the whole, Sinatra thinks well of them, since they have helped to make him what he is. He is usually patient with them, but now and then he admits that their aggressiveness exasperates him, and an article, entitled "If My Daughter Were Seventeen," that appeared a while ago under his signature in *Photoplay*, contained the statement "Personally, I've always admired girls who have a certain amount of reserve."

Most prominent entertainers who appeal to young people have one or two fan clubs, Sinatra has two thousand, among them the Subjects of the Sultan of Swoon, the Bow-tie-dolizers, Frankie's United Swooners, the Hotra Sinatra Club, the Our Swoon Prince Frankie Fan Club, the Bobbie Sox Swoonerettes, and the Frank Sinatra Fan and Mah-Jongg Club. Some fans belong to several dozen clubs. Dues generally run around a dollar a year, and business meetings amount to little more than convening around a phonograph or radio and listening to The Voice. Some of the clubs have elaborate constitutions, the preamble to that of the Society for Swooning Souls of the Sensational Sinatra, a Pittsburgh organization, says that "We will never believe anything awful about Frank unless we hear him verify it." A few dozen of the clubs are affiliated with the Modern Screen Fan Club Association, run by *Modern Screen* as a circulation device. This magazine also conducts an annual contest to find out what movie actor is most popular with its readers. Sinatra won the contest in 1944, Van Johnson in 1945, and Sinatra again this year. His eminence is at least in part a result of the feverish letter writing of his fans. They are as diligent a bunch of correspondents as any older pressure group, and, at the instigation of their leaders, they keep bombarding people in the radio, movie, and recording business with demands for more of Frankie.

Most of Sinatra's fans are insatiable for information about him and find that the sustenance provided by movie magazines is, like chop suey, filling enough but of little nutritive value. Their fan-club publications, mostly mimeographed affairs, which deal exclusively, and often lengthily, with Sinatra, provide more nourishment. Nearly every issue contains sentimental poems and an account of a dream in which the author met the singer. (Any club member who does meet or even see him can be counted on for two thousand words about the experience.) The club papers carry no advertisements, but many of them ask their subscribers to buy products with whose manufacturers Sinatra is or has been professionally associated. The text is usually laced with the slang Sinatra uses. Two recurrent words are "fave" and "natch," for, respectively, "favorite" and "naturally." The fans' fave adjectives are "cute," "sweet," and "smooth," most

frequently employed in modification of Sinatra (Often, to tease his fans, Sinatra sticks his tongue out at them, and one fan-club correspondent who got a closeup view of this spectacle disclosed to her circulation that his tongue was smooth, too) The fave utility word is "hey," which Sinatra occasionally uses, as if it were a period, to end his sentences "If you're old enough to smoke, try an Old Gold hey," the fans tell each other, or "Now please send in your dues hey." There are social notes ("Our president is a very fortunate girl. Her brother-in-law met a soldier who knew Frank"), political notes ("Frankie for President in 1956"), contests ("An 8 x 10 glossy action pose of Frankie for completing the sentence 'Frank is an average American because . . .' in less than fifty words"), and fashion notes ("He was wearing dark gray trousers, white shirt, black sleeveless sweater, a floppy black and white polkadot bow tie, light gray jacket, and a white carnation. Sharp, natch!")

A conscientious Sinatra fan carries at least half a dozen snapshots of him in her purse wherever she goes and is always ready to trade with other Sinatra fans No one can say how many pictures of Sinatra repose in how many homes, but one girl is known to have four hundred and twenty-four in hers, this was discovered when she wrote to Mrs Diven requesting a four-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Fans who can afford cameras take shots of Sinatra whenever he comes within range (He carries a camera, too — a miniature the size of a cigarette lighter — but he never photographs fans) Often, in their eagerness, they make the mistake of photographing someone who looks like him, but they usually manage to trade the resulting pictures off, in a dim light. The fans are so anxious to get any new pictures of Sinatra that when the Columbia Recording Corporation distributed to its dealers a handsome, almost life-size likeness of him, several unscrupulous retailers made a nice profit by selling them to well-heeled fans at ten dollars apiece. The fans also buy plain, normal-size photographs of Sinatra Kier's Book House, a cramped bazaar on the Avenue of the Americas, is one of their favorite shops Kier's publishes a catalogue which lists the more than three hundred entertainers for whose likenesses there is a more or less steady demand. Sinatra's name is the only one followed by any remark, after it appears the notation "35 Poses."

When performing, Sinatra often makes himself the butt of all jokes, possibly because he knows that his fans regard it as a duty to express shrill resentment of any slur, no matter how slight, on his person or personality. He cannot, in their presence, sing beyond the title words of "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" without hearing cries of "Oh, no, Frankie, you got everyt'in." When he made a guest appearance on a broadcast from New York this summer, he requested the audience, before the program started, to keep quiet, but though the girls in it tried hard to obey, the script imposed fearful temptations on them They uttered smothered groans when their hero was called a skinny runt. They bit their lips when, immediately after

he had expressed amazement at the notion that he should be expected to knock down a door, a slip of a woman, in collaboration with a sound-effects man, knocked it down. Sinatra often impishly improvises tortures for his fans, and while the door smashing was going on he hummed snatches of the easily recognizable theme song of Bing Crosby, whom Sinatra fans profess to consider a second-rate singer. Their other official villain is Van Johnson. The house organ of an Illinois outfit ambitiously called the National Association of Frank Sinatra Fans always refers to the movie actor as van johnson. Early this year, Sinatra invited Johnson to appear as a guest on his radio show, put on that week in San Francisco, where Sinatra was also playing at a theatre. Johnson wandered over to the theatre while Sinatra was onstage and watched him from the wings. The producer of the radio program, who was hanging around, too, noticed Johnson and suggested that he walk out on the stage and add some unexpected zest to Sinatra's act. "Van was overawed by Frank," the producer said afterward. "He said, 'Oh, I couldn't do that. I don't know Frank well enough.' I couldn't get anywhere with him, so finally, when Frankie had finished and another act was working, I beckoned him to the wings for a moment and he agreed that it would be a wonderful idea for Van to break up his act. 'When'll I do it?' Van asked Frank. 'When the fellow here tells you,' Frank said, pointing to me. Well, a couple of minutes later, right in the middle of a speech Frank was making, I gave Van the nudge. 'I'll wait till he's finished talking,' Van said. I could see he wasn't getting the idea at all, so I pushed him out on the stage. There was the damndest clamor you ever saw. The kids screamed, and waved at Van to get the hell out of there. Van looked worried. The kids yelled louder. Van looked scared. Then Frank ran over and put his arm around Van. That calmed the kids. They can take anything if it's all right with Frank. Sinatra fans are very loyal to Sinatra."

The most loyal of his fans are those who follow him doggedly about whatever city he happens to be in. They usually run in packs of about ten. Lots of these girls, who have been fans of his for two or three years, are now sixteen or seventeen. They consider it poor taste to pester him with requests for autographs, and they rarely try to converse with him, being content merely to stare at him. They insist that there are two kinds of Sinatra admirers — themselves, who are the true fans, and a younger, noisier element, who do not trouble to pursue him but simply gather outside stage doors or restaurant entrances and howl for his autograph. The "fans" refer to this rowdy faction as "fiends." A man who was confused by this distinction once asked Sinatra if he understood the difference between a fan and a fiend. "Certainly," he said. "The kids who hang around stage doors and ask for an occasional autograph — they're fans. But the ones who follow me all over the place — they're fiends." Whatever they are, the roving admirers work extraordinarily hard at their singular hobby.

"You know," one of them reflected a few minutes after she had bruised her knee and lost a silver-plated barrette in a scuffle involving many fiendish fans, "you have to like someone an awful lot to go through what we go through."

III. JUST A KID FROM HOBOKEN*

Two or three months ago, while Frank Sinatra was dining at an elegant midtown restaurant, with headwaiters twittering into his ear and the street outside full of fans awaiting his departure, he began to describe to his companions a dance he had gone to the night before at a Westchester country club "What a chichi joint!" he said "Everybody there had zillions!" Sinatra, who was himself wearing what might have been described as a chichi ensemble — saggy black bow tie, a pseudo-military jacket, and gold accessories — has always thought of himself as a matchless singer, but sometimes it seems that he is not yet fully aware of the extent of the material good fortune his voice has brought him. He apparently hadn't stopped to think that many of the other guests at the country club might have been even more awed by his earning power than he had been by theirs, and that almost any one of them might easily have said, after the ball was over, "Can you beat that kid making four million dollars in the last four years!" Sinatra is a native of Hoboken. In public statements, he likes to describe himself as "just a kid from Hoboken" and to imply that if a poor boy from a place like Hoboken can do as well as he has done in so short a time, this is indeed a land of hope and promise. His triumph has been as splendid as Cinderella's, and the storybook quality of his life is probably the basis of much of the appeal he has for young citizens who have never known anything even approximating success or prosperity.

Sinatra, an only child, was born in 1917, on December 12th (a day which some of his fans now regard as an anniversary second in importance only to Christmas), to Martin and Natalie Sinatra, who were born in Italy. In his younger days, Martin Sinatra did some professional prize-fighting as a bantamweight, but for many years he was a boilermaker, and at the time of his son's birth he was doing war work in a Hoboken shipyard. Some years later, he abandoned boilermaking for the somewhat less strenuous routine of the Hoboken Fire Department, in which he is now a captain. Mrs. Sinatra has spent a good part of her life keeping house for her family, but lately she has been passing her winters in a hotel in Florida, as befits any mother of so eminent a son. Frank grew up in a section of town populated largely by Italians. Being Italians, and also Catholics, his family and their neighbors were subjected to many of the indignities familiar to minority groups, including an occasional visit from local representatives of the Ku Klux Klan. Sinatra did not, as has been reported, once help a group of aroused citizens to disperse a Klan meeting

* Part III — *The New Yorker* of November 9, 1946.

with clubs and baseball bats; he was too young to wield a bat. He did, however, get close enough to see it, and the memory of this skirmish, along with other depressing recollections of racial and religious bigotry, has influenced his social point of view and is responsible for the stand he has publicly taken against intolerance.

• Sinatra had a public-school education in Hoboken. In 1935, when he was a senior, he left high school to go to work as an eleven-dollar-a-week helper on a delivery truck of the *Jersey Observer*, the local afternoon daily. A story has been widely circulated that he became a promising sportswriter for the paper. In fact, his official biography, issued by his press agent, confers this distinction upon him, adding that he "walked into the city room one day and gave his notice to the bewildered editor." No one is more bewildered by this account of Sinatra's journalistic career than the editor of the *Observer*, who is under the impression that Sinatra never contributed so much as an adjective to his sports department. On the whole, however, the *Observer* is proud of him, and when he is mentioned in its columns nowadays it is inclined to refer to him noncommittally as "a former employee."

Even in his teens, Sinatra had a single-minded determination to become a successful singer. Today he is known to his many fans as a lover of banana splits and, when he is roughing it, plain pistachio or chocolate ice cream, but one of his schoolmates recently recalled that Frank rarely dallied with the other kids in Hoboken ice-cream parlors, being far too preoccupied with his future to waste time on such ephemeral fripperies. Sinatra enjoyed certain social activities, such as high-school proms and neighborhood weddings, but only because they afforded him an opportunity to sing to an audience, even if sometimes an inattentive one. Early in 1936, shortly after his eighteenth birthday, he went to a Jersey City theatre to hear Bing Crosby and, having listened appraisingly, decided, with characteristic self-confidence, that if Crosby could make a go of singing, he could, too. Without bothering to inform Crosby, he forthwith began, on an extremely modest scale, to be his rival. His first public recital before a crowd of strangers was in an amateur contest at the State Theatre in Jersey City. He won it, thereby becoming eligible to appear in an amateur contest at the Academy of Music, on Fourteenth Street, in Manhattan. The patrons of the Academy were a finicky lot, given to expressing openly and crudely their opinion of amateurs whom they wanted to dissuade from turning pro. Sinatra's assurance has deserted him momentarily a couple of times. In 1943, just before making his first appearance at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, he got so jittery that he slipped in a bathtub, sprained an ankle, and nearly had to cancel his première. He felt the same way before he went on at the Academy. "I'm standing backstage there, shaking," he says, "figuring that the minute they announce a guy's from Hoboken, he's dead." (Sinatra follows the show-

business convention of describing mild sensations in grim terms. If he says "I'm dying," he means "I'm slightly upset," and if he says "That fractures me," he means "That's an amusing joke.") When Sinatra was introduced at the Academy, no one took exception to his having come from Hoboken, and although he didn't win, he heard no boos and was called no uncouth names by the patrons. •

Heartened by this encouraging silence, Sinatra decided to give up his journalistic career and try singing with some of the semi-pro, pick-up bands that were then prowling around New Jersey, snaffling a small job here and a smaller one there. The leaders of these bands usually hired their musicians and vocalists by the engagement, ordinarily paying three dollars or less a night. To enhance his standing with these rural band leaders, Sinatra borrowed fifteen dollars from his father and bought a number of arrangements of popular tunes. Few leaders of pick-up bands had such libraries, by offering his music along with himself, Sinatra got more jobs and once or twice earned six dollars a night. In a few months, though he had as yet attracted practically no attention, he had managed to save sixty-five dollars, which he invested in a portable public-address device with a rhinestone-studded amplifying horn. Band leaders found a vocalist who, regardless of what they might think of his voice, could provide them with a library *and* a rhinestone-studded public-address system almost irresistible. Sinatra, however, soon felt that he had done all he could with this career, and began once again to think about amateur contests. The late Major Bowes was then the undisputed Maecenas of all more or less amateur amateurs who hoped to become established professional amateurs. Sinatra entered himself in one of Bowes' audition broadcasts, but when three young instrumentalists from his home town turned up too, Bowes arbitrarily teamed them together and hastily named them the Hoboken Four. They were well received and were hired to make a tour with one of the amateur companies Bowes was then sponsoring, but after a couple of months of travelling, Sinatra got homesick and left the troupe.

Sinatra became a full-time professional soloist at the age of twenty, when he got a job at the Rustic Cabin, a roadhouse outside Hoboken, at a weekly wage of fifteen dollars. He remained there a year and a half, during which time he received his only formal instruction in singing, his teacher being a man who specialized in voice exercises intended to strengthen the muscles of the throat. Sinatra, his throat muscles bulging, got a ten-dollar raise in February, 1939, and celebrated this omen of prosperity by marrying Nancy Barbato, a Hoboken girl with whom he had been keeping company for several years. Faced with new responsibilities, he began to search for new opportunities. He was distressed by the realization that while a number of people along the west bank of the Hudson could hear him sing whenever they felt like it, this pleasure was being denied all who were less fortunately situated. He made an informal survey

of the habits of people who liked to listen to singers on the radio and concluded that they could be divided into four significant groups — the early-morning birds, the lunchtime devotees, the teatime gang, and the insomniacs. He wangled introductions to officials of three local stations and offered to sing over the air without charge. All three took him up, and he was soon singing eighteen times a week — at dawn, at noon, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, as well as at the roadhouse later on (One of the stations paid him seventy cents a week for carfare.) It was a taxing schedule, but he was able to comfort himself with the knowledge that his voice was finally being made available to at least some of the people most of the time.

Ever since Sinatra has been in the pleasurable position of being able to ask for fees in addition to carfare, practically everybody who ever shook hands with him during his early days has taken credit for his success. As a matter of fact, his own determination and his unswerving faith in himself deserve most of the credit. His first break came in June, 1939, when Harry James, the trumpeter, who had left Benny Goodman's band a few months before to form one of his own, began casting around for a presentable vocalist and hooked Sinatra. James had not then attained any great renown, and during the six months that Sinatra was with him, neither of them created a noticeable stir. Together, they recorded a fairly undistinguished tune entitled "All or Nothing at All," and the record's sales during the next year reached the depressing total of about eight thousand (In the spring of 1943, after both men had arrived, the record was reissued, and more than a million copies of it were sold.) A music publisher who hoped to interest Tommy Dorsey, the trombonist and band leader, in the exceptional merits of "All or Nothing at All" played the James-Sinatra version of the tune for him one day. "Tommy just sits there taking in this vocal," a song plugger who was at this audition recently recalled. "It seems to intrigue him. He likes this guy Sinatra." Dorsey's interest may have been captured by something very familiar about the vocalist's style. For many months, Sinatra had been studying Dorsey's technique and vocally imitating the trombonist's peculiarly smooth phrasing. Dorsey asked Sinatra to join his outfit. Most aspiring singers know that in order to catch on, they have to be presented to the public gaudily and often. Dorsey's band was, as it still is, one of the leading dance bands in the country, and Sinatra could not have hoped for a more resplendent showcase. Sinatra, who was in Chicago with the James band when the call came, hurried to Milwaukee to join Dorsey at the theatre in which he was playing. The singer nervously went through a couple of numbers for the audience, and was received with considerable enthusiasm. "The guy actually looked into a mirror and pinched himself," a member of Dorsey's band recalls. It is one of the few times Sinatra has been astonished by approval.

Many of Sinatra's present admirers simply can't believe that he languished for a year and a half at the Rustic Cabin and for three years with Dorsey, playing second fiddle to a trombone. The latter association was, though, of enormous benefit to Sinatra. Dorsey taught him a number of useful tricks, such as how to handle teen-age music lovers, and introduced him to branches of the entertainment world with which he was largely unfamiliar, except as a layman. Sinatra was briefly visible in a couple of movie sequences with the band, he was frequently heard on network radio programs, he took bows from the stages of some big motion-picture theatres, and, through Dorsey's records, he became a permanent inmate of the nation's juke boxes. Several of the records he made with the band, including "I'll Never Smile Again" and "This Love of Mine" (Sinatra composed the lyrics of this one), brought tears to the eyes of thousands of barflies and débutantes. Meanwhile, the kid from Hoboken was also making quite an impression upon his colleagues. His salary went from an initial seventy-five dollars a week to two hundred and fifty. He never saved much, however, being seized even then by the extravagant impulses that still relentlessly grip him. He was constantly picking up restaurant checks, and he insisted on staying at fancy hotels, no matter where the rest of the outfit might be quartered. He amazed his companions most of all by his immaculateness. Bandsmen become conditioned by one-night stands and overnight bus jumps to an acceptance of small amounts of dirt, Sinatra was sensationally fastidious. "Why, he changed his shirt every day," one of his colleagues has said. "Sometimes he took two or three baths a day, and he was always washing his hands. Also, damned if he didn't refuse to eat from a dirty plate."

In January, 1942, Sinatra was chosen by the readers of *Metronome* as the best male band singer of the preceding year. A press agent sent on the road ahead of the Dorsey band to glorify its talents discovered, to his surprise, that the journalists he approached were often more interested in Dorsey's vocalist than in Dorsey, and he so advised Dorsey. The trombonist, who was, after all, the leader of the band and who has always been a sensitive, temperamental man, was not altogether pleased at this intelligence. Sinatra, whose sensitiveness and temperament can hold their own in any competition, couldn't have been happier. He decided that he was ready to step out on his own. Dorsey and his business manager, Leonard Vannerson, agreed to release Sinatra from his contract, which they held jointly, in return for forty-three and one-third per cent of his gross earnings for the next ten years, a deal to which Sinatra committed himself. "He would have given anybody a piece of him then," a friend has since explained.

Sinatra left Dorsey in the summer of 1942, and in the ensuing twelve months earned nearly two hundred thousand dollars, of which he was entitled to only about a third, since he had acquired a booking agent, a

press agent, and one or two other satellites who had staked out small claims on him. He began to feel that he had been imposed upon, and instead of giving Dorsey his cut, he got a lawyer. "You can quote Sinatra as saying," Sinatra told some reporters, "that he believes it is wrong for anybody to own a piece of him and collect on it when that owner is doing nothing for Sinatra." Dorsey and Vannerson, unmoved by this chauvinistic attitude, began proceedings to attach Sinatra's earnings, and some of Sinatra's most militant fans started to picket theatres where Dorsey was appearing. The band leader could undoubtedly have survived this quaint boycott, but before long the dispute was settled anyway by the Music Corporation of America, a masterful talent agency. M.C.A. paid Dorsey, who was one of its clients, and Vannerson thirty-five thousand dollars, and Sinatra added twenty-five thousand, gallantly lent him by the Columbia Recording Corporation as an advance against royalties. In return, Sinatra's old friends gave back to Sinatra their pieces of him. Sinatra, who was being represented by the General Amusement Corporation (which, making an interesting adjustment, now calls itself the General Artists Corporation), in turn agreed to switch from G.A.C. to M.C.A. Finally, M.C.A. agreed to split with G.A.C. its commissions on Sinatra's earnings up to 1948. Sinatra had the last word. "I now own myself," he told the press.

Sinatra had signed up with G.A.C. when he left Dorsey. For the first couple of months, the agency found that many employers of theatrical talent were not impressed by a band singer detached from his band and considered him merely an ordinary solo act, and a mighty frail-looking one at that. G.A.C. did manage to get Sinatra signed to a recording contract with Columbia, but he could not take full advantage of it because James C. Petrillo at the time was not permitting the musicians in his union to make any records. Sinatra and a few other singers turned out some records in which vocal choruses supplied accompaniment, but they had an anemic sound. One of Columbia's executives, Emanuel Sacks, who had a good deal of respect for his firm's new properties, persuaded William S. Paley, head of the Columbia Broadcasting System, to use Sinatra on some C.B.S. sustaining programs, and G.A.C. got him a booking at the Mosque Theatre, in Newark, where he was practically a home-town boy and where he made extremely good. He was heard there by the manager of the New York Paramount, who engaged him as an extra added attraction on a bill headed by Benny Goodman's orchestra and opening at that theatre on December 31, 1942. Sinatra was held at the Paramount for eight weeks. Just after his debut there, he took on George Evans, the gifted press agent who has become one of the principal members of his court. Evans had handled publicity for the late Glenn Miller's orchestra and for other musicians. He went to work on Sinatra with considerable esprit. He also went to work on American womanhood, a junior segment of which soon became convinced that applause was no longer an adequate expression of

approval for a performer. The nationwide squealing began. Theatre people have an axiom that any publicity is good publicity, and press agents are continually inventing or appropriating timely mots and comments, which they present to columnists as the creations of their clients. Thus, as Sinatra began to move up, readers of the columns came upon items leading off with "Frank Sinatra observes that when certain big-shots . . ." or "Frank Sinatra hopes the Japs will. . ." or even "Frank Sinatra tells the story of the press agent who . . ."

Soon after opening at the Paramount, Sinatra received and accepted several attractive offers from radio and from the movies, but he was still so uncertain a drawing card that several night-club proprietors who had a chance to hire him did not leap at it. In March of 1943, he was booked into a New York café called the Ruobamba, again as an extra added attraction, and his own press agent and the club's press agents went to work on the problem of getting him even more publicity. What developed was, in effect, a campaign using the words "Sinatra" and "swoon" as the roots of what became the most extravagant vocabulary ever constructed around one man. Readers of the public press were soon running into, and often being stopped cold by, Sinatrance, Swoonheart, Sinatritis, Swoonology, Sinatralating, Swoonatra, Sinatraceptive, Swoonatrance, Sinatramania, Swoonatic, Sinatrick, Swoonster, Sinatruck, Swoonery, Sinattractive, Swoondoggler, Stripatra, Swoonism, Sinatraless, Screenatra, Sinatraism, Sinatraphile, Sinatraphobe, Sinatraddiction, Sinatration, Sinatraish, Sinatrabugs, Sinatraltitude, Sinatraing, Sinatroops, Sonatra, and several dozen others. Not all the users of these words were sure what they meant. Walter Winchell thought "Sinatra'd" was the past tense of a verb meaning "to cut up into several financial pieces," but to Dorothy Kilgallen it was a synonym for "mobbed." When, in April of that year, Sinatra made his next appearance at the New York Paramount, the theatre was called the Parasinatra. When he spent a few days at Mt. Sinai Hospital curing a sore throat (some of his mourning fans wore black bobby socks during this crisis), the hospital was called both Mt. Sinatra and Mt. Sinatra. When British planes bombed Sumatra, in the spring of 1944, many young women carelessly glancing at the headlines were severely shocked before the truth dawned on them. The press, playing word games on its own, went even further. It began to devise outlandish names for him, just a few of which were The Voice (which became the official one), the Lean Lark, the Croon Prince of Swing, Moonlight Sinatra, the Swoonlight Sinatra, the Boudoir Singer, the Swoon Kid, the Groovey Galahad, the Swing-Shift Caruso, the Sultan of Swoon, the Swami of Swoon, Loverboy, Dreamboat, The Larynx, Prince Charming of the Juke Boxes, the Mooer, Shoulders, Mr. Swoon, the Bony Baritone, the Svengali of Swing, Frankie Youknowwho, Too-Frank Sinatra, and Angles. The last was a nickname Sinatra once said he thought

especially appropriate, since angles were what he was always trying to figure out new ones of.

Sinatra's fans are among the nation's most conscientious students of the syndicated gossip columns, and they judge the conductors of them solely by their attitude toward Sinatra. Earl Wilson is their old reliable. He has maintained closer liaison with Sinatra than any of his competitors, and his reports of the singer's activities are fairly accurate. So many Sinatra fans around New York read Wilson that he prints intra-Sinatraish bulletins like "Note to Sinatra Fans. Don't try to mob Frankie when he arrives shortly, let him alone, for he's busy." Whereas Wilson is the most dependable about Sinatra, Dorothy Kilgallen is the most dependent on him. Now and then, probably when she is tired, she doesn't write a column at all but instead publishes a batch of letters from his admirers and detractors. Ed Sullivan is the most mathematical. He has reported that the odds against Sinatra's becoming famous were the same as those against a gambler's throwing four consecutive double sixes, or 1,679,615 to 1. Elsa Maxwell is the most erratic. In August, 1943, she called Sinatra "actually the glorification of ignorance, musical illiteracy, and the power of fake, synthetic, raw publicity in its greatest arrogance — propaganda in its most cynical form." Three months later, perhaps, having concluded that anyone as obnoxious as all that deserved further investigation, she met him and reported, "I found a simple unspoiled singer of songs." In August, 1944, she suddenly reversed herself again and called him "my *bête noire*," and thirteen months after that, in a spectacular re-reversal, "my adopted son."

While Miss Maxwell was trying to make up her mind about Sinatra, he was steadily becoming more and more famous as an effective singer of sentimental ballads. He has probably been the most talked-about ballad man since Robert Burns, who a while ago was described in a church sermon as "the Sinatra of his day." Burns was perhaps not quite the Sinatra of his day, since he didn't sing professionally, let alone croon, and Sinatra may not be quite the Burns of his day, having composed nothing but the lyrics of "This Love of Mine," but his devotion to the ballad is complete and wholehearted. He is so fond of ballads that he hums them at the dinner table, and he can easily be persuaded to render them at night clubs into which he has ostensibly wandered as a patron, not as a minstrel. He sings ballads to friends at parties and lulls his children to sleep with them. In "Tips on Popular Singing," a booklet which Sinatra was credited with having helped to write and which was issued in 1941 by a music-publishing company owned by Dorsey, several requisites for success are set down, among them "good health, hard work, and plenty of patience." Sinatra's health and patience are remarkable for a man whose disciples often come close to trampling him to death, and he has worked so hard during some engagements that he has sung as many

as four hundred and eighty heart-wringing ballads in a single week. The ballad most frequently associated with him, and which serves as the theme song of his current weekly radio program, is "Night and Day." Back in 1943, Sinatra was considered so thoroughly a ballad man that when, late that year, he essayed a now happily neglected number, "Pistol Packin' Mama," there was violent protest against this revolutionary departure.

Once before, Sinatra had offended a large number of music lovers, when he happened to speak of the personnel of the New York Philharmonic as "the boys in the band." Sinatra made an appearance as soloist at the Hollywood Bowl with the boys in the Los Angeles Philharmonic during the summer of 1943, a year in which he pulled a number of American symphony orchestras out of the red merely by making one appearance with each of them. Despite the disapproval of the *Los Angeles Times* — which, commenting on an earlier Sinatra concert, with the Washington Symphony, said, "It is a disgrace to the nation that the symphony orchestra of our capital has to be supported by lending its name to entertainers of this type" — Sinatra's recital at the Bowl drew ten thousand spectators. He did not go on until toward the end of the program, since he had a broadcast earlier in the evening. Some of his fans arrived at the Bowl carrying portable radios and tuned them in on him full blast while the symphony tried gamely to compete.

An Indiana University professor once said that Sinatra's popularity could be ascribed to a rebellion of many young people against the classical-music training crammed into them at school. Classical musicians could hardly take that kind of talk lying down, and one of them, Artur Rodzinski, came out fighting in a newspaper interview in which he declared that jazz was contributing to juvenile delinquency. This aroused Sinatra, and soon a lively debate was being waged in the press, with communiqués being issued by Leopold Stokowski, who sided with Sinatra, and Lily Pons, who backed Rodzinski. On January 22, 1944, the *Sun* published a three-column story about the Sinatra-Rodzinski war on its front page — a page on which the *Sun's* hard-pressed editors also had to find room for the first news of an invasion by Allied forces of a stretch of Italian coast near a summer resort called Anzio.

The goal of many performers of popular music is to become the featured attraction of a weekly network radio program. Sinatra has been the star of one, and sometimes two, such programs for nearly four years. His first sponsored show was the Lucky Strike "Hit Parade," on which he started singing in February, 1943. He stayed on it until January, 1945. The "Hit Parade" antedated Sinatra by many years and, before his time, had always regarded its vocalists as incidental to the brisk and brassy efforts of its bands, which relentlessly paraded hits at a rapid tempo. With the arrival of Sinatra, the emphasis shifted to the singer. The spon-

sors became so accustomed to a singer of consequence that when the time came to select a successor to Sinatra they conferred the honor on Lawrence Tibbett. The "Hit Parade" is usually produced in New York, and when Sinatra moved from New Jersey to California, in the spring of 1944, he arranged with Lucky Strike to do his portion of the program in a Hollywood radio studio and agreed to pay part of the expense this entailed. He was required to sing only three or four numbers per parade, and in between them, while the New York part of the show was on the air, he would sometimes have it switched off and entertain his audiences all by himself. That was fine with his studio audiences, although dismaying to his sponsors. "We'd have liked the house in California to listen to the whole of the show," a Lucky Strike man said recently, "including the commercials." Once Sinatra had moved to California, he automatically became the beneficiary of that state's attractive "community property" laws, which permit a wife to pretend that she has earned half her husband's income, and which, by thus reducing the federal income tax a family must pay, have proved as inviting as fresh air and sunshine to many migratory citizens. A married couple like the Sinatras, living in Hollywood and having an income of around a million dollars a year, can usually, after taking advantage of the generous deductions for expenses the Bureau of Internal Revenue permits, manage to hang on to something between a hundred and a hundred and fifty thousand.

All the while Sinatra was getting his foothold, there was a war on, and many service men — perhaps feeling that if they had been spared, they might have attained like eminence — took to muttering that he ought to be drafted. This cry was even raised by a group of Australian schoolgirls, who wanted him sent there by our Army to sustain their morale. Sinatra was deferred for a legitimate reason — he had a perforated eardrum — but the service men thought that he had been excused by the government simply to avoid disturbing young American womanhood. "Mice make women faint, too," a sergeant in Europe pointed out in *Stars & Stripes*. Sinatra's status became so spirited a topic of discussion that the chairman of his draft board was constantly badgered for public statements, and a few Broadway gamblers, during a brief moratorium on horse racing, passed the time by making book on whether the singer would or wouldn't be taken in. Sinatra's replacement of the horse occurred in February, 1945, a month before his draft board finally granted him permanent deferment. Sinatra attempted to make his peace with the armed forces by going to Europe and Africa on a six-week U.S.O. tour just after V-E Day. He was, on the whole, favorably received by the service men, and he also had a brief audience with the Pope. As soon as he got home, however, he denounced U.S.O.-Camp Shows and Army Special Services for putting on mediocre shows and handling artists poorly. He himself was denounced for this outburst by numerous other performers, including Marlene Die-

trich, an artist who had spent considerably more than six weeks, before V-E Day, entertaining troops abroad. She remarked to an interviewer that you could hardly expect the European Theatre to be like the Paramount Sinatra, who prefers one-punch arguments to prolonged debate, had by then retired to the sanctuary of the Waldorf, where he devoted most of three days to making long-distance calls to the families of a couple of hundred soldiers for whom he had offered to transmit messages. He was slowed down in the accomplishment of this mission by the refusal of most of the people he talked with to believe, at first, that it was Sinatra on the phone, and by the insistence of many of them, once convinced, on chatting more about him than about their absent boys.

Sinatra has appeared in six motion pictures, in the last three of which — "Higher and Higher," "Step Lively," and "Anchors Aweigh" — he has had speaking roles. In the earlier ones, he merely sang. In one of these, "Reveille with Beverly," he sang only a single number, but later, when he had become much more of a drawing card, the picture was revived and he was given star billing. When "Higher and Higher" was made, in the summer of 1943, he was just a supporting player, by the time it was released, the following December, R.K.O., its producers, were billing it as "The Sinatra Show," to the dismay of a couple of actors who had thought it was their show. At first, R.K.O. was so impressed with Sinatra's air of innocence that they evidently got him mixed up with Shirley Temple, for they declared that they would not allow him to kiss a girl (He was twenty-five at the time and had a three-year-old daughter.) Later, R.K.O. announced breathlessly that he would deliver his first screen kiss in "Step Lively." This unprecedented bit of eroticism aroused so much interest that *Look*, America's Family Magazine, devoted four pages to it, and it was subsequently revealed that the fan mail of Gloria de Haven, the actress granted the honor of receiving the historic kiss, had climbed from four or five letters a day to several hundred.

Lately, Sinatra has been touring the country, speaking in behalf of interracial harmony. When he heard, a year ago, that some white school children in Gary, Indiana, had refused to attend classes with Negroes, he went there and spoke eloquently, if ineffectively, against this attitude. He believes that he can help to improve the world by inducing young people to give up such prejudices, and he has been at least as successful as a good many elder statesmen who are also dedicated to improving the world. Sinatra had planned to attend the World Youth Conference at Prague this August, but his ideals came into conflict with the demands of commerce and he was obliged to forgo the trip and toil in a movie of something less than international scope called "It Happened in Brooklyn." Sinatra's press agent did not immediately abandon hope of conveying his client, in sound if not in substance, to Czechoslovakia. "That was the State Department," Evans told a visitor who walked into his office one day as

he was hanging up a telephone "They're anxious to have Frankie appear at Prague by short wave or television or something They figure there can't be a World Youth Conference without having Frankie there." It proved impossible, however, to beam Sinatra to Prague, and world youth muddled through without him

It happened that the shooting schedule of "It Happened in Brooklyn" restricted Sinatra not only to this country but, for six weeks, to New York City M G M, the producers of the film, thought it would be nice to photograph some scenes in Brooklyn and sent a detachment East for that purpose From M G M's point of view, the junket turned out unsatisfactorily, as Brooklyn inhospitably cloaked itself in a fine, unphotogenic haze, and after a month and a half the technicians led a retreat to Hollywood, where, presumably, a replica of Brooklyn was constructed Sinatra, however, was delighted that he got the chance to be in New York for six weeks, and so were his local fans, who followed him around Manhattan, a borough he really prefers to Brooklyn Some of his admirers chase him as determinedly as if they were song pluggers, sometimes even bumping into song pluggers His fans are well organized, and whenever he flies from, say, Chicago to New York, some key fan here is almost certain to get a telegram from some key fan there, giving his flight number and time of arrival and wishing the recipient good luck. His fans find him fairly easy to pursue, since he is a man of regular and limited habits In New York, he checks in at the Waldorf, where he establishes himself and his entourage in a suite of rooms, and rarely strays south of Fortieth Street or north of Sixtieth He usually eats out — at Toots Shor's, the Stork Club, or one of a number of midtown Italian places. His fans, naturally, hardly ever eat at these places, but they spend hours outside them. While on the trail, many of them obtain nourishment at Howard Johnson's, a restaurant conveniently situated on Fiftieth Street, between Madison and Park They have little use for surnames and refer to the place simply as Howard's. Most of his fans have to attend school or go to work during the daytime Accordingly, except for vacations, weekends, and holidays, they follow him mainly between seven and eleven at night; many of the girls quit at eleven, because they know that Sinatra disapproves of their staying up as late as he does At Howard's, they fortify themselves with hamburgers and discuss strategy A few extremists have special tip money for dining out. These girls paste miniature gummed photographs of Sinatra onto the coins they leave behind them, so that any waiter who has served them will know whom he really has to thank for their beneficence. Sinatra usually goes out to dinner at seven-thirty, so at seven the girls leave Howard's and deploy themselves around the Waldorf, close to whichever of its twelve exits their intuition tells them he is likely to use. When he emerges and hops into one of the limousines he engages while he is in town, any girls who see him and are lucky enough to be near a vacant

taxicab swarm into it and take off after him. Others light out on foot, but they lose track of his car after a block or so. Then, breathing heavily, they try to guess where he is eating or — since he almost always goes to the theatre after dinner when he is in New York — which of the shows is on his agenda. Those doughty girls who don't mind staying up late regardless of what he thinks of it have to make equally difficult decisions about his choice of a night club after the theatre. Some of Sinatra's pursuers may go two or three days without seeing him at all, on the other hand, certain fans with good luck or good judgment, or both, have been known to get as many as four separate glimpses of him in a day. In the course of waiting around for him, the girls may catch sight of many other celebrities, but an all-out Sinatra fan will have little to do with run-of-the-mill notables. "We only say hello to them if we know they're friends of Frank's," one girl has said.

Sinatra has been a trial to the Waldorf. Last winter, when he and Van Johnson were there at the same time, the hotel's switchboard occasionally became clogged with calls for both parties, and once two factions of young ladies gathered on opposite sides of Forty-ninth Street, outside the hotel, and began chanting, competitively, "We want Van" and "We want Frankie." So many other girls assembled in the hotel's entrances that the management augmented its regular detective force with reserves and assigned them to the task of shoosng these obstacles away. Sinatra's fans have since contended that the detectives seemed partial to the Johnson fans, whom the Sinatra crowd consider young and silly. "Why, they're little kids, only twelve years old," a sixteen-year-old Sinatra fan said a few weeks ago, reliving the Battle of the Waldorf. "They're not even bobby-soxers — they're bobby-sockettes. You should have seen them coming into the Waldorf on roller skates, with their hair in pigtails. Imagine! It would embarrass Frank if we did anything like that. And you should have seen Van. He's awful-looking. Ooh! One Saturday, we waited for Frank for eight hours and we only got Van. Ooh, we were so mad at Frank. We get mad at him a lot of the time, but it never lasts long."

Sinatra bears up remarkably well under it all. A man who had dinner with him at Toots Shor's not long ago, an hour or two before he was to take off by plane for California, noticed that, everything considered, he was a good deal calmer, as the time for his departure drew near, than were his secretary, his press agent, his recording adviser, his real-estate adviser, and the one or two other associates who were eating at his table. When Sinatra got up to leave, Shor presented him with a box lunch to tide him through his flight, and Evans scanned the lobby for any fans who might have crept in there while the doorman's back was turned. Then Evans signalled to the doorman. The doorman beckoned to the driver of Sinatra's car, who maneuvered it into position for a getaway, and kept the motor running. At this hint of impending action, twenty-five

fans who had assembled on the sidewalk scrambled onto the hoods and running boards of any convenient car, including Sinatra's, and another twenty-five pressed into a solid mass before the restaurant entrance. At another signal from Evans, Sinatra's retinue, plus Shor, emerged from the door in a flying wedge, the doorman tugged open the door of the car, and the singer darted toward its glittering security. A nimble girl pressed a white carnation into his hand, and he accepted it without breaking his stride. Then, taking a last look around to make sure that none of his flock had been swallowed up, Evans churned through the crowd like an egg beater and jumped into the car. With the help of Shor, who used to be a bouncer, the doorman got the car door closed. A moment later, the limousine crawled off, fans tumbling from the fenders. The girl who had given Sinatra the carnation said, "Now I gotta get to Western Union, quick," and scurried down the street. She sent off a wire to an official of a California fan club, saying that Frankie was on his way.

Checking Your Reading

How has Mr. Kahn divided his material among the three parts of this sketch? How are the titles of the three sections appropriate? What personal qualities of Sinatra are described in the first section? What does the list of his close friends reflect of his personality? What is the nature of his singing? What factors account for his popularity? What are his political and social views? What are the characteristics of the average Sinatra fan? What is Sinatra's family background? his education? What was his start in music? By what steps did he reach his present eminence? What has been his experience in the movies?

Forming Your Opinion

Do you like the order in which Mr. Kahn builds up the parts of his picture, or would you suggest improvements in the arrangement? Do you wish for any information that he does not supply? Might some of the material be eliminated? Which of the material in the three parts would you select for a one-part profile? To what extent does the piece give the impression of objective reporting? How does Mr. Kahn's own attitude toward Sinatra appear? What is his attitude? What is your own attitude now toward Sinatra? Has it been influenced by the information in the profile? by Mr. Kahn's tone in the profile? In what way does the Sinatra "phenomenon" reflect the nature of modern American life?

THE LESSONS OF TVA

David E. Lilienthal

A native of Illinois, educated at DePauw University and Harvard Law School, David E. Lilienthal (1899–) left the practice of law in Chicago to reorganize and direct the Wisconsin Public Service Commission. In 1933 he was appointed by President Roosevelt to the original three-man board of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the New Deal's great project for developing, controlling, and utilizing the natural resources (chiefly hydro-electricity) of a large area of the south central United States. Lilienthal was made chairman of the Board of Directors of TVA in 1941. During the second World War he played an important part in the highly secret development of the atomic bomb, and in 1946 was appointed chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. He has been a frequent contributor to national periodicals. The following selection is from his book TVA Democracy on the March (1944).

A NEW CHAPTER in American public policy was written when Congress in May of 1933 passed the law creating the TVA. For the first time since the trees fell before the settlers' ax, America set out to command nature not by defying her, as in that wasteful past, but by understanding and acting upon her first law — the oneness of men and natural resources, the unity that binds together land, streams, forests, minerals, farming, industry, mankind.

This, of course, is not what the creation of TVA meant to most people who read in their newspapers of the action of Congress. For TVA was then ordinarily thought of simply as a "power" project, a venture in public ownership of hydro-electricity. And even today, in spite of its wide range of activities, it is as a "power" project that many people still regard the TVA. Why there has been this limited picture of the scope and purpose of the Authority is wholly understandable.

For fifteen years before TVA came into being, Congressional and public debate centered largely on a single potential resource of the Tennessee River, hydro-electric power. For long years there had been determined efforts to dispose of the government dam and power plant at Muscle Shoals in Alabama, built with the public funds for World War I, as if it were like any other of the flotsam left over from that war — the trucks and shoes and trench shovels to be knocked down to the highest bidder. It was

From *TVA. Democracy on the March* by David Lilienthal. Copyright 1944 by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

simply regarded as a power plant, either to be dealt with as such a plant in the hands of a private operator would be, or, if continued under public control, to be limited to the sale of generated power for distribution at a profit by private industry

How those power facilities were to be used, that was the major question which attracted public discussion down the years. That question was settled by the passage of the Act creating TVA. But it was not settled on the narrow issue of "public ownership" of power. The message of President Roosevelt urging approval of the Norris bill (which became a law with his signature on May 18, 1933) boldly proposed a new and fundamental change in the development of our country's resources. The words of the President's message were not only eloquent, there was in them a creativeness and an insight born of his New York State experience in establishing regional planning as a political reality. That understanding was matured at his Georgia home, in long days of thinking of the problems of the South and its relation to the whole nation.

It is clear [the message read] that the Muscle Shoals development is but a small part of the potential public usefulness of the entire Tennessee River. Such use, if envisioned in its entirety, transcends mere power development, it enters the wide fields of flood control, soil erosion, afforestation, elimination from agricultural use of marginal lands, and distribution and diversification of industry. In short, this power development of war days leads logically to national planning for a complete river watershed involving many states and the future lives and welfare of millions. It touches and gives life to all forms of human concerns.

The President then suggested

legislation to create a Tennessee Valley Authority — a corporation clothed with the power of government but possessed of the flexibility and initiative of a private enterprise. It should be charged with the broadest duty of planning for the proper use, conservation, and development of the natural resources of the Tennessee River drainage basin and its adjoining territory for the general social and economic welfare of the Nation. This authority should also be clothed with the necessary power to carry these plans into effect. Its duty should be the rehabilitation of the Muscle Shoals development and the co-ordination of it with the wider plan.

Many hard lessons have taught us the human waste that results from lack of planning. Here and there a few wise cities and countries have looked ahead and planned. But our nation has "just grown." It is time to extend planning to a wider field, in this instance comprehending in one great project many States directly concerned with the basin of one of our greatest rivers.

The TVA Act was nothing inadvertent or impromptu. It was rather the deliberate and well-considered creation of a new national policy. For the first time in the history of the nation, the resources of a river were not only to be "envisioned in their entirety", they were to be developed in that

unity with which nature herself regards her resources — the waters, the land, and the forests together a “seamless web” — just as Maitland saw “the unity of all history,” of which one strand cannot be touched without affecting every other strand for good or ill

Under this new policy, the opportunity of creating wealth for the people from the resources of this valley was to be faced as a single problem. To integrate the many parts of that problem into a unified whole was to be the responsibility of one agency. The Tennessee Valley’s resources were not to be dissected into separate bits that would fit into the jurisdictional pigeonholes into which the instrumentalities of government had by custom become divided

It was not conceded that at the hour of Creation the Lord had divided and classified natural resources to conform to the organization chart of the federal government. The particular and limited concerns of private individuals or agencies in the development of this or that resource were disregarded and rejected in favor of the principle of unity. What God had made one, man was to develop as one

“Envisioned in its entirety” this river, like every river in the world, had many potential assets. It could yield hydro-electric power for the comfort of the people in their homes, could promote prosperity on their farms and foster the development of industry. But the same river by the very same dams, if they were wisely designed, could be made to provide a channel for navigation. The river could also be made to provide fun for fishermen and fish for food, pleasure from boating and swimming, a water supply for homes and factories. But the river also presented an account of liabilities. It threatened the welfare of the people by its recurrent floods, pollution from industrial wastes and public sewage diminished its value as a source of water supply and for recreation, its current carried to the sea the soil of the hills and fields to be lost there to men forever

To a single agency, the TVA, these potentialities of the river for good and evil were entrusted. But the river was seen as part of a larger pattern of the region, one asset of the many that in nature are interwoven, the land, the minerals, the waters, the forests — and all of these as one — in their relation to the lives of the valley’s people. It was the total benefit to all that was to be the common goal and the new agency’s responsibility

That is not the way public resource development had heretofore been undertaken in this country. Congress in creating TVA broke with the past. No single agency had in this way ever been assigned the unitary task of developing a river so as to release the total benefit from its waters for the people. Not far from where I write are other rivers developed by private interests or public agencies. They will serve to illustrate the contrast. On these rivers it is the common practice in public projects as well as private to build a single dam without first having fixed upon a general plan that will ultimately insure the full use of the whole river as a unit. There are

dams built for the single purpose of power development. Such individual dams, in order to yield an immediate return in power, impair or destroy the river's full development of power at other sites, for they were not designed or built with the whole river thought of as it is in nature, a unit. These power dams are not built or operated to control floods, and do not provide a continuous navigable channel. The full usefulness of that river is lessened. Similarly, hundreds of millions of dollars in public funds have been expended for the single purpose of navigation on some of our rivers, but most of the dams constructed will not control the rivers' floods or create electric energy. They now stand as massive barriers against the erection of multi-purpose structures.

Over a long period of years scores of millions of dollars have been spent for levees to hold the waters back on the lower reaches of some of our rivers, but at the head-waters there were no reservoir dams that could make local levee protection effective.

And through the long years there has been a continuing disregard of nature's truth, that in any valley of the world what happens on the river is largely determined by what happens on the land — by the kind of crops that the farmers plant and harvest, by the number of trees they cut down. The full benefits of stream and of soil cannot be realized by the people if the water and the land are not developed in harmony.

If the soil is exposed, unprotected from the rains by cover and by roots, the people will be poor and the river will be muddy, heavy with the best soil of the fields. And as a consequence each year the farmers will be forced more and more to use their land in ways that speed up this cycle of ruin, until the cover and then the top soil itself are wholly gone. When that day comes, as in the great reaches of China's sorrowful Yellow River Valley, then rains run off the land almost as rapidly as water runs from the pavements. Even a moderate rainfall forces the river from its banks, and every downpour brings disastrous floods, destroying crops and homes and bridges and highways, not only where the land is poor, but down the river's length, down in the areas where people are more prosperous, where the soil is still protected and factories have been built at the river's bend. Industries and railroads will be interrupted, farms flooded out, towns and villages destroyed, while heavy silt deposits fill the power reservoirs and stop up the channels of navigation.

It is otherwise where land is covered with sod or trees, and cultivated each season with the purpose of holding the rain where it falls. Such land literally serves as a water reservoir, a part of a system of flood control and river development, quite as directly as dams that stretch from bank to bank to hold the waters back. In many locations, after such proper land-use programs have been rather fully developed, the results should make it possible to reduce the magnitude and cost of engineering structures required for water control.

The farmer's new pastures and meadows themselves are reservoirs. If the changed farming practices now in use on many tens of thousands of Tennessee Valley farms were applied to all the agricultural area of our watershed (as some day I am confident they will be), the soil might absorb as much as half the customary twelve-inch surface run-off of rain each year, this storage of water on the farms would equal the capacity of two reservoirs as great as the one behind the Norris Dam, which stands 267 feet above the Clinch River.

This is of course nothing new, nothing discovered by the TVA. That a river could offer many benefits and a variety of hazards, that its improvement through engineering structures is inseparable from the development and use of the land as a watershed, has been recognized for many years by scientists and engineers.

For over a generation a distinguished line of conservationists had seen this truth and written and spoken of it with great force. And as a matter of fact almost any farmer, standing in his barn door while he watches a torrential rain beat upon his land and fill his creek, could see that much. The point is that knowledge of this inseparability of land and streams has only once, here on this river, been carried into our national action. On every other watershed we turn our rivers over to engineers of one agency to develop while farm experts of other agencies concern themselves with the land. Thus far it is only in the Valley of the Tennessee that Congress has directed that these resources be dealt with as a whole, not separately.

The principles of unity whereby this valley has gone about the restoration of its land and the multiplication of the land's usefulness are, of course, the same as those that governed turning the river to man's account. The development of soil and its increased productivity are not simply problems of land, of farming, and of agricultural science, any more than the development of a river is only water control, dams, and engineering techniques. The restoration of land fertility, the healing of gullies, the reforestation of hillsides, these are no more ends in themselves than are flood control, navigation, and power. As the river is not separable from the land, so the land is inseparable from the forests and minerals, from the factories and shops, from the people making their living from their resources.

Here, too, the methods this valley has followed to achieve its purposes break sharply with those long prevailing. The methods differ because to think of resources as a unity compels the use of different ways. The idea of unity makes it inescapable that each man's farm must also be seen as one operating unit. The farm, too, is a "seamless web."

To the farmer on his land the problems do not fit into neat cubicles labeled "forestry" or "soil chemistry" or "mechanical engineering," nor to him is soil erosion or holding water on the land separate from the whole business of making a living on the land. And so in the way TVA goes

about its responsibilities there are no "jurisdictional" lines, no excluding of the chemical engineer, say, because this is a "farm" problem, or of the businessman or the inventor because soil erosion is a "public issue," or of a county or state expert because agriculture is a "national" question. The invention by this valley's technicians of a new kind of machine and the decision of a businessman to produce and market it may be as important in land restoration as check dams in the gullies, if it thereby enables the farmer to make a living by raising soil-conserving crops. The invention here of a quick-freezing machine, a portable thresher, or a furrow seeder, all designed to overcome specific economic obstacles in the farmer's path toward land conservation, we see as just as real factors in land restoration as the terracing of the slopes

Because they sinned against the unity of nature, because they developed some one resource without regard to its relation to every other resource in the life of man, ancient civilizations have fallen into decay and lie buried in oblivion. Everywhere in the world the trail of unbalanced resource development is marked by poverty, where prosperity seemed assured, by ugliness and desolation, with towns now dying that once were thriving, by land that once supported gracious living now eroded and bare, and over wide areas the chill of death to the ambitions of the enterprising young and to the security of the mature

How industry came to Ducktown in the mountains of eastern Tennessee a generation ago is one such story. Copper ore was discovered, mining began; a smelter was built. One of the resources of this remote region was being developed, it meant new jobs, income to supplement farming and forestry. But the developers had only copper in their plans. The magnificent hardwood forests to a distance of seven miles were cut and burned as fuel for the smelter's roasting. The sulphur fumes from the stacks destroyed the thin cover that remained, not only the trees but every sign of living vegetation was killed and the soil became poison to life.

The dead land, shorn of its cover of grass and trees, was torn mercilessly by the rains, and the once lovely and fruitful earth was cut into deep gullies that widened into desolate canyons twenty and more feet deep. No one can look upon this horror as it is today without a shudder. Silt, swept from unprotected slopes, filled the streams and destroyed fish life. The water was robbed of its value for men, for animals, and for industry, while farther down the stream a reservoir of a private power company was filling with silt. One of Ducktown's resources, copper, had been developed. But all its other resources had been destroyed in the process. The people and their institutions suffered in the end.

All this desolation caused as much pain to the officials of the copper company as it did to the lovers of nature. For balanced resource development is not, as the naive appear to believe, a simple moral tale of "bad men" versus "good men." It is much more than that. It is the reflection of

our national thinking In fact, in this case, the early operators came to see the point better than most people, for they had to pay cash in damages for some of this destruction, after long and bitter lawsuits by the injured landowners.

The fumes from Ducktown's copper smelteries are harmless now. Indeed, in the hands of a successor company a new technical process that makes the fumes harmless yields a by-product — sulphuric acid — now more valuable than the copper itself The copper company itself is co-operating actively with the TVA in an extensive, though still experimental, reforestation program on the area the fumes destroyed What it has already cost and what it ultimately will cost, in manpower, materials, and the dollars of taxpayers, because copper was developed rather than the resources of Ducktown as a unity, has never been calculated. But the bill will be high.

This case seems to be extreme only because the accounting came quickly and was so clearly evident to the eye. It often takes time before the balance shows that more is being subtracted than added from the assets of a region But there is no escape from the arithmetic. The fall in the "water table," the sub-surface level of water, threatens industry's water supply in the Ohio Valley The forest areas of northern Wisconsin and Michigan are dotted with towns that are dying and people who are stranded and poor. Lumber was "developed" from the wealth of the forests, there was prosperity for a time. But farming and fish and game were destroyed, and eventually the forests. Now in some areas there is next to nothing to support the towns, the highways and the schools and human beings. Unless the benefit of the people is the purpose, and the principle of the unified development of resources is the method, the harvest in the end is only such bitter fruits as these.

The "played-out" farmlands of the South, now in the process of rebuilding, were "mined" to grow a single crop of cotton. they are one more illustration of the remorseless arithmetic of nature Here once lovely manor houses stand seedy and deserted because their foundation, the soil, has been exhausted, romantic monuments to a national tragedy of waste And the great towers of Manhattan and Chicago, the modern business streets of Omaha on the prairies, all rest on the same foundations as the old plantation manor — the land, the waters, the minerals, and the forests We are all in this together, cities and countryside.

The TVA experience in resource development is being earnestly examined for the lessons it may hold for a battered world facing the giant contours of a historic period of reconstruction For it is coming to be recognized ever more widely that our hope of future peace or the certainty of new wars rests to an important degree upon the wisdom the world can summon to the task of resource development. This is not the whole story of course, the effect of racial antagonisms and conflicting cultures on

political systems goes deep. But at the root of much of the world's turbulence lies the way we deal with the physical base of every man's and hence every nation's livelihood.

The subject has the broadest ramifications, to pursue them is outside the scope of this book. It is obvious, however, that the pressure of people upon resources that do not adequately support them has long nourished a spirit of armed aggression against other nations. It is a commonplace that the development of one people's land and forests and minerals for the sole benefit of another people has started many a fire of hatred that later exploded into war. It has not, however, been quite so apparent that methods of unified development to create sustained productivity rather than quick exhaustion, that technical advance which makes low-grade ores, for example, as useful as the scarce higher grades, or that expert skills which can restore now wasted land and greatly increase its productivity, relieve war-creating tensions of impoverishment and may be the foundation stones upon which peace in a modern world can be slowly built. It is the light which this valley's experience throws on such matters — the brass tacks of world reconstruction — that has made it a center of interest to foreign visitors.

The TVA has come to be thought of (here and abroad) as a symbol of man's capacity to create and to build not only for war and death but for peace and life. This is of great importance in the post-war period. For despair and cynicism in our own ranks will be a deadly enemy after Japan and Germany surrender. The immediate task of fighting keeps us tense. Once that tension is relaxed we must be prepared for a let-down, a bitter loss of faith and hope. When that time comes it will be desperately important as a matter of mental antiseptics that there be, in this country and abroad, many living proofs, of which the TVA is one, of the creative powers of mankind and of democracy's demonstrated and practical concern for the everyday aspirations of people.

The value of TVA as a symbol of what man can do to change his physical environment is increased by the knowledge that in this valley we have had to face so many of those same problems which plague other regions of the world: low income, resignation to the *status quo* as inevitable, complacency on the part of other more favored areas. A demonstration that such gains can be made without forcible changes in social status or property rights, without liquidating all those who do not agree completely with one's plans, will be evidenced to support the conviction of those who have no faith in catastrophe as an instrument of human social improvement.

What I have said in the preceding chapter on "planning," on the importance of starting from where you are and taking a step at a time, *one change promoting the next*, applies with peculiar force to our economic and political thinking about the post-war world. What is dumfounding

to me, however, is that men who show they understand this as applied to our own affairs, when they consider the future of world society will abruptly slip these hawsers of experience and reality. They would be quick to condemn TVA if it had sought to make this valley over according to a pattern of TVA's own design. Yet they seem quite eager that America try the even more quixotic task of building a world order on the same kind of undemocratic foundation.

There is yet another way the TVA may throw the light of experience on the conditions for a lasting peace. For TVA is a demonstration, and one that can be readily understood, of this truth: *in any perspective of time, unified resource development anywhere helps everyone everywhere*. A stronger, more productive Tennessee Valley region has benefited the whole American nation and all its regions. So it will be when any region of the world strengthens the basis of its livelihood. Regional economic developments, whether within the nation or the family of nations, are not something to fear but to encourage.

When people of the more developed regions of the earth cease their fear that resource development and greater productiveness elsewhere injure them, and realize instead that they are benefited by them, then international political co-operation will be on the way to full realization. For it is that fear which nourishes extreme nationalism, with its harvest of hatred between peoples, tariff barriers, restrictive trade, autarchy, and finally — war. The physical shrinking of the world only multiplies the opportunities for inflaming these deep anxieties.

It is upon a wide popular comprehension and practice of the economics of the Golden Rule — and particularly among our fellow Americans — that it seems to me the prospects for world peace largely rest. The essential structure of political co-operation between nations will be weakened, may indeed begin to crack the day it is set up, unless those political arrangements rest upon increasingly effective economic co-operation.

The experience of the Tennessee Valley helps to make these matters clearer to American public opinion, and thus serves a useful educational purpose in world reconstruction. It was a favorite argument against the TVA in its earliest years that the development of this valley would endanger the prosperity of people elsewhere — in Ohio and Connecticut and New York. If an additional factory is built in Alabama — so the oft-repeated story ran — that will mean less factory employment in Ohio, if Tennessee produces more dairy products, that means a loss to the dairying business in Wisconsin. Such ideas, seriously put forward in editorials and speeches about the TVA, rested upon the assumption that there is a market for just so much goods, and that America had now reached its highest level of production and of consumption.

Until the falseness of such ideas *within our own country* is understood at the grass roots, it is politically naive to expect American public opinion

to support the idea of encouraging world-wide economic co-operation in the interest of lasting peace. That many of us would prefer that such a policy be adopted primarily upon ethical grounds, and would favor it even if it hurt us economically, is quite irrelevant

These things can be best understood by demonstrations that are close to us. Therein lies the value of TVA. For many people in Ohio, for example, or Connecticut, or New York, have come to see that increased productivity in the Tennessee Valley had not endangered their own standard of living as they were repeatedly told it would. The millions of people in this region who have been producing more, who thereby have been able to buy and enjoy more automobiles, radios, refrigerators, and clothes, make for a more prosperous nation and a stronger Ohio, Connecticut, New York.

Ten years ago the Tennessee Valley was regarded in the electrical appliance industry as the "zero" market of the entire country, a few years later it was the leading market of the entire country. The men in the General Electric shops at Schenectady, New York, or at the Westinghouse Company in Mansfield, Ohio, who produced many of those additional tens of thousands of electric ranges, water pumps, and refrigerators, now can see that it was in their interest that this valley had become productive enough to buy and pay for the products of their shops. This meant that men in Schenectady would buy overalls and aluminum goods made in this valley, could perhaps afford a fishing vacation on one of the new TVA lakes.

There was at the outset bitter opposition to the TVA from the coal industry, an opposition which further illustrates how mistaken it is to cling to the ideal of restricted development. The argument was made that by developing electricity from the water of the river TVA would rob the coal industry of its existing market for coal for steam-generated electricity. Actually, of course, sound development of one asset, water power, and a rate policy that increased its use enormously, inevitably stimulated the use of other resources, coal included. The valley market for coal for industrial and other purposes rose to heights never before experienced. Even the use of the region's coal for power generation has exceeded all records, as TVA's electric rate example multiplied power use over wide areas where coal is the principal source of electricity.

Never has as much coal been used for the generation of electricity, as since the river has been developed. TVA itself has built and acquired steam-electric plants to supplement the river's power; in 1940 TVA purchased 574,000 tons of coal; in 1941, 693,000 tons, in 1942, 1,319,000 tons, chiefly for power production.

This is the way — by one object lesson after another — we learn that the dangers to us of economic development elsewhere in the world are imaginary. When Americans see that it has helped, not hurt, the people of

Ohio, say, to have this southern valley more productive, we shall see that much the same thing will be true if, in their own way, Mexicans and Brazilians and Russians and Chinese develop their resources and trade with us and with each other. That comprehension can best be learned at first hand.

It is folly to expect Americans clearly to see the tragedy, for the world, of an intense nationalism until restrictive sectionalism within the nation is also seen as a self-defeating policy. A demand for an end of a colonial system far from home is not nearly so important as an understanding of the colonial system within the United States, and the reasons why it is so injurious to this nation's interest. And colonialism, or exploiting the hinterland, is substantially the basis upon which the South and the West have been so long predominantly a raw materials source for the dominant manufacturing regions of the North and Northeast.

American public opinion on world co-operation will not be strengthened by the kind of double talk that displays fervid concern for self-development for India along with lack of interest, even hostility, toward industrial development for undeveloped American regions. Such a cynical attitude will justify the suspicion that far-off China's cause is espoused and that of near-by Georgia and Arkansas ignored because there are fewer American vested interests — political and economic — to be antagonized. Equality of opportunity for all the nations of the world will yield few benefits to the average man if that great principle is dissociated from specific issues of equality of opportunity for regions within our own country. . . .

To what extent and under what terms should private investors or the government of this country finance the development of resources in other parts of the world as a means of buttressing the pillars of peace? A complete discussion of this is obviously beyond the scope of this book. The point I seek to make is simply this: the issue ought not be thought of in terms of fear of "creating competition against our own businessmen and farmers." This fear has as little general validity in the international field as it has between regions here at home. The policy of reciprocal trade for example, takes on meaning only when there is trade, i.e., productiveness, to reciprocate. The flourishing regions and nations can only remain vigorous and strong by encouraging the regions and nations that are less productive.

Whether we encourage or discourage it, or are foolish enough to regard it with indiscriminate fear, world-wide development of natural resources and industrialization will go forward rapidly after the war. The United States can in some ways speed the process and influence its course. But it is nonsense to believe that we hold a broad veto over what other great nations decide to do in developing their rivers or their other resources.

To accept such shallow talk as this is to close our eyes to the central fact that sets our time off from all that went before — the drive, the world over, toward resource development through the machine and science.

There are, however, questions that are still open: what course the development will take, both here and abroad, the methods that will be used, for whose benefit the development will be carried out. Unless the people demand a course that will benefit them, one that will not exhaust their resources wastefully, the old exploitative methods of the elite few are likely to be followed.

It is for this reason that the TVA experience ought to be known. For a knowledge of the methods followed in this valley's development will enable the people to be critical, to demand answers to their questions — questions such as these: Will economic development be unified, seen as a whole? Will resources be regarded as a means of benefiting the human beings who depend upon them, or will the development of each resource be deemed as an end in itself, its benefits drained off by a few with no recognition of broad ethical purpose? Will resource development be treated as merely a physical task for technicians and businessmen; or will it be seen to be a democratic opportunity as well, the acceptance of their evolving ideas of what is good, of what it is they want?

Will these new projects be administered by the methods of remote control and extreme centralization, invitations to tyranny, or will decentralized administration of central policies be the general principle? Will these developments be energized and directed by modern tools for getting things done, or by archaic methods of administration, crusted with tradition and fortified by bureaucratic "rights"? Unless the decisions are to go by default to those who always watch out for their own selfish interests, these are some of the questions that should be faced by the people, in our country and in others, as the time draws ever closer when action can take the place of plans for post-war development.

Checking Your Reading

Why does Lilienthal call the conception of TVA "a new chapter in American public policy"? How was public resource development formerly undertaken in America? What fundamental truth of nature was disregarded in such old-style development? What has been the result? How does the case of Ducktown, Tennessee, illustrate this? the "development" of lumber in northern Wisconsin and Michigan? the "development" of cotton in the South? What corrective for such blunders does the plan of TVA provide?

What lessons does TVA hold "for a battered world facing the giant contours of a historic period of reconstruction"? How does it demonstrate the truth that "in any perspective of time, unified resource development anywhere helps everyone everywhere"?

Forming Your Opinion

What seems to be the chief virtue of public development of natural resources? What objections can you see to this type of federal control? What case can you build for private development and control?

Do you agree with Lilienthal's conviction that development of resources in one area does not endanger the prosperity of another? that intense economic nationalism is a tragedy for the world just as restrictive sectionalism is for the nation? On what evidence do you base your answers? What is the foreign policy of the United States today in respect to these questions?

To what other national problems might such a plan as TVA be applied? Could it be applied to slum clearance, housing development, medical care? What might the dangers be from spoils politics? How could they be avoided?

MY AMERICA

John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir

In versatility of talents, John Buchan, first Baron Tweedsmuir (1875–1940), belongs to the long and distinguished line of Britons who have combined a literary career with one of outstanding public service. Buchan was born in Scotland and was educated at Glasgow University and at Oxford. The early chapters of his autobiography, Pilgrim's Way (1940) — from which "My America" is taken — give a warm and sensitive account of his boyhood and university days. During the first World War, he served on the Headquarters Staff of the British Army in France and later as director of information under the Prime Minister. His career in the public service culminated in his appointment to the office of Governor General of Canada (1935), which he held at his death. Buchan's varied writings include history, biography, reminiscences, and such widely read novels of romance and mystery as Prester John (1910), The Thirty-Nine Steps (1915), Greenmantle (1916), and The Courts of the Morning (1929).

THE TITLE OF THIS CHAPTER exactly defines its contents. It presents the American scene as it appears to one observer — a point of view which does not claim to be that mysterious thing, objective truth. There will be no attempt to portray the "typical" American, for I have never known one. I have met a multitude of individuals, but I should not dare to take any one of them as representing his country — as being that other mysterious thing, the average man. You can point to certain qualities which are more widely distributed in America than elsewhere, but you will scarcely find human beings who possess all these qualities. One good American will have most of them, another, equally good and not less representative, may have few or none. So I shall eschew generalities. If you cannot indict a nation, no more can you label it like a museum piece.

Half the misunderstandings between Britain and America are due to the fact that neither will regard the other as what it is — in an important sense of the word — a foreign country. Each thinks of the other as a part of itself which has somehow gone off the lines. An Englishman is always inclined to resent the unfamiliar when it is found under conditions for which he thinks he has some responsibility. He can appreciate complete and utter strangeness, and indeed show himself highly sympathetic.

From *Pilgrim's Way* by John Buchan. Copyright 1940 by Houghton Mifflin Company. Reprinted by permission of the publishers and of the executors of the estate of the late John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir.

towards it; but for variations upon his own ways — divergencies in speech, food, clothes, social habits — he has little tolerance. He is not very happy even in his own colonies and dominions, and in America he can be uncommonly ill at ease.

On a higher level, when it comes to assessing spiritual values, he often shows the same mixture of surprise and disappointment. America has lapsed from the family tradition, what would have been pardonable and even commendable in a foreigner is blameworthy in a cousin. Matthew Arnold, for example, was critical of certain American traits, not on their merits, but because they were out of tune with that essential European tradition of which he considered himself the guardian. The American critic can be not less intolerant, and for much the same reason. His expositions of England are often like sermons preached in a Home for Fallen Women, the point being that she has fallen, that her defects are a discredit to her relations, that she has let down her kn, and suffered the old home to fall into disrepute. This fretfulness can only be cured, I think, by a frank recognition of the real foreignness of the two peoples. No doubt they had a common ancestor, but he is of little avail against the passage of time and the estranging seas.

II

I first discovered America through books. Not the tales of Indians and the Wild West which entranced my boyhood, those seemed to belong to no particular quarter of the globe, but to an indefinable land of romance, and I was not cognisant of any nation behind them. But when I became interested in literature I came strongly under the spell of New England. Its culture seemed to me to include what was best in Europe's, winnowed and clarified. Perhaps it was especially fitted to attract youth, for it was not too difficult or too recondite, but followed the "main march of the human affections," and it had the morning freshness of a young people. Its cheerfulness atoned for its occasional bleakness and anaemia. Lowell was the kind of critic I wanted, learned, rational, never freakish, always intelligible. Emerson's gnomic wisdom was a sound manual for adolescence, and of Thoreau I became — and for long remained — an ardent disciple. To a Scot of my upbringing there was something congenial in the simplicity, the mild austerity, and the girded discipline of the New England tradition. I felt that it had been derived from the same sources as our own.

Then, while I was at Oxford, I read Colonel Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson* and became a student of the American Civil War. I cannot say what especially attracted me to that campaign: partly, no doubt, the romance of it, the chivalry and the supreme heroism, partly its extraordinary technical interest, both military and political, but chiefly, I think, because I fell in love with the protagonists. I had found the kind of man

that I could wholeheartedly admire Since those days my study of the Civil War has continued, I have visited most of its battlefields, I have followed the trail of its great marches, I have read widely in its literature, indeed, my memory has become so stored with its details that I have often found myself able to tell the descendants of its leaders facts about their forebears of which they had never heard.

My interest soon extended from the soldiers to the civilians, and I acquired a new admiration for Abraham Lincoln. Then it was enlarged to include the rest of America's history — the first settlements, the crossing of the Appalachians, the Revolution, the building of the West Soon America, instead of being the unstoried land which it appears to most English travellers, became for me the home of a long tradition and studded with sacred places. I dare to say that no American was ever more thrilled by the prospect of seeing Westminster Abbey and the Tower, Winchester and Oxford, than I was by the thought of Valley Forge and the Shenandoah and the Wilderness

I came first into the United States by way of Canada — a good way to enter, for English eyes are already habituated to the shagginess of the landscape and can begin to realize its beauties. My first reflection was that no one had told me how lovely the country was. I mean *lovely*, not vast and magnificent. I am not thinking of the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite and the Pacific coast, but of the ordinary rural landscape. There is much of the land which I have not seen, but in the East and the South and the Northwest I have collected a gallery of delectable pictures I think of the farms which are clearings in the Vermont and New Hampshire hills, the flowery summer meadows, the lush cow-pastures with an occasional stump to remind one that it is old forest land, the quiet lakes and the singing streams, the friendly accessible mountains, the little country towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut with their village greens and elms and two-century-old churches and courthouses; the secret glens of the Adirondacks and the mountain meadows of the Blue Ridge; the long-settled champaign of Maryland and Pennsylvania; Virginian manors more Old-England perhaps than anything we have at home; the exquisite links with the past like much of Boston and Charleston and all of Annapolis; the sunburnt aromatic ranges of Montana and Wyoming, the Pacific shores where from snow mountains fishable streams descend through some of the noblest timber on earth to an enchanted sea.

It is a country most of which I feel to be in a special sense "habitable," designed for homes, adapted to human uses, a friendly land I like, too, the way in which the nomenclature reflects its history, its racial varieties, its odd cultural mixtures, the grandiose and the homespun rubbing shoulders. That is how places should be named. I have no objection to Mechanicsville and Higginsville and Utica and Syracuse. They are a legitimate part of the record And behind are the hoar-ancient memorials of

the first dwellers, names like symphonies — Susquehanna, Ticonderoga, Shenandoah, Wyoming.

III

“Ah, my cabbages!” Henry Adams wrote, “when will you ever fathom the American? Never in your sweet lives” He proceeds in his genial way to make epigrams about his own New Englanders. “Improvised Europeans we were and — Lord God! — how thin!” — “Thank God I never was cheerful. I come from the happy stock of the Mathers, who, as you remember, passed sweet mornings reflecting on the goodness of God and the damnation of infants.” Where an Adams scrupled to tread it is not for a stranger to rush in. But I would humbly suggest a correction to one reading which, I think, has the authority of Robert Louis Stevenson America is, no doubt, a vast country, though it can be comfortably put inside Canada. But it is not in every part a country of wide horizons. Dwellers on the Blue Ridge, on the prairies, and on the western ranges may indeed live habitually with huge spaces of land and sky, but most of America, and some of its most famous parts, is pockety, snug and cosy, a sanctuary rather than a watch-tower. To people so domiciled its vastness must be like the mathematician’s space-time, a concept apprehended by the mind and not a percept of the eye. “The largeness of Nature and of this nation were monstrous without a corresponding largeness and generosity of the spirit of the citizen” That is one of Walt Whitman’s best-known sayings, but let us remember that the bigness of their country is for most Americans something to be learned and imaginatively understood, and not a natural deduction from cohabiting with physical immensities.

Racially they are the most variegated people on earth. The preponderance of the Anglo-Saxon stock disappeared in the Civil War. Look today at any list of names in a society or a profession and you will find that, except in the Navy, the bulk are from the continent of Europe. In his day Matthew Arnold thought that the chief source of the strength of the American people lay in their homogeneity and the absence of sharply defined classes, which made revolution unthinkable. Other observers, like Henry James, have deplored the lack of such homogeneity and wished for their country the “close and complete consciousness of the Scots” (I pause to note that I cannot imagine a more nightmare conception. What would happen to the world if a hundred and thirty million Scotsmen, with their tight, compact nationalism, were living in the same country?) I am inclined to query the alleged absence of classes, for I have never been in any part of the United States where class distinctions did not hold. There is an easy friendliness of manner which conceals a strong class pride, and the basis of that pride is not always, or oftenest, plutocratic. Apart from the social snobbery of the big cities, there seems to be every-

where an innocent love of grades and distinctions which is enough to make a Communist weep I have known places in the South where there was a magnificent aristocratic egalitarianism. Inside a charmed circle all were equal. The village postmistress, having had the right kind of great-great-grandmother, was an honoured member of society, while the immigrant millionaire, who had built himself a palace, might as well have been dead. And this is true not only of the New England F.F.M.'s and the Virginian F.F.V.'s, the districts with long traditions, but of the raw little townships in the Middle West. They, too, have their "best" people who had ancestors, though the family tree may only have sprouted for two generations.

No country can show such a wide range of type and character, and I am so constituted that in nearly all I find something to interest and attract me. This is more than a temperamental bias, for I am very ready to give reasons for my liking. I am as much alive as anyone to the weak and ugly things in American life: areas, both urban and rural, where the human economy has gone rotten; the melting-pot which does not always melt, the eternal coloured problem, a constitutional machine which I cannot think adequately represents the efficient good sense of the American people, a brand of journalism which fatigues with its ruthless snappiness and uses a speech so disintegrated that it is incapable of expressing any serious thought or emotion, the imbecile patter of high-pressure salesmanship, an academic jargon, used chiefly by psychologists and sociologists, which is hideous and almost meaningless. Honest Americans do not deny these blemishes, indeed they are apt to exaggerate them, for they are by far the sternest critics of their own country. For myself, I would make a double plea in extenuation. These are defects from which today no nation is exempt, for they are the fruits of a mechanical civilisation, which perhaps are more patent in America, since everything there is on a large scale. Again, you can set an achievement very much the same in kind against nearly every failure. If her historic apparatus of government is cranky, she is capable of meeting the "instant need of things" with brilliant improvisations. Against economic plague-spots she can set great experiments in charity, against journalistic baby-talk a standard of popular writing in her best papers which is a model of idiom and perspicuity, against catch-penny trade methods many solidly founded, perfectly organised commercial enterprises, against the jargon of the half-educated professor much noble English prose in the great tradition. That is why it is so foolish to generalise about America. You no sooner construct a rule than it is shattered by the exceptions.

As I have said, I have a liking for almost every kind of American (except the kind who decry their country). I have even a sneaking fondness for George Babbitt, which I fancy is shared by his creator. But there are two types which I value especially, and which I have never met else-

where in quite the same form. One is the pioneer. No doubt the physical frontier of the United States is now closed, but the pioneer still lives, though the day of the covered wagon is over. I have met him in the New England hills, where he is grave, sardonic, deliberate in speech, in the South, where he has a ready smile and a soft, caressing way of talking, in the ranges of the West, the cowpuncher with his gentle voice and his clear, friendly eyes which have not been dulled by reading print — the real thing, far removed from the vulgarities of film and fiction. At his best, I think, I have found him as a newcomer in Canada, where he is pushing north into districts like the Peace River, pioneering in the old sense. By what signs is he to be known? Principally by the fact that he is wholly secure, that he possesses his soul, that he is the true philosopher. He is one of the few aristocrats left in the world. He has a right sense of the values of life, because his cosmos embraces both nature and man. I think he is the most steadfast human being now alive.

The other type is at the opposite end of the social scale, the creature of a complex society who at the same time is not dominated by it, but, while reaping its benefits, stands a little aloof. In the older countries culture, as a rule, leaves some irregularity like an excrescence in a shapely tree-trunk, some irrational bias, some petulance or prejudice. You have to go to America, I think, for the wholly civilised man who has not lost his natural vigour or agreeable idiosyncrasies, but who sees life in its true proportions and has a fine balance of mind and spirit. It is a character hard to define, but anyone with a wide American acquaintance will know what I mean. They are people in whom education has not stunted any natural growth or fostered any abnormality. They are Greek in their justness of outlook, but Northern in their gusto. Their eyes are shrewd and candid, but always friendly. As examples I would cite, among friends who are dead, the names of Robert Bacon, Walter Page, Newton Baker, and Dwight Morrow.

But I am less concerned with special types than with the American people as a whole. Let me try to set down certain qualities which seem to me to flourish more lustily in the United States than elsewhere. Again, let me repeat, I speak of America only as I know it; an observer with a different experience might not agree with my conclusions.

First I would select what, for want of a better word, I should call homeliness. It is significant that the ordinary dwelling, though it be only a shack in the woods, is called not a house, but a home. This means that the family, the ultimate social unit, is given its proper status as the foundation of society. Even among the richer classes I seem to find a certain pleasing domesticity. English people of the same rank are separated by layers of servants from the basic work of the household, and know very little about it. In America the kitchen is not too far away from the drawing-room, and it is recognised, as Heraclitus said, that the gods may dwell

there. But I am thinking chiefly of the ordinary folk, especially those of narrow means. It is often said that Americans are a nomad race, and it is true that they are very ready to shift their camp, but the camp, however bare, is always a home.¹ The cohesion of the family is close, even when its members are scattered. This is due partly to the tradition of the first settlers, a handful in an unknown land, partly to the history of the frontier, where the hearth-fire burnt brighter when all around was cold and darkness. The later immigrants from Europe, feeling at last secure, were able for the first time to establish a family base, and they cherished it zealously. This ardent domesticity has had its bad effects on American literature, inducing a sentimentality which makes a too crude frontal attack on the emotions, and which has produced as a reaction a not less sentimental "toughness." But as a social cement it is beyond price. There have been many to laugh at the dullness and pettiness of the "small town." From what I know of small-town life elsewhere, I suspect obtuseness in the satirists.

Second, I would choose the sincere and widespread friendliness of the people. Americans are interested in the human race, and in each other. Deriving doubtless from the old frontier days, there is a general helpfulness which I have not found in the same degree elsewhere. A homesteader in Dakota will accompany a traveller for miles to set him on the right road. The neighbours will rally round one of their number in distress with the loyalty of a Highland clan. This friendliness is not a self-conscious duty so much as an instinct. A squatter in a cabin will share his scanty provender and never dream that he is doing anything unusual.

American hospitality, long as I have enjoyed it, still leaves me breathless. The lavishness with which a busy man will give up precious time to entertain a stranger to whom he is in no way bound remains for me one of the wonders of the world. No doubt this friendliness, since it is an established custom, has its fake side. The endless brotherhoods and sodalities into which people brigade themselves encourage a geniality which is more mannerism than an index of character, a tiresome, noisy, backslapping heartiness. But that is the exception, not the rule. Americans like company, but though they are gregarious they do not lose themselves in the crowd. Waves of mass emotion may sweep the country, but they are transient things and do not submerge for long the stubborn rock of individualism. That is to say, people can be led, but they will not be driven. Their love of human companionship is based not on self-distrust, but on a genuine liking for their kind. With them the sense of a common humanity is a warm and constant instinct and not a doctrine of the schools or a slogan of the hustings.

Last — and this may seem a paradox — I maintain that they are funda-

¹ In the Civil War homesickness was so serious a malady that the "printed forms for medical reports contained an entry for nostalgia precisely as for pneumonia." — Douglas Freeman, *The South to Posterity*, p. 4.

mentally modest. Their interest in others is a proof of it, the Aristotelian Magnificent Man was interested in nobody but himself. As a nation they are said to be sensitive to criticism, that surely is modesty, for the truly arrogant care nothing for the opinion of other people. Above all they can laugh at themselves, which is not possible for the immodest. They are their own shrewdest and most ribald critics. It is charged against them that they are inclined to boast unduly about their achievements and about the greatness of their country, but a smug glorying in them is found only in the American of the caricaturist. They rejoice in showing their marvels to a visitor with the gusto of children exhibiting their toys to a stranger, an innocent desire, without any unfriendly gloating, to make others partakers in their satisfaction. If now and then they are guilty of bombast, it is surely a venial fault. The excited American talks of his land very much, I suspect, as the Elizabethans in their cups talked of England. The foreigner who strayed into the Mermaid Tavern must often have listened to heroics which upset his temper.

The native genius, in humour, and in many of the public and private relations of life, is for overstatement, a high-coloured, imaginative, paradoxical extravagance. The British gift is for understatement. Both are legitimate figures of speech. They serve the same purpose, for they call attention to a fact by startling the hearer, since manifestly they are not the plain truth. Personally I delight in both mannerisms and would not for the world have their possessors reject them. They serve the same purpose in another and a subtler sense, for they can be used to bring novel and terrible things within the pale of homely experience. I remember on the Western Front in 1918 that two divisions, British and American, aligned side by side, suffered a heavy shelling. An American sergeant described it in racy and imaginative speech which would have been appropriate to the Day of Judgment. A British sergeant merely observed that "Kaiser 'ad been a bit 'asty." Each had a twinkle in his eye, each in his national idiom was making frightfulness endurable by domesticating it.

IV

The United States is the richest, and, both actually and potentially, the most powerful state on the globe. She has much, I believe, to give to the world, indeed, to her hands is chiefly entrusted the shaping of the future. If democracy in the broadest and truest sense is to survive, it will be mainly because of her guardianship. For, with all her imperfections, she has a clearer view than any other people of the democratic fundamentals.

She starts from the right basis, for she combines a firm grip on the past with a quick sense of present needs and a bold outlook on the future. This she owes to her history; the combination of the British tradition with the necessities of a new land; the New England township and the Vir-

ginian manor *plus* the frontier. Much of that tradition was relinquished as irrelevant to her needs, but much remains. a talent for law which is not incompatible with a lawless practice, respect for a certain type of excellence in character which has made her great men uncommonly like our own, a disposition to compromise, but only after a good deal of arguing, an intense dislike of dictation To these instincts the long frontier struggles added courage in the face of novelties, adaptability, enterprise, a doggedness which was never lumpish, but alert and expectant

That is the historic basis of America's democracy, and today she is the chief exponent of a creed which I believe on the whole to be the best in this imperfect world. She is the chief exponent for two reasons The first is her size, she exhibits its technique in large type, so that he who runs may read. More important, she exhibits it in its most intelligible form, so that its constituents are obvious Democracy has become with many an unpleasing parrot-cry, and, as I have urged elsewhere in this book, it is well to be clear what it means. It is primarily a spiritual testament, from which certain political and economic orders naturally follow But the essence is the testament, the orders may change while the testament stands This testament, this ideal of citizenship, she owes to no one teacher There was a time when I fervently admired Alexander Hamilton and could not away with Jefferson, the latter only began to interest me, I think, after I had seen the University of Virginia, which he created. But I deprecate partisanship in those ultimate matters. The democratic testament derives from Hamilton as well as from Jefferson

It has two main characteristics The first is that the ordinary man believes in himself and in his ability, along with his fellows, to govern his country. It is when a people loses its self-confidence that it surrenders its soul to a dictator or an oligarchy. In Mr. Walter Lippmann's tremendous metaphor, it welcomes manacles to prevent its hands shaking. The second is the belief, which is fundamental also in Christianity, of the worth of every human soul — the worth, not the equality. This is partly an honest emotion, and partly a reasoned principle — that something may be made out of anybody, and that there is something likeable about everybody if you look for it — or, in canonical words, that ultimately there is nothing common or unclean.

The democratic testament is one lesson that America has to teach the world. A second is a new reading of nationalism Some day and somehow the peoples must discover a way to brigade themselves for peace. Now, there are on the globe only two proven large-scale organisations of social units, the United States and the British Empire. The latter is not for export, and could not be duplicated, its strength depends upon a thousand-year-old monarchy and a store of unformulated traditions. But the United States was the conscious work of men's hands, and a task which has once been performed can be performed again. She is the supreme

example of a federation in being, a federation which recognises the rights and individuality of the parts, but accepts the overriding interests of the whole. To achieve this compromise she fought a desperate war. If the world is ever to have prosperity and peace, there must be some kind of federation — I will not say of democracies, but of states which accept the reign of Law. In such a task she seems to me to be the predestined leader. Vigorous as her patriotism is, she has escaped the jealous, barricaded nationalism of the Old World. Disraeli, so often a prophet in spite of himself, in 1863, at a critical moment of the Civil War, spoke memorable words:

There is a grave misapprehension, both in the ranks of Her Majesty's Government and of Her Majesty's Opposition, as to what constitutes the true meaning of the American democracy. The American democracy is not made up of the scum of the great industrial cities of the United States, nor of an exhausted middle class that speculates in stocks and calls that progress. The American democracy is made up of something far more stable, that may ultimately decide the fate of the two Americas and of "Europe."

For forty years I have regarded America not only with a student's interest in a fascinating problem, but with the affection of one to whom she has become almost a second motherland. Among her citizens I count many of my closest friends; I have known all her presidents, save one, since Theodore Roosevelt, and all her ambassadors to the Court of Saint James's since John Hay; for five years I have been her neighbour in Canada. But I am not blind to the grave problems which confront her. Democracy, after all, is a negative thing. It provides a fair field for the Good Life, but it is not in itself the Good Life. In these days when lovers of freedom may have to fight for their cause, the hope is that the ideal of the Good Life, in which alone freedom has any meaning, will acquire a stronger potency. It is the task of civilisation to raise every citizen above want, but in so doing to permit a free development and avoid the slavery of the beehive and the anthep. A humane economic policy must not be allowed to diminish the stature of man's spirit. It is because I believe that in the American people the two impulses are of equal strength that I see her in the vanguard of that slow upward trend, undulant or spiral, which today is our modest definition of progress. Her major prophet is still Whitman. "Everything comes out of the dirt — everything, everything comes out of the people, everyday people, the people as you find them and leave them, people, people, just people!"

It is only out of the dirt that things grow.

Checking Your Reading

What does Lord Tweedsmuir consider the principal cause of misunderstanding between Britain and America? Why are Englishmen apt to be "uncommonly ill at ease" in America? How did Buchan first "discover" America? Who were some of his favorite American writers?

What is the significance to you of Valley Forge, the Shenandoah, the Wilderness? What is Buchan's comment on "the alleged absence of classes" in the United States? Who, in Buchan's opinion, are the sternest critics of America? What type of American does Buchan dislike? What two types does he admire most? Note his insistence that he speaks of America "only as I know it."

What are some of the qualities which he thinks flourish more lustily in America than elsewhere? What does Buchan consider to be the historic basis of American democracy? What are its two main characteristics?

Forming Your Opinion

From Buchan's essay, what conclusions can you draw about the extent of his historical and geographical knowledge of the United States? Does it seem an adequate basis for his generalizations? Do you think that further experience would have changed any of his views? What is your opinion of his comments on class feeling in the United States, on our journalism, our high-pressure salesmanship, our "constitutional machine"? Does his characterization of Americans seem to you too sympathetic or too unsympathetic? Is it your impression that he is writing for Americans or for Englishmen or for a general audience?

Gods and Machines

RIGHT AND WRONG AS A CLUE TO THE MEANING OF THE UNIVERSE

C. S. Lewis

Clive Staples Lewis (1898–), fellow and tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, is an authority on medieval and Renaissance literature, but he is known more widely as one of the most tireless and forceful religious disputants of our time. In his teens Lewis lost his religious faith, but by thirty he had been reconverted to Anglicanism, and in recent years his writings and radio talks have constituted some of the most brilliant of modern attacks on secularism. He does not preach, however, merely a sweet and easy Christianity, but insists, albeit wittily and simply, on the sterner ingredients of Christian faith. Best known perhaps of his scholarly works is The Allegory of Love (1936). Most popular of his religious writings is The Screwtape Letters (1942), in which Lewis displays his penetrating psychological and religious insights and his gifts for witty and trenchant writing in a series of letters in which an elderly devil, Screwtape, instructs his junior, Wormwood, in the art of temptation. The following essay is composed of several wartime radio talks which were printed as a chapter of Mr. Lewis's volume The Case for Christianity (1943).

EVERYONE HAS HEARD people quarrelling. Sometimes it sounds funny and sometimes it sounds merely unpleasant, but however it sounds, I believe we can learn something very important from listening to the kind of things they say. They say things like this: "That's my seat, I was here first" – "Leave him alone, he isn't doing you any harm" – "Why should you shove in first?" – "Give me a bit of your orange, I gave you a bit of mine" – "How'd you like it if anyone did the same to you?" – "Come on, you promised." People say things like that every day, educated people as well as uneducated, and children as well as grown-ups.

Now what interests me about all these remarks is that the man who makes them isn't just saying that the other man's behavior doesn't happen to please him. He is appealing to some kind of standard of behavior which he expects the other man to know about. And the other man very seldom replies, "To hell with your standard." Nearly always he tries to make out that what he has been doing doesn't really go against the standard, or that if it does, there is some special excuse. He pretends there is some

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special reason in this particular case why the person who took the seat first should not keep it, or that things were quite different when he was given the bit of orange, or that something has turned up which lets him off keeping his promise. It looks, in fact, very much as if both parties had in mind some kind of Law or Rule of fair play or decent behavior or morality or whatever you like to call it, about which they really agreed. And they have. If they hadn't, they might, of course, fight like animals, but they couldn't *quarrel* in the human sense of the word. Quarrelling means trying to show that the other man's in the wrong. And there'd be no sense in trying to do that unless you and he had some sort of agreement as to what Right and Wrong are, just as there'd be no sense in saying that a footballer had committed a foul unless there was some agreement about the rules of football.

Now this Law or Rule about Right and Wrong used to be called the Law of Nature. Nowadays, when we talk of the "laws of nature" we usually mean things like gravitation, or heredity, or the laws of chemistry. But when the older thinkers called the Law of Right and Wrong the Law of Nature, they really meant the Law of *Human* Nature. The idea was that, just as falling stones are governed by the law of gravitation and chemicals by chemical laws, so the creature called man also had *his* law — with this great difference, that the stone couldn't choose whether it obeyed the law of gravitation or not, but a man could choose either to obey the Law of Human Nature or to disobey it. They called it Law of Nature because they thought that every one knew it by nature and didn't need to be taught it. They didn't mean, of course, that you mightn't find an odd individual here and there who didn't know it, just as you find a few people who are color-blind or have no ear for a tune. But taking the race as a whole, they thought that the human idea of Decent Behavior was obvious to everyone. And I believe they were right. If they weren't, then all the things we say about this war are nonsense. What is the sense in saying the enemy are in the wrong unless Right is a real thing which the Germans at bottom know as well as we do and ought to practice? If they had no notion of what we mean by right, then, though we might still have to fight them, we could no more blame them for that than for the color of their hair.

I know that some people say the idea of a Law of Nature or decent behavior known to all men is unsound, because different civilizations and different ages have had quite different moralities. But they haven't. They have had only *slightly* different moralities. Just think what a *quite* different morality would mean. Think of a country where people were *admired* for running away in battle, or where a man felt *proud* for double-crossing all the people who had been kindest to him. You might just as well try to imagine a country where two and two made five. Men have differed as regards what people you ought to be unselfish to — whether it was only

your own family, or your fellow countrymen, or everyone. But they have always agreed that you oughtn't to put yourself first. Selfishness has never been admired. Men have differed as to whether you should have one wife or four. But they have always agreed that you mustn't simply have any woman you liked.

But the most remarkable thing is this. Whenever you find a man who says he doesn't believe in a real Right and Wrong, you will find the same man going back on this a moment later. He may break his promise to you, but if you try breaking one to him he'll be complaining "It's not fair" before you can say Jack Robinson. A nation may say treaties don't matter, but then, next minute, they spoil their case by saying that the particular treaty they want to break was an unfair one. But if treaties don't matter, and if there's no such thing as Right and Wrong — in other words, if there is no Law of Nature — what is the difference between a fair treaty and an unfair one? Haven't they given away the fact that, whatever they say, they really know the Law of Nature just like anyone else?

It seems, then, we are forced to believe in a real Right and Wrong. People may be sometimes mistaken about them, just as people sometimes get their sums wrong, but they are not a matter of mere taste and opinion any more than the multiplication table. Now if we're agreed about that, I go on to my next point, which is this. None of us are really keeping the Law of Nature. If there are any exceptions among you, I apologize to them. They'd better switch on to another station, for nothing I'm going to say concerns them. And now, turning to the ordinary human beings who are left:

I hope you won't misunderstand what I'm going to say. I'm not preaching, and Heaven knows I'm not pretending that I'm better than anyone else. I'm only trying to call attention to a fact: the fact that this year, or this month, or, more likely, this very day, we have failed to practice ourselves the kind of behavior we expect from other people. There may be all sorts of excuses for us. That time you were so unfair to the children was when you were very tired. That slightly shady business about the money — the one you've almost forgotten — came when you were very hard up. And what you promised to do for old So-and-so and have never done — well, you never would have promised if you'd known how frightfully busy you were going to be. And as for your behavior to your wife (or husband), if I knew how irritating they could be, I wouldn't wonder at it — and who the dickens am I, anyway? I am just the same. That is to say, I don't succeed in keeping the Law of Nature very well, and the moment anyone tells me I'm not keeping it, there starts up in my mind a string of excuses as long as your arm. The question at the moment is not whether they are good excuses. The point is that they are one more proof of how deeply, whether we like it or not, we believe in the Law of Nature. If we didn't believe in decent behavior, why should we be so anxious to make excuses for not having

behaved decently⁹ The truth is, we believe in decency so much — we feel the Rule or Law pressing on us so — that we can't bear to face the fact that we're breaking it, and consequently we try to shift the responsibility For you notice that it's only for our bad behavior that we find all these explanations We put our *bad* temper down to being tired or worried or hungry, we put our good temper down to ourselves

Well, those are the two points I wanted to make tonight. First, that human beings, all over the earth, have this curious idea that they *ought* to behave in a certain way, and can't really get rid of it. Secondly, that they don't in fact behave in that way They know the Law of Nature, they break it. These two facts are the foundation of all clear thinking about ourselves and the universe we live in.

II

If they are the foundation, I had better stop to make that foundation firm before I go on Some of the letters I have had from listeners show that a good many people find it difficult to understand just what this Law of Human Nature, or Moral Law, or Rule of Decent Behavior is.

For example, some people write to me saying, "Isn't what you call the Moral Law simply our herd instinct and hasn't it been developed just like all our other instincts?" Now I don't deny that we may have a herd instinct: but that isn't what I mean by the Moral Law. We all know what it feels like to be prompted by instinct — by mother love, or sexual instinct, or the instinct for food It means you feel a strong want or desire to act in a certain way And, of course, we sometimes do feel just that sort of desire to help another person: and no doubt that desire is due to the herd instinct But feeling a desire to help is quite different from feeling that you ought to help whether you want to or not Suppose you hear a cry for help from a man in danger. You will probably feel two desires — one a desire to give help (due to your herd instinct), the other a desire to keep out of danger (due to the instinct for self-preservation) But you will find inside you, in addition to these two impulses, a third thing which tells you that you ought to follow the impulse to help, and suppress the impulse to run away. Now this thing that judges between two instincts, that decides which should be encouraged, can't itself be either of them. You might as well say that the sheet of music which tells you, at a given moment, to play one note on the piano and not another, is itself one of the notes on the keyboard The Moral Law is, so to speak, the tune we've got to play: our instincts are merely the keys.

Another way of seeing that the Moral Law is not simply one of our instincts is this. If two instincts are in conflict, and there is nothing in a creature's mind except those two instincts, obviously the stronger of the two must win. But at those moments when we are most conscious of the Moral Law, it usually seems to be telling us to side with the weaker of the

two impulses. You probably *want* to be safe much more than you want to help the man who is drowning. but the Moral Law tells you to help him all the same. And doesn't it often tell us to try to make the right impulse stronger than it naturally is? I mean, we often feel it our duty to stimulate the herd instinct, by waking up our imaginations and arousing our pity and so on, so as to get up enough steam for doing the right thing. But surely we are not acting *from* instinct when we set about making an instinct stronger than it is? The thing that says to you, "Your herd instinct is asleep. Wake it up," can't itself *be* the herd instinct. The thing that tells you which note on the piano needs to be played louder can't itself be that note!

Here is a third way of seeing it. If the Moral Law was one of our instincts, we ought to be able to point to some one impulse inside us which was always what we call "good," always in agreement with the rule of right behavior. But you can't. There is none of our impulses which the Moral Law won't sometimes tell us to suppress, and none which it won't sometimes tell us to encourage. It is a mistake to think that some of our impulses — say, mother love or patriotism — are good, and others, like sex or the fighting instinct, are bad. All we mean is that the occasions on which the fighting instinct or the sexual desire needs to be restrained are rather more frequent than those for restraining mother love or patriotism. But there are situations in which it is the duty of a married man to encourage his sexual impulse and of a soldier to encourage the fighting instinct. There are also occasions on which a mother's love for her own children or a man's love for his own country have to be suppressed or they'll lead to unfairness towards other people's children or countries. Strictly speaking, there aren't such things as good and bad impulses. Think once again of a piano. It hasn't got two kinds of notes on it, the "right" notes and the "wrong" ones. Every single note is right at one time and wrong at another. The Moral Law isn't any one instinct or any set of instincts: it is something which makes a kind of tune (the tune we call goodness or right conduct) by directing the instincts.

By the way, this point is of great practical consequence. The most dangerous thing you can do is to take any one impulse of your own nature and set it up as the thing you ought to follow at all costs. There's not one of them which won't make us into devils if we set it up as an absolute guide. You might think love of humanity in general was safe, but it isn't. If you leave out justice you'll find yourself breaking agreements and faking evidence in trials "for the sake of humanity," and become in the end a cruel and treacherous man.

Other people write to me saying, "Isn't what you call the Moral Law just a social convention, something that is put into us by education?" I think there is a misunderstanding here. The people who ask that question are usually taking it for granted that if we have learned a thing from parents and teachers, then that thing must be merely a human invention.

But, of course, that isn't so. We all learned the multiplication table at school. A child who grew up alone on a desert island wouldn't know it. But surely it doesn't follow that the multiplication table is simply a human convention, something human beings have made up for themselves and might have made different if they had liked. *Of course* we learn the Rule of Decent Behavior from parents and teachers, as we learn everything else. But some of the things we learn are mere convention which might have been different — we learn to keep to the left of the road, but it might just as well have been the rule to keep to the right — and others of them, like mathematics, are real truths. The question is which class the Law of Human Nature belongs to.

There are two reasons for saying it belongs to the same class as mathematics. The first is, as I said last time, that though there are differences between the moral ideas of one time or country and those of another, the differences aren't really very big — you can recognize the same Law running through them all: whereas mere conventions — like the rule of the road or the kind of clothes people wear — differ completely. The other reason is this. When you think about these differences between the morality of one people and another, do you think that the morality of one people is ever better or worse than that of another? Have any of the changes been improvements? If not, then of course there could never be any moral progress. Progress means not just changing, but changing for the better. If no set of moral ideas were truer or better than any other there would be no sense in preferring civilized morality to savage morality, or Christian morality to Nazi morality. In fact, of course, we all do believe that some moralities *are* better than others. We do believe that some of the people who tried to change the moral ideas of their own age were what we'd call Reformers or Pioneers — people who understood morality better than their neighbors did. Very well then. The moment you say that one set of moral ideas can be better than another, you are, in fact, measuring them both by a standard, saying that one of them conforms to that standard more nearly than the other. But the standard that measures two things is something different from either. You are, in fact, comparing them both with some Real Morality, admitting that there is *really* such a thing as Right, independent of what people think, and that some people's ideas get nearer to that real Right than others. Or put it this way. If your moral ideas can be truer, and those of the Nazis less true, there must be something — some Real Morality — for them to be true *about*. The reason why your idea of New York can be truer or less true than mine is that New York is a real place, existing quite apart from what either of us thinks. If when each of us said "New York" each meant merely "The town I am imagining in my own head," how could one of us have truer ideas than the other? There'd be no question of truth or falsehood at all. In the same way, if the Rule of Decent Behavior meant simply, "whatever each

nation happens to approve," there'd be no sense in saying that any one nation had ever been more correct in its approval than any other; no sense in saying that the world could ever grow better or worse

So you see that though the differences between people's ideas of Decent Behavior often make you suspect that there is no real natural Law of Behavior at all, yet the things we are bound to think about these differences really prove just the opposite. But one word before I end. I think that some listeners have been exaggerating the differences, because they have not distinguished between differences of morality and differences of belief about facts. For example, one listener wrote and said, "Three hundred years ago people in England were putting witches to death. Was that what you call the Rule of Human Nature or Right Conduct?" But surely the reason we don't execute witches is that we don't believe there are such things. If we did — if we really thought that there were people going about who had sold themselves to the devil and received supernatural powers from him in return and were using these powers to kill their neighbors or drive them mad or bring bad weather, surely we'd all agree that if anyone deserved the death penalty, then these filthy quislings did. There's no difference of moral principle here. the difference is simply about matter of fact. It may be a great advance in *knowledge* not to believe in witches. there's no moral advance in not executing them when you don't think they are there! You wouldn't call a man humane for ceasing to set mouse-traps if he did so because he believed there were no mice in the house.

III

I now go back to what I said at the end of the first talk, that there were two odd things about the human race. First, that they were haunted by the idea of a sort of behavior they ought to practice, what you might call fair play, or decency, or morality, or the Law of Nature. Second, that they didn't in fact do so. Now some of you may wonder why I called this odd. It may seem to you the most natural thing in the world. In particular, you may have thought I was rather hard on the human race. After all, you may say, what I call breaking the Law of Right and Wrong or of Nature, means only that people aren't perfect. And why on earth should I expect them to be? Well, that would be a good answer if what I was trying to do was to fix the exact amount of blame which is due to us for not behaving as we expect others to behave. But that isn't my job at all. I'm not concerned at present with blame; I'm trying to find out truth. And from that point of view the very idea of something being imperfect, of its not being what it ought to be, has certain consequences.

If you take a thing like a stone or a tree, it is what it is and there's no sense in saying it ought to have been otherwise. Of course you may say a stone's "the wrong shape" if you want to use it for a rockery, or that a tree's a bad tree because it doesn't give you as much shade as you

expected. But all you mean is that the stone or the tree doesn't happen to be convenient for some purpose of your own. You're not, except as a joke, blaming them for that. You really know that, given the weather and the soil, the tree *couldn't* have been any different. What we, from our point of view, call a "bad" tree is obeying the laws of its nature, just as much as a "good" one.

Now have you noticed what follows? It follows that what we usually call the laws of nature — the way weather works on a tree, for example — may not really be *laws* in the strict sense, but only in a manner of speaking. When you say that falling stones always obey the law of gravitation, isn't this much the same as saying that the law only means "what stones always do"? You don't really think that when a stone is let go, it suddenly remembers that it is under orders to fall to the ground! You mean only that, in fact, it *does* fall. In other words, you can't be sure that there is anything over and above the facts themselves, any law about what ought to happen, as distinct from what does happen. The laws of nature, as applied to stones or trees, may mean only "what Nature, in fact, does." But if you turn to the Law of Human Nature, the Law of Decent Behavior, it's a different matter. That law certainly doesn't mean "what human beings, in fact, do", for, as I said before, many of them don't obey this law at all, and none of them obey it completely. The law of gravity tells you what stones do if you drop them, but the Law of Human Nature tells you what human beings ought to do, and don't. In other words, when you're dealing with humans, something else comes in above and beyond the actual facts. You have the facts (how men do behave) and you also have something else (how they ought to behave). In the rest of the universe there needn't be anything but the facts. Electrons and molecules behave in a certain way, and certain results follow, and that *may* be the whole story.¹ But men behave in a certain way and that's not the whole story, for all the time you know that they ought to behave differently.

Now this is really so peculiar that one is tempted to try to explain it away. For instance, we might try to make out that when you say a man oughtn't to act as he does, you mean only the same as when you say that a stone's the wrong shape, namely, that what he's doing happens to be inconvenient to you. But that just isn't true. A man occupying the corner seat in the train because he got there first, and a man who slipped into it while my back was turned and removed my bag, are both equally inconvenient. But I blame the second man and don't blame the first. I'm not angry — except perhaps for a moment before I come to my senses — with a man who trips me up by accident, I am angry with a man who tries to trip me up even if he doesn't succeed. Yet the first has hurt me and the second hasn't. Sometimes the behavior which I call bad is not inconven-

¹ I don't think it *is* the whole story, as you will see later. I mean that, as far as the argument has gone up to date, it *may* be.

ient to me at all, but the very opposite. In war, each side may find a traitor on the other side very useful. But though they use him and pay him they regard him as human vermin. So you can't say that what we call decent behavior in others is simply the behavior that happens to be useful to us. And as for decent behavior in ourselves, I suppose it's pretty obvious that it doesn't mean the behavior that pays. It means things like being content with thirty shillings when you might have got three pounds, leaving a girl alone when you'd like to make love to her, staying in dangerous places when you could go somewhere safer, keeping promises you'd rather not keep, and telling the truth even when it makes you look a fool.

Some people say that though decent conduct doesn't mean what pays each particular person at a particular moment, still, it means what pays the human race as a whole; and that consequently there's no mystery about it. Human beings, after all, have some sense, they see that you can't have any real safety or happiness except in a society where every one plays fair, and it's because they see this that they try to behave decently. Now, of course, it's perfectly true that safety and happiness can only come from individuals, classes, and nations being honest and fair and kind to each other. It is one of the most important truths in the world. But as an explanation of why we feel as we do about Right and Wrong it just misses the point. If we ask, "Why ought I to be unselfish?" and you reply, "Because it is good for society," we may then ask, "Why should I care what's good for society except when it happens to pay *me* personally?" and then you'll have to say, "Because you ought to be unselfish" — which simply brings us back to where we started. You're saying what's true, but you're not getting any further. If a man asked what was the point of playing football, it wouldn't be much good saying, "in order to score goals," for trying to score goals is the game itself, not the reason for the game, and you'd really only be saying that football was football — which is true, but not worth saying. In the same way, if a man asks what is the point of behaving decently, it's no good replying, "in order to benefit society," for trying to benefit other people, in other words being unselfish, is one of the things decent behavior consists in; all you're really saying is that decent behavior is decent behavior. You'd have said just as much if you'd stopped at the statement, "Men ought to be unselfish."

And that's just where I do stop. Men ought to be unselfish, ought to be fair. Not that men are unselfish, nor that they like being unselfish, but that they ought to be. The Moral Law, or Law of Human Nature, is not simply a fact about human behavior in the same way as the Law of Gravitation is, or may be, simply a fact about how heavy objects behave. On the other hand, it's not a mere fancy, for we can't get rid of the idea, and most of the things we say and think about men would be reduced to nonsense if we did. And it's not simply a statement about how we should like men to behave for our own convenience, for the behavior we call bad

or unfair isn't exactly the same as the behavior we find inconvenient, and may even be the opposite. Consequently, this Rule of Right and Wrong, or Law of Human Nature, or whatever you call it, must somehow or other be a real thing — a thing that's really there, not made up by ourselves. And yet it's not a fact in the ordinary sense, in the same way as our actual behavior is a fact. It begins to look as if we'll have to admit that there's more than one kind of reality, that, in this particular case, there's something above and beyond the ordinary facts of men's behavior, and yet quite definitely real — a real law, which none of us made, but which we find pressing on us.

IV

Let us sum up what we have reached so far. In the case of stones and trees and things of that sort, what we call the Laws of Nature may not be anything except a way of speaking. When you say that nature is governed by certain laws, this may only mean that nature does, in fact, behave in a certain way. The so-called laws may not be anything real — anything above and beyond the actual facts which we observe. But in the case of Man, we saw that this won't do. The law of Human Nature, or of Right and Wrong, must be something above and beyond the actual facts of human behavior. In this case, besides the actual facts, you have something else — a real law which we didn't invent and which we know we ought to obey.

Tonight I want to consider what this tells us about the universe we live in. Ever since men were able to think, they've been wondering what this universe really is and how it came to be there. And, very roughly, two views have been held. First, there is what is called the materialist view. People who take that view think that matter and space just happen to exist, and always have existed, nobody knows why, and that the matter, behaving in certain fixed ways, has just happened, by a sort of fluke, to produce creatures like ourselves who are able to think. By one chance in a thousand something hit our sun and made it produce the planets, and by another thousandth chance the chemicals necessary for life, and the right temperature, arose on one of these planets, and so some of the matter on this earth came alive; and then, by a very long series of chances, the living creatures developed into things like us. The other view is the religious view.² According to it, what is behind the universe is more like a

² In order to keep this Talk short enough I mentioned only the Materialist view and the Religious view. But to be complete I ought to mention the In-Between view called Life-Force philosophy, or Creative-Evolution, or Emergent Evolution. The wittiest expositions of it come in the works of Mr. G. B. Shaw, but the most profound ones in those of Bergson. People who hold this view say that the small variations by which life on this planet "evolved" from the lowest forms to Man were not due to chance but to the "striving" or "purposiveness" of a Life-Force. When people say this we must ask them whether by Life-Force they mean something with a mind or not. If they do, then "a mind bringing life into existence and leading it to perfection" is really a God, and

mind than it's like anything else we know. That is to say, it's conscious, and has purposes, and prefers one thing to another. And on this view it made the universe, partly for purposes we don't know, but partly, at any rate, in order to produce creatures like itself — I mean, like itself to the extent of having minds. Please don't think that one of these views was held a long time ago and that the other has gradually taken its place. Wherever there have been thinking men both views turn up. And note this too. You can't find out which view is the right one by science in the ordinary sense. Science works by experiments. It watches how things behave. Every scientific statement in the long run, however complicated it looks, really means "I pointed the telescope to such and such a part of the sky at 2.20 A.M. on 15th January and saw so-and-so," or "I put some of this stuff in a pot and heated it to such-and-such a temperature and it did so-and-so." Don't think I'm saying anything against science: I'm only saying what its job is. And the more scientific a man is, the more (I believe) he'd agree with me that this is the job of science — and a very useful and necessary job it is too. But why anything comes to be there at all, and whether there's anything behind the things science observes — something of a different kind — this is not a scientific question. If there is "Something Behind," then either it will have to remain altogether unknown to men or else make itself known in some different way. The statement that there is any such thing, and the statement that there's no such thing, are neither of them statements that science can make. And real scientists don't usually make them. It's usually the journalists and popular novelists who have picked up a few odds and ends of half-baked science from textbooks who go in for them. After all, it's really a matter of common sense. Suppose science ever became complete so that it knew every single thing in the whole universe. Don't you see that the questions "Why is there a universe?" "Why does it go on as it does?" "Has it any meaning?" would remain just as they were?

Now the position would be quite hopeless but for this. There is one thing, and only one, in the whole universe which we know more about than we could learn from external observation. That one thing is Man. We don't merely observe men, we *are* men. In this case we have, so to

their view is thus identical with the Religious. If they don't, then what is the sense in saying that something without a mind "strives" or has "purposes"? This seems to me fatal to their view. One reason why many people find Creative Evolution so attractive is that it gives one much of the emotional comfort of believing in God and none of the less pleasant consequences. When you are feeling fit and the sun is shining and you don't want to believe that the whole universe is a mere mechanical dance of atoms, it's nice to be able to think of this great mysterious Force rolling on through the centuries and carrying you on its crest. If, on the other hand, you want to do something rather shabby, the Life-Force being only a blind force, with no morals and no mind, will never interfere with you like that troublesome God we learned about when we were children. The Life-Force is a sort of *tame* God. You can switch it on when you want, but it won't bother *you*. All the thrills of religion and none of the cost. Is the Life-Force the greatest achievement of wishful thinking the world has yet seen?

speak, inside information; we're in the know. And because of that, we know that men find themselves under a moral law, which they didn't make, and can't quite forget even when they try, and which they know they ought to obey. Notice the following point. Anyone studying Man from the outside as we study electricity or cabbages, not knowing our language and consequently not able to get any inside knowledge from *us*, but merely observing what we did, would never get the slightest evidence that we had this moral law. How could he? for his observations would only show what we did, and the moral law is about what we ought to do. In the same way, if there *is* anything above or behind the observed facts in the case of stones or the weather, we, by studying them from outside, could never hope to discover it.

The position of the question, then, is like this. We want to know whether the universe simply happens to be what it is for no reason or whether there is a power behind it that makes it what it is. Since that power, if it exists, would be not one of the facts but a reality which makes the facts, no mere observation of the facts can find it. There's only one case in which we can know whether there's anything more, namely our own case. And in that one case we find there is. Or put it the other way round. If there was a controlling power outside the universe, it could not show itself to us as one of the facts inside the universe — no more than the architect of a house could actually be a wall or staircase or fireplace in that house. The only way in which we could expect it to show itself would be inside *us* as an influence or a command trying to get us to behave in a certain way. And that's just what we do find inside us. Doesn't it begin to look, if I may say so, very suspicious? In the only case where you can expect to get an answer, the answer turns out to be yes, and in the other cases, where you don't get an answer, you see *why* you don't. Suppose someone asks me, when I see a man in blue uniform going down the street leaving little paper packets at each house, why I suppose that they contain letters. I should reply, "Because whenever he leaves a similar little packet for me I find it does contain a letter." And if he then objected — "But you've never seen all these letters which you think the other people are getting," I should say, "Of course not, and I shouldn't expect to, because they're not addressed to me. I'm explaining the packets I'm not allowed to open by the ones I am allowed to open." It's the same about this question. The only packet I'm allowed to open is Man. When I do, especially when I open that particular man called *Myself*, I find that I don't exist on my own, that I'm under a law, that somebody or something wants me to behave in a certain way. I don't, of course, think that if I could get inside a stone or a tree I should find exactly the same thing, just as I don't think all the other people in the street get the *same* letters as I do. I should expect, for instance, to find that the stone *had* to obey the law of gravity — that whereas the senders of the letters merely tells me

to do right, He *compels* the stone to obey the laws of its nature But I should expect to find that there was, so to speak, a sender of letters in both cases, a Power behind the facts, a Director, a Guide

Now don't think I'm going faster than I really am I'm not yet within a hundred miles of the God of Christian theology. All I've got to is a Something which is directing the universe, and which appears in me as a law urging me to do right and making me feel responsible and uncomfortable when I do wrong I think we have to assume it's more like a mind than it's like anything else we know — because after all the only other thing we know is matter and you can hardly imagine a bit of matter making a law. But, of course, it needn't be very like a mind, still less like a person. But one word of warning There's been a great deal of soft soap talked about God for the last hundred years. That's not what I'm offering. You can cut all that out.

Checking Your Reading

What two main points does Mr. Lewis seek to make in Part I of this selection? What is the relation of Part II to Part I? How does Lewis answer the view that Moral Law is simply herd instinct? that it is simply the creation of education? What distinctions does he make between "what we call the Laws of Nature" and "the Law of Human Nature, or of Right and Wrong"? Briefly, what is the materialist view of the universe? the religious view? the Life-Force view? How does Lewis apply his earlier observations as support for the religious view?

Forming Your Opinion

Does Lewis's argument win your assent at each step? If not, where do you part company with him, or wish for fuller discussion? Does he answer adequately the objection that "different civilizations and different ages have had quite different moralities"? the two objections raised in Part II? the opinion that decent conduct is dictated simply by consideration of what pays society as a whole? What motives cause people knowingly to violate the Moral Law? What do you think of the view that if people know what is right they will do it?

ARE RELIGIOUS PEOPLE FOOLING THEMSELVES?

Harry Emerson Fosdick

Through his teaching, preaching, and writing, Harry Emerson Fosdick (1878–) has become one of the most influential voices of liberal Protestantism in America. Born in Buffalo, he was educated at Colgate, the Union Theological Seminary, and Columbia. In 1903 he was ordained to the Baptist ministry. As a teacher at the Union Theological Seminary and as minister of New York City's Riverside Church, whose great Gothic tower looks down on the Hudson River from upper Manhattan, Dr. Fosdick has constantly and persuasively emphasized the needful place of religion in our scientific civilization. Among his many writings are The Hope of the World (1933), A Guide to Understanding the Bible (1938), and On Being a Real Person (1943). The following essay is from As I See Religion (1932). Dr. Fosdick considers the psychological criticisms of religion as an opiate or a comforting illusion, admits the validity of much of this criticism, but points out the vital difference between the sham religion which seeks escape from reality and the true religion which, by self-renunciation and work, seeks to meet the actual world and transform it.

A FRESH CRITICISM of religion is afoot, the subtlety of which makes it difficult to counter. The gist of the contention is that religion is a comforting fantasy. Finding ourselves in a ruthless universe, so we are told, we imagine an illusory world of divine mercy and care and, thus making our existence more tolerable, we cling to the subterfuge as a sacred possession.

A wife who discovered that she had been worshipping an imaginative construct of her husband instead of seeing clearly the real nature of the man, once broke down in my presence with the cry "For all these years I have supposed myself sincerely loved, but I was only fooling myself." Many today entertain a similar suspicion about their relations with the universe. They have believed it to be the work of a merciful God; they have seen it unified by divine purpose and illumined by divine love, they have prayed to their God, sung songs about him, found comfort and stimulation through faith in him. Now, however, they wonder whether they are not fooling themselves. Is not religion the supreme example of the way mankind can enjoy an illusion?

From *As I See Religion* by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Copyright 1932 by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

It is time to expect this particular difficulty to arise. The physical and biological sciences are causing such radical readjustments of religious thought as will leave Christianity hardly recognizable by an ancient devotee but, while badly needing hospitalization in consequence, religion has kept its banners flying. The new universe of staggering distances is far less cozy a setting for the religious imagination to operate in than the old cosmology afforded, but it will take more than the new astronomy to banish God. Evolution has done to death some precious myths but, while landing painfully on sensitive spots, its weapons have not reached the heel of Achilles. The mathematical mechanism of natural processes has put religious thought on its mettle, but, as was pointed out long ago, hats made by machinery still fit human heads and a railroad train, mechanistic if anything is, still goes somewhere; mechanism and purpose are not antithetical, and a thoroughly mechanistic world may still be grounded in intelligence and guided by an aim.

The fresh criticism of religion starts where these old difficulties leave off. It asks why men so pertinaciously desire religious faith and so pugnaciously refuse to give it up. It inquires why religion exhibits such infinite capacity to recuperate from apparently fatal illnesses and even to revive after its obseques have been publicly announced. This continuous ability of religion to escape from tight places, assume new forms, and settle down in strange intellectual environments must have an explanation within the nature of man himself. Man thus clings to religion, the solution runs, because he needs it. He needs it because the real universe is a Gargantuan physical process, which cares nothing for man or his values, knows nothing of him, and in the end will snuff him out. This world of fact is so intolerable that man refuses to live in it until he has overlaid it with a world of desire. Religion is thus a comforting illusion. It survives, not because it is true, but precisely because it is false, it is the world as man would like it, imaginatively superimposed on the world as it really is.

To be sure, this reduction of theology to psychology is not new; more than once in the long, running fight between religion and irreligion the completely subjective nature of God has been asserted, as, for example, by Feuerbach in the last century, but today this old method of attack has gained fresh poignancy. When it is Freudian, it posits the experience of the babe in his mother's womb as the most comfortable epoch in the human organism's existence — an experience of such sheltering care that unconsciously the adult forever wishes to return. Religion, then, with its God of love, is a psychological wish-fulfillment; it springs from the pathetic longing of the human organism in this inexorable universe to retreat to solace and peace.

No such special formulation, however, is indispensable to the interpretation of religious faith as a consoling mirage. Whether the mechanism

by which it emerges is phrased in Freudian terms or not, faith can still be charged with being an illusion. Never did religion face hostile strategy more threatening. In the most dangerous hours of ascendent disbelief, when man's faith has been assailed as irrational and obsolete, it still has been possible to marshal evidence of the serviceable effects of religion on its believers, to enlarge on the comfort it confers, the doors of hope it opens, the sense of life's significance it imparts, the stimulating faiths it furnishes, the lives it invigorates and transforms. Now, however, all this is turned against the defenders of the faith.

To be sure, says the rejoinder, religion is comforting, stimulating, encouraging. That is the reason why folk are religious. This universe seen as modern science reveals it is utterly without encouragement or comfort.

The world rolls round for ever like a mill;
It grinds out death and life and good and ill;
It has no purpose, heart or mind or will.

In such a cosmos the naked facts are too unendurably inhuman to be sustained with equanimity or lived upon with eagerness. But human beings, fortuitously emerging on this transient planet and living, as one astronomer puts it, like sailors who run up the rigging of a sinking ship, passionately desire to be at peace and to work with enthusiasm. Therefore, they make up religion. It springs from unconscious processes of emotional reaction. It is comparable to our concealment of the uncomfortable process of gestation under the friendly figure of the stork. It is the human organism's way of looking in another direction when the truth becomes intolerable, and there seeing what he wants to see. Religion no longer needs to be disproved; it is merely a psychological process to be explained.

By this strategy of attack some of the most potent religious artillery falls into the hands of the enemy. The more we insist on the beauty and usefulness of religious faith and extol it as a way to abundant living, the worse off, apparently, we are, for the more we lend color to the contention that religion rests on subjective desire rather than on objective fact. Thus losing so large a portion of our offensive armament, we find ourselves, as well, blasted from old defensive citadels. For in the past, no matter how difficult the intellectual readjustments may have been, we could insist that though God cannot be proved he cannot be disproved, that the path of faith is open to belief in a spiritual interpretation of the world. Now, however, the vanguard of the irreligious have no interest in disproving God; they simply explain him — he is a defense-mechanism by which we make a pitiless universe seem fatherly, a subjective fog-bank, hiding cruel facts of the real world, by calling which solid ground we make life more livable.

II

The first reaction of a religious man to this subtle and serious attack would better be frank recognition of the truth in it. Anyone acquainted with even the environs of modern psychiatry knows that not only religious imagination but every other function of the human mind is commonly used as a means of substituting desire for reality. "Anything to escape, to color the spectacles!" exclaims one of Warwick Deeping's characters. The psychiatrist suspects that human life is largely lived on that basis. Defense-mechanisms, rationalizations, and wish-fantasies, by which we sidestep the actual and escape into some desired fairyland, abound in the human mind. Indeed, tricks of evasion and self-deceit so infest our thinking that their presence in religion is only a small portion of the total problem which they represent.

"As one runs through the literature of the psychiatrist and the psychoanalyst of the day," writes Professor Gault, "one gains the impression that much of our behavior and almost every emotional reaction that one experiences is a defense." Drunkenness is a defense-mechanism by which we escape from humdrum conditions, boasting a compensatory device by which we elude a real sense of inferiority and simulate a superior attitude, day-dreams a means of flight from a world of tiresome fact to a world of desire, hysteria a form of subconscious shirking, and a Micawberish faith that something will turn up, a familiar psychological alibi for directive thinking and hard work. The most difficult task in the world for most people is courageously to deal with reality. Our sanitariums are full of folk who, eluding constructive handling of their factual problems, have subconsciously betaken themselves to neurasthemia until neurasthenia has taken hold on them, and any one of us intelligently watching his own mind can catch it weaving its cunning subterfuges of escape. That is to say, the charge now made against religion, that it can be used and is being used as a substitute for facing real facts, is a charge that can be made against the whole mental life of man.

To be sure, religion is commonly employed as a means of retreat from disturbing facts! So are countless other things from cocaine, day-dreams, and detective stories, to music, poetry, and ordinary optimism. "Land sakes!" said one poor woman in Middletown, "I don't see how people live at all who don't cheer themselves up by thinkin' of God and Heaven." Many people's faith is thus a practical way of finding cheer when untoward circumstances press too ruthlessly upon them. Granted that such religion is naive, not at all concerned with the philosophic truth about the universe, and taken for granted as a useful means of achieving solace in an uncomfortable world, one may say, even on this level, that, considering the various other defense-mechanisms popularly employed to

cheer people up, we may be thankful that some folk still remain who reach the goal of inward joy by thinking about God

While, however, this practical and largely unconsidered retreat upon religious faith because of its comforting effects is inevitably to be expected, intelligent exponents of religion cannot be complacent about the matter. Undoubtedly, many religious people are fooling themselves. Careless of the facts of the universe, they try by imaginative devices to wangle out of life a temporary peace of mind. They surround themselves with an impinging world of friendly saints and angels, believe what they wish to believe about the goodness of God, the spiritual significance of life, the hope of immortality, display militant impatience at any disturbance of their faiths and expectations. The impression they make on the detached observer is unfortunate. He is inclined to feel, like one young collegian, that "Religion is nothing but a chloroform mask into which the weak and unhappy stick their faces."

Obviously, such disparagement depends on an interpretation of religion in comfortable terms. No austere religion of self-renunciation would suggest this criticism. Our soft and sentimental modernism, therefore, must in this matter accept heavy responsibility, for it undoubtedly has led Christianity into the defile where this ambush could be sprung with deadliest effect. The old orthodoxy was by no means so susceptible of interpretation in terms of comfort. Men believed in a Calvinistic God who from all eternity had foredoomed multitudes of his children to eternal hell. Preachers drove women mad and made strong men cry out in terror by their pictures of God holding sinners over the infernal pit and likely at any moment to let go. One who, like myself, has now a long memory can recall those days when fear haunted the sanctuary. When I was seven I cried myself to sleep in dread that I was going to hell and when I was nine I was ill from panic terror lest I had committed the unpardonable sin. Had the idea been broached in those days that religion is merely a psychological device by which we solace ourselves, it would have been difficult to see the point.

Against this reign of terror in religion the new theology revolted. Judgment Day was allegorized, hell was sublimated, predestination was denied, God was sentimentalized. Whatever was harsh, grim, forbidding in the old religion was crowded to the periphery or thrust out altogether, and whatever was lovely, comforting, hopeful was made central. Religion became a song about the ideal life, the love of God, the hope of heaven. Many of the older generation still remember how like the water and bread of life this new interpretation seemed. It was part and parcel of the *Zeitgeist*; it accorded with the mid-Victorian attitude; it emerged in Browning's gorgeous optimism as well as in the sentimentality of gospel hymns. Skeptics might doubt and science pose difficult problems, but we knew that in this inspiring faith of religion — a good God, a morally trust-

worthy universe, an onward and upward march forever — we had found the secret of triumphant living. And now the ambush breaks upon this very position. Our strategy apparently has gone awry and the very battle-line we chose has given to the irreligious the best opportunity they ever had. They grant everything we say about the loveliness and comfort of our faith, they agree that it inspires, consoles, enheartens, and pacifies, they consent to the claim that it is emotionally satisfying and often practically useful. The fact that it is all this, they say, explains its emergence. It is a fantasy constructed for this very purpose. It is man's subjective method of making himself more comfortable in an uncomfortable world.

What we face today, therefore, is not only the universal tendency in human nature to sugarcoat stern fact with fantasy, but this tendency accentuated by a type of religion which lends itself readily to such saccharine use. The upshot is that multitudes of religious people are unquestionably fooling themselves. The chief engineer of the Eighth Avenue Subway recently told me that he had received a letter from a woman demanding that the blasting on the subway be stopped because it interfered with the singing of her pet canary. That woman's outlook illustrates much popular religion. Her ego had pushed itself into the center of the city's life, her pet canary's singing had become to her a crucial matter of metropolitan concern, the vast enterprises of the municipality should in her opinion turn aside for her pet. A similar frame of mind characterizes egocentric religion.

To be sure, some two billion years ago this little planet broke off from its parent sun and started on its orbit of six hundred million miles. To be sure, the sun itself is but a tiny thing — millions of it could be lost in a star like Betelgeuse. To be sure, there are extragalactic nebulae from which light speeding 186,000 miles a second has been travelling 140,000,000 years to reach us. The cosmos is a blasting operation on a titanic scale. This fact does not shut out the possibility that the Power behind the universe may ultimately be interested in personality. The Eighth Avenue Subway is concerned with personality, the welfare of persons is its object. Individual whimsies, however, do not count, pet canaries are not determinative. So our universe is a stern affair, and the God of it, as Jesus said in his parable, is like an "austere man." He has no pets, he plays no favorites, he stops no blasting for any man's canary. Law rules in this cosmos, not magic. There are no Aladdin's lamps. To forget that is to run with the egocentric multitude into a religion of illusion.

It is one thing, however, thus to grant that religious imagination, like every other mental functioning, is used to produce egotistically satisfying fantasies; it is another thing to claim that so obvious a fact finally disposes of religion. The latter is a much more weighty proposition than can be supported by any psychoanalysis of religious wish-fulfillments.

III

The claim that religion essentially is fantasy is just as strong or weak as the materialistic world-view with which it starts. For whether explicit or not, materialism, by whatever special name it may now be called to distinguish it from discredited predecessors, supplies these new strategists with their base of operations. They begin with a merely quantitative universe; they assume its metrical aspects to be original and creative, the cosmos, in their view, has emerged from the automatic organization of physical energy-units. With this for their beginning, their ending is inevitable: all man's qualitative life — his disinterested love of truth, beauty, and goodness — is purely subjective. In so far as his mind discovers quantitative facts, man may be knowing the outer world somewhat as it really is, but when, so we are told, man tries to externalize his esthetic and moral life, to posit a good God, or see artistry as a structural fact in the universe, or interpret social progress in terms of cosmic purpose, he is fooling himself. Nothing outside his own psychological processes corresponds with what he experiences as creative spiritual life. Since, therefore, there is neither goodness, purpose, intelligence, artistry, nor any other spiritual quality present in the universe external to man, all religion, in so far as it inspires man with the faith that his spiritual life is a revelation of the universal life, is fallacious. On that basis alone can the claim be erected that religion is essentially a fantasy. With that for a starting point one may go on to say with the character in a modern novel, "Man invents religion to hide the full horror of the universe's complete indifference, for it is horrible."

It is necessary to insist that this new psychological attack on religion does rest back on a materialistic foundation, and is just as steady or as shaky as its base. Too frequently these new strategists are unwilling to make a frank statement of their world-view. The number of thoroughgoing minds like Bertrand Russell's, saying straightly, "omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way," and drawing the legitimate conclusion that religion is, of course, subjective finery with which we clothe an inexorable world, is small. Most of the humanists who elide all extrahuman elements from religion and reduce it to subjectivism discreetly draw a veil of silence over their world-view.

Once in a while some lucid mind, disliking clandestine dealing, states frankly what the upshot is to human life on this planet when his philosophy is granted. So Mr. Everett Dean Martin says: "At the end of all our strivings and efforts science sees our world a frozen clod whirling through emptiness about a cheerless and exhausted sun, bearing on its sides the marks of man's once hopeful activity, fragments of his works of art mixed with glacial debris, all waiting in the dark for millenniums until the final crash comes, when even the burned out sun shall be shattered in collision

with another like it, and the story shall all be over while there is no one to remember and none to care. All will be as if it had never been." Obviously, in a universe where all spiritual values are thus casual, fortuitous, and transient, religion is an illusion. On that basis one might even say with Goncourt that "Life is a nightmare between two nothings," and add that religion is a subterfuge for inducing sweeter dreams. Most of the new strategists, however, never go through with their position to this logical conclusion but, forgetting their total world-view as best they can, like Mr. Lippmann they play around with such optimisms as happen to intrigue them. The fact is that when it comes to indulging in defense-mechanisms and fantasies the humanists practice it quite as commonly as the theists.

One editor, for example, rather desperately trying to be a humanist, says, "We ought to push gently aside the subject of cosmology for a season, and come to ontology. Not the universe, but man, is our proper study." The picture of this editor endeavoring "gently" to get the cosmos out of sight is one of the most priceless things that recent religious discussion has produced. Unfortunately this method of retreat from reality, this legerdemain by which the cosmos is "gently" secreted from view, is common. Nevertheless, the cosmos is important.

Indeed, the claim that religion is essentially a branch of pathological psychology is based upon gigantic assumptions about the cosmos. For example, it accuses the religious man who believes that the world has mind behind it and in it of constructing a fantasy to please himself, and in so doing it assumes that the world does not have mind behind it or in it, but is a potpourri and salmagundi of mindless forces. That is an immense assumption. As a matter of fact, this universe does not seem to be a non-mental process into which we import rationality as a comforting myth. The Woolworth Tower is no merely physical thing separable from mind, it is objectified thought. Abstract from it its mathematics, the ideas and plans which mind injected and without which it could not be understood at all, and the remainder would not be a tower. The very substance of the Woolworth Tower, the factors which make it cohere, are mental.

The mind's relationship with the intelligible universe as a whole is not altogether different from this. All the world of things we know lies within the apprehension of our minds. The very distances between the stars exist for us in our mental measurements. The realm of science, its formulations of law and its ideas of cause and effect are not directly given in our sensations of the outer world, but exist primarily in the world of thought. It is just as true to say that the cosmos exists in our minds as to say that our minds exist in the cosmos. So obvious is this that when Professor Jeans closes his essay, "Eos," setting forth the breath-taking marvels of modern astronomy, he describes man as an infant gazing at it all and says, "Ever the old question obtrudes itself as to whether the

infant has any means of knowing that it is not dreaming all the time. The picture it sees may be merely a creation of its own mind." Personally, I doubt that, but certainly the idea that physical energy-units have merely tossed us up into existence in a chance burst of energy and that our minds are aliens here in a non-mental world, fooling themselves by thinking there is sense in it, is no adequate account of the situation. The universe as we know it is thoroughly mental

Harry Elmer Barnes recently wrote, "Astronomically speaking, man is almost totally negligible," to which George Albert Coe whipped back an answer, "'Astronomically speaking, man is' the astronomer." Quite so! There is no sense in claiming that astronomy belittles man when the astronomical universe which man marvels at is alike the discovery and the construct of man's mind.

These new strategists also accuse the religious man of wildly practicing fantasy when he reads the meaning of the cosmic process in terms of its highest revelation, personality. That accusation involves the assumption that personality is not a revelation of anything beyond itself, that while stars, rocks, and atoms are truth-tellers about the cosmos, the most significant thing we know, self-conscious being with powers of reflective thought, creative art, developing goodness, and effective purpose, has nothing to reveal. That is a gigantic assumption.

As a matter of fact, personality with its creative powers, spiritual achievements, developing civilizations, alluring possibilities, is here. However the world came into being, there must be somewhere the potency from which these consequences have emerged. "King Lear" cannot be explained by merely analyzing the play into the arithmetical points which constitute the hooks and dashes, which in turn constitute the letters, which in turn constitute the words, which in turn constitute the sentences, which in turn constitute the drama. If one tries to content oneself with such analysis, one must first by sleight of hand import into the original arithmetical points the potency of such self-motivation and self-arrangement as will bring the Shakespearean consequence. Just this the mechanistic naturalist does. When no one is looking, he slips into the universe's energy-units the potentiality — whatever that may mean — to become Plato's brain and Christ's character. If one is really desirous of getting rid of illusion one may well start with discontent at this mental legerdemain.

Such an interpretation assumes that the whole universe, including the human mind itself, is the result of casual cosmic weathering, and that any spiritual meaning supposedly found there is our fantasy. In Canon Streeter's phrase, it pictures the universe as "one gigantic accident consequent upon an infinite succession of happy flukes." As a serious attempt to understand a process which has issued in Beethoven's symphonies, Einstein's cosmology, and the Sermon on the Mount, to mention nothing else, this seems painfully inadequate.

If the universal process is thus nothing but the self-organization of physical energy, then the cortex of the human brain must be included. That also is the result of self-organizing energy-units working in mechanistic patterns, and mental determinism is the inevitable consequence. The universal energy, arranging itself into nebulae, solar systems, plants, and animals, has at last arranged itself into the human brain, and from the bottom to the top of this cosmic process everything is predetermined by mechanical necessity. This means that the functioning of physical cells, working in mechanistic patterns along lines of least resistance in the brain, predetermines everything we think — Freud's arguments as well as religion's answer, Voliva's idea that the earth is flat, as well as Jeans' astronomy. The mind's relation to the brain becomes, in such a case, as some have frankly said, like the shadow cast by a moving object. That is to say, all our apparent mental choices are predetermined activities of physical energy-units — not our reasoned reply to the world but only our automatic reaction.

To say that with such a world-view religion is an illusion is to state the consequence mildly, the serious meaning of reflective thought has also disappeared into mirage.

It is the distinguished virtue of a book like Mr. Joseph Krutch's *The Modern Temper*, that in it this fact is so clearly recognized and so honestly stated. Mr. Krutch is persuaded that religion is a comforting myth. It represents the world as man would like to have it in contrast with the world as man discovers it to be. It is born of desire and is clung to because, created by desire, it is more satisfactory than cruel fact. Mr. Krutch, that is, joins heartily in the new attack on religion. But he has a thorough-going mind. He sees that on that basis what is true of religion is true of all the intellectual and spiritual faculties of man, that scientific optimism is as unfounded as religious optimism, that not only is man "an ethical animal in a universe which contains no ethical element," but he is a philosophical animal in a universe which contains no philosophical element; that all man's finer life — art, romance, sense of honor — is as much an alien in this world as is religion and that, if the cosmos is basically physical, then through the entire range of man's mental and moral experience he faces "an intolerable disharmony between himself and the universe." This conclusion when the premises are granted seems to me logically inevitable. In a merely quantitative world all qualitative life is alien; we are then in a night where all cows are black.

If it be true that whatever arises in our experience by psychological processes in order that life may become more livable, is, therefore, suspect, then everything is suspect. Of course, religion meets psychological needs! Of course that is why it has arisen and has so tenaciously persisted! Of course, like everything else, if religion had not aided the survival of the human organism, it long since would have disappeared. At its best it

does inspire, encourage, and enrich life; it enables men to transcend their environments, rise above them, be superior to them, and carry off a spiritual victory in the face of them. And because of this, passing through many intellectual formulations, it still abides. In this it is at one with science, love, music, art, poetry, and moral excellence. This fact alone neither credits nor discredits anything in man's experience.

The great question on the answer to which all depends still remains: *why* a universe in which beings have evolved who cannot live without such spiritual values? The extraordinary datum to be dealt with is that, as a matter of fact, personalities exist, finding life intolerable without philosophy, ethics, art, music, and religion. The cosmos has produced us, has forced us, if we are to survive on honorable terms, to develop such spiritual faculties, has set a livable life as a prize not to be won without the creation and maintenance of these higher powers. It must require a particular kind of cosmos to act that way. The fact of personality, with its intellectual and spiritual needs, is the most amazing with which the universe faces us, and no detailed analysis of psychological mechanisms can seriously affect its explanation, it is the total fact which waits to be understood. That out of the cosmos has come a being too significant to find contentment without spiritual interpretations of his life is the basic datum on which intelligent religion rests its case.

IV

The ultimate answer to this new attack, however, does not lie in the realm of intellectual discourse. The attack will continue until we popularly achieve a type of religion which does not come within its line of fire. Our real trouble is egocentric religion, which does egregiously fool its devotees. A comfortable modernism which, eliminating harsh and obsolete orthodoxies and making a few mental adjustments to scientific world-views, contents itself with a sentimentalized God and a roseate optimism will, if it continues, encourage the worst opinions of religion as a pacifying fantasy. Such a lush gospel will claim its devotees, but minds with any sinew in them turn away. Modern Christianity has grown soft, sentimental, saccharine. It has taken on pink flesh and lost strong bone. It has become too much flute and too little trumpet. It has fallen from the stimulating altitudes of austerity and rigor, where high religion customarily has walked. In consequence it is called a mere wish-fulfillment because it acts that way. "No completely healthy intelligent person," says one of our psychologists, "who has not suffered some misfortune can ever be truly religious." That is not so much intellectual judgment as peevishness, but the writer could easily claim that he had much to be peevish about.

The only adequate answer is a kind of religion which a "completely healthy intelligent person" — if there are any such — can welcome with the

consent of all his faculties. At least three elements, I think, are crucially required.

A religion in holding which a man does not fool himself must take into full account the law-abiding nature of the world. Most popular religion is not yet within sight of that goal. Just as astronomy came out of astrology and on our back streets still displays the left-overs of its ancient superstition, or as chemistry came out of alchemy and labored for centuries to throw off its old credulities, so religion came out of magic. Primitive religion was magical and primitive magic was religious. The adhesive power of magical ideas is prodigious, and millions of people in the modern world retain a magical faith. They try to use God as a short-cut to get things they want because they want them, and not at all because they have fulfilled the law-abiding conditions for getting them.

To be sure, religious men do lip-service to the reign of law. They even acclaim it and quote stock arguments by which a law-abiding world can be conceived as under the governance of God. But too seldom have they grasped in either thought or practice the basic implication of the reign of law — that nothing can be won except by fulfilling the law-abiding conditions for getting it.

Especially does this magical attitude persist in prayer. Even the plain lessons of history are lost on multitudes of pious believers. They know or ought to know the story of the plagues that once devastated the Western world and of the prayers lifted in agonized desire and faith against them. They should know also that plagues continued their recurrent terror until sanitary conditions were fulfilled, and that even to this day wherever those conditions are neglected all the frenzied petitions of magical religion are of no avail.

This is a law-abiding world in which a man may not run to God saying, "Stop your blasting for my pet canary!" It is fortunate that such is the case. A cosmos in which we received what we wanted because we wanted it without fulfilling the conditions for getting it would be a fool's world that could produce only fools. "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride."

If we desire physical results we must fulfil physical conditions; if we desire mental results we must fulfil mental conditions; if we desire spiritual results we must fulfil spiritual conditions — that simple, basic, obvious fact would revolutionize popular religion if once it were apprehended. Let the pious trust God if they will, but it is fantasy to trust him to break his own laws. All supernaturalism is illusion. Even the pre-scientific New Testament says, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," which translated into modern speech means, I suppose, "Don't fool yourself; this is a law-abiding world."

Intelligent prayer in particular is not magic; it is the inward fulfilling of spiritual conditions so that appropriate spiritual results are possible.

It is the very soul of personal religion, but it is not whimsical, capricious, an affair of desperate exigency expressed in spasms of appeal. It is an inward life habitually lived in such companionship that the effective consequence follows.

A man whose religion lies thus in a spiritual life which, fulfilling spiritual conditions in a law-abiding spiritual world, achieves triumphant spiritual results, is not fooling himself.

Another element is bound to characterize a religious experience which escapes illusion — self-renunciation. The egocentric nature of much popular religion is appalling. The perspective is all wrong. Even God becomes a matter of interest to many believers largely for what they can get out of him. They treat the Deity as a kind of universal valet to do odds and ends for them, a sort of "cosmic bellboy" for whom they push buttons, and who is expected to come running. "God for us," is the slogan of their faith, instead of, "Our lives for God."

As a result, much current religion becomes what the new attack takes it to be — an auxiliary of selfishness. The centripetal force of a selfish life, when that life becomes religious, sweeps the whole cosmos in. God himself becomes a nursemaid for our pets, and religion sinks into a comfortable faith that we shall be fondly taken care of, our wishes fulfilled, and our egocentric interests coddled. Professor Royce of Harvard used to tell his students never to look for "sugar-plums . . . in the home of the Infinite." That injunction is critically needed in contemporaneous religion. Looking for sugar-plums in the home of the Infinite is precisely what popular religion is concerned about.

All great religion, however, starts with self-renunciation and there is no great religion without it. Such faith is austere, rigorous, difficult. It promises no coddling and expects no sugar-plums. It does not use God as a *deus ex machina* which in an emergency will do our bidding; it believes in God as the source and conservator of spiritual values, and dedicates life to his service.

Strangely enough, Christianity has been and still is interpreted as the supreme example of a coddling, comfortable faith. Jesus' dominant doctrine, the sacredness of personality, given a selfish twist, leads Christians to put each his own personality into the center of the cosmos and to see the divine purposes arrange themselves in concentric circles around him. Are not the very hairs of our heads numbered? Is it not the will of our Father that not one of these little ones should perish? Is not egoism bursting into songs like "That will be glory for me" the essential nature of Christianity?

It is amazing to find this flaccid interpretation of a faith whose symbol is the austere Cross. No one would be so astonished as Jesus himself at this rendering of his religion. He did believe in the sacredness of every personality, but to that truth he gave a self-renouncing turn. To give his

life for the liberation and elevation of personality, asking as little as possible for himself and expending as much as possible of himself — to Jesus that was the upshot of believing that personality is sacred

Indeed, as one listens to these Freudians and their various allies, one wonders why, if they really wish to know what religion is, they do not go to its noblest exhibitions. Would they judge music by jazz when there is Beethoven or architecture by automobile filling stations when there is Chartres? What the Freudians call religion Jesus of Nazareth called sin. Such religion was one of his first temptations, and the dramatic narrative of his rejection of it is on record. The Tempter took him to the temple top, so runs the story, and there said to him, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." That is to say, Jesus was tempted of the devil to have a religion for comfort only. He was allured by the devil toward a religion in which angels would protect him from the consequences of broken law, and from that Satanic suggestion that he practice religion as the Freudians describe it he turned decisively away.

Follow, then, this life that so began its ministry, until it comes to its climax in Gethsemane. Jesus did not want to bear the torture of the Cross; he had seen folk crucified. His prayer, however, was not the egoistic cry of popular religion, "My will be done," but the contrary prayer of self-renunciation, "Not my will, but thine, be done." Is such religion a compensatory device to make life comfortable? Is it a fantasy by which we overlay cruel fact with pleasing fiction? Is it a world of desire to which we escape for easy solace from a ruthless situation?

A man whose religion, conceived in the spirit of self-renunciation, is centered in God, not as a bed to sleep on but as a banner to follow, is not fooling himself.

Moreover, a religious experience that is not deceitful will be one in which a man does not endeavor to escape the actual world but to transform it. To be sure, much nonsense is talked today about the psychological devices by which we retreat from life. The very word "escape" in modern psychiatric jargon has an undesirable significance. As a matter of fact, escapes are among the most admirable of our activities. If some of us could not retreat to nature and re-orient ourselves amid her spaces and silences we should be undone. If some of us could not escape from the hurly-burly of our mechanistic age on the magic carpets of music and poetry to live for a while in the mansions of the spirit, we should collapse. If some of us could not retreat to friendship, life would not be worth living. These are "escapes" but they reestablish us and return us to the world not less but better fitted to grapple with reality and throw it.

Suppose, then, that a man does not believe in atheism as the solution of the cosmic problem or think that this world is

. . . a lost ironclad
 Shipped with a crew of fools and mutineers
 To drift between the cold forts of the stars.

Suppose that he is convinced that the cosmos is a law-abiding and progressive system, grounded in intelligence and patterned by a purpose whose deepest reality is revealed in spiritual life, shall he not retreat to that? To call that in an evil sense a defense-mechanism is to beg the question. If materialism in any of its forms is true, then, to be sure, religion is a deceptive defense-mechanism, and so are most beautiful things in human experience. But if the world really does have spiritual meaning, then such religion is one of those indispensable orientations of the soul in its real environment which steady, strengthen, and transform our lives.

Religion, however, is much more than retreat, even when retreat is elevated to its noblest terms. Comfort is a strong word — fort, fortress, fortification, fortitude, fortify are its near relatives — and a great religion always has brought and always will bring comfort. But great religion does so not by escaping from the actual world but by supplying faith and courage to transform it.

When, knowing religious biography at its best, one listens to the new strategists putting religion into the same class with drugs and day-dreams as a means of escape from life, patience becomes difficult. To be sure, cheap men have always held a cheap religion. So a Buddhist priest said to a friend of mine: "Religion is a device to bring peace of mind in the midst of conditions as they are." This attitude is not exclusively Buddhist, much contemporaneous Christianity is of the same breed. It is the ultimate heresy, hating which as a travesty on religion, one welcomes Freud and all his kind if they can make the case against it plainer and press the attack upon it more relentlessly. But to call that cheap article real religion is to forget the notable exhibitions of another kind of faith, from some ancient Moses linking his life to the fortunes of a slave people until he liberated them to some modern Grenfell forgetting himself into immortality in Labrador. Such religion is not akin to drugs and day-dreams; it means not escape from but transformation of the actual world.

It will be a sad day for the race if such religion vanishes. I see no likelihood of getting out of atheism the necessary faith and hope for social progress. Atheism pictures the universe as a crazy book in dealing with which we may indeed be scientific, may count the letters and note the method of their arrangement but may not be religious and so read sense and meaning in the whole. The human mind will not forever avoid the logical consequences of such a world-view if it prevails.

"It cannot be doubted," one of the new psychological assailants writes, "that God has been a necessity to the human race, that He is still a necessity, and will long continue to be." Indeed he will, and it is notable that even those who think him an illusion admit the fact. Religion has been

described as mere superstition, a left-over from the age of magic, a deliberate device of priestcraft for controlling the masses, but today such external descriptions are outmoded. Whatever else may be true of it, religion is one of the most deep-seated responses of the human organism, part and parcel of personality's method of getting on in the world. To dismiss it as a branch of pathological psychology is too cavalier a method of disposing of a profound matter.

The Freudians, in this regard, are lifting their sails into a passing gust of wind. Often clouded by ignorance and wandering in uncertainty, using fantasy when fact gives out and mistaking wishes for reality, religion shares the common fate of all things human, but at its heart even the skeptic must at times suspect that it is dealing with truth — "no transient brush of a fancied angel's wing," as Martineau put it, "but the abiding presence and persuasion of the Soul of Souls."

Checking Your Reading

What is the basis of "the fresh criticism of religion" which Dr. Fosdick discusses? What is his first reaction or reply to this criticism? To what does Dr. Fosdick liken the kind of religion which seeks to substitute wishes for reality and which becomes a means of escaping from disturbing facts? What characterized religious attitudes during what Dr. Fosdick calls "the reign of terror in religion"? What kind of revolt was instituted by "the new theology"? What does Dr. Fosdick mean by "an interpretation of religion in comfortable terms"? by "egocentric religion"?

What philosophical view is the foundation of the new attack on religion? What criticism does Dr. Fosdick level at this view? What is the relation of section III to the course of thought in the whole essay?

What, for Dr. Fosdick, is "the basic datum on which intelligent religion rests its case"? What three elements must characterize a religion which "a healthy intelligent person" may hold without fooling himself?

Forming Your Opinion

What do you think of the criticism which calls religion "a psychological wish-fulfillment," "a comforting fantasy," a defense mechanism for making a pitiless world seem fatherly? Does such criticism understand the real nature of the Christian religion? Are people whose religion serves merely as comfort and escape actually fooling themselves? What escape mechanisms can you name which are similar in effect to the sham religion of retreat from reality? Cannot the charge made against religion, i.e., that it is used as a substitute for facing reality, be made against the whole mental life of man?

What can you say of the point of view which regards the universe as "one gigantic accident consequent upon an infinite succession of happy flukes"? Does the organization and functioning of the universe and of our natural world seem

to you to bear out or to deny such a description? Give examples to support your answer.

Man seems to demand spiritual significance and meaning in the world and in his life. How do you explain this desire? What light does it throw on what Dr. Fosdick calls "the case for intelligent religion"?

Has modern Christianity grown soft, sentimental, and saccharine? Has it fallen from the "stimulating altitudes of austerity and vigor where high religion customarily has walked"? Is our natural world a law-abiding one? What does Dr. Fosdick mean in saying that true religious experience must be characterized by "self-renunciation"? What does he mean when he says that great religion brings comfort "not by escaping from the actual world but by supplying faith and courage to transform it"?

AES TRIPLEX

Robert Louis Stevenson

As the author of such childhood favorites as Treasure Island (1882), Kidnapped (1886), and A Child's Garden of Verses (1885), Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) needs little introduction. Fewer readers know him as the author of travel sketches, detective stories, and informal essays. Born in Edinburgh and educated at its great university, where he abandoned engineering for the law, Stevenson began his literary career as a contributor to periodicals. Tuberculosis forced him to travel widely in search of health, many of his travels are delightfully recorded in such sketches as An Inland Voyage (1878), his account of a canoe trip through Belgium and France, Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes (1879), Across the Plains (1892), and In the South Seas (1896). He visited America more than once, marrying Mrs Osbourne there in 1880. The last years of his life were spent in the South Seas, especially in Samoa, where he settled in 1888 and where he died and is buried. The following essay is from his collection Virginibus Puerisque (1881). The title, meaning "Triple Bronze," is from an ode (I, iii) of the Roman poet Horace. "He was armed with oak and triple bronze who first entrusted a frail bark to the fierce sea."

THE CHANGES wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug, sometimes it lays a regular siege, and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule trees of mediaeval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable, and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence

of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error, nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic, although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities of South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighbourhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers, and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead, and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe, and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, traveling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds travelling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body, with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship, and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle — the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table — a deadlier spot than any battle-field in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured

into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier, they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories, they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having outlived someone else, and when a draught might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unafrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaklava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiae bay, and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Pretorian guards among the company and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Pretorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer and regard so little the devouring earthquake? "The love of Life" and "the fear of Death" are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of making it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner, or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures make it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word "life." All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapour, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages, and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honour of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman, but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man, but not, certainly, of abstract death. We may trick with the word "life" in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout — that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence, no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour, but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues, nor are those who cherish them most vividly at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter; tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again, when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's

heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue, we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing the world over. All the world over, and every hour, some one is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to the glowing bride of ours — to the appetites, to honour, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations, but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall — a mere bag's end, as the French say — or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity, whether we look justly for years of health and vigour, or are about to mount into a Bath-chair as a step towards the hearse, in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible — that a man should stop his ears against paralyzing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer, and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armoured for this world.

And not only well armoured for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic, the man who has least fear for his own carcase has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlours with

a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlour with the regulated temperature, and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be otherwise is to ossify, and the scruple-monger ends by standing stock still. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his health, Lord have a care of his soul, says he, and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through incongruity and peril towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of all of us, unfortunate surprises gird him round; mim-mouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path: and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with something pushing and spontaneous on his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives, not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, — think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly to the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a halfpenny post-card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forgo all the issues of living, in a parlour with a regulated temperature — as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sick room. By all means begin your folio, even if the doctor does not give you a year, — even if he hesitates about a month,

make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced, is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

Checking Your Reading

What is the course of the ideas in this essay? Do they form a logical progression, or is their arrangement based upon some other principle of organization? What is the significance of the title? Could a better one be found? Consider the methods by which Stevenson develops his paragraphs. Do the allusions and illustrations uniformly strengthen the essay? Are some too obscure for a modern reader? Identify Balaklava, Curtius, Caligula, Omar Khayyam, Thomas Carlyle, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Nelson. What is the significance of Nelson's exclamation, "A peerage or Westminster Abbey"? Define: maceration, carouse, petards, sophistry, martinet.

Forming Your Opinion

Does a knowledge of Stevenson's life add anything to an appreciation of this essay? Do you agree with his conclusion as to "man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death"? Can you give further examples of it? examples of a contrary attitude? Do you agree with his advice on running "the race of life"? How would you interpret the statement (by William Hazlitt), "No young man believes he shall ever die"? In what sense would you consider it true? What does Stevenson think of the definition of life as "a permanent possibility of sensation"? What implications does the phrase hold for him? What can you say against Stevenson's views? in favor of them?

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Julian Huxley

*When UNESCO began operations in 1946, Julian Huxley (1887–) was chosen to serve as its first director general, a position for which he was eminently qualified. Grandnephew of Matthew Arnold, grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley, and elder brother of Aldous Huxley, he has brought additional prominence to the family name through his work in biology and his essays and books on the place of science in the modern world. Mr. Huxley was educated at Eton and Oxford and has lectured on biology at Oxford, King's College in London, and Rice Institute in Texas. His first popularity as an author came with his *Essays of a Biologist* (1923), the most recent of many subsequent volumes is *Man in the Modern World* (1947). In 1940 and 1941, Mr. Huxley spent part of his time lecturing in the United States, but he returned before the Blitz to his job as director of the London Zoo and general supervisor of biological films. He labels himself an apostle of scientific humanism, which he defines as a plan "to have life and have it more abundantly." His work in the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization has been directed toward those ends. In the following essay, originally delivered as a radio talk, he lucidly sets forth some of his basic convictions.*

THIS IS A DIFFICULT SUBJECT, not one that is easy to discuss fully and frankly without arousing angry emotions or bruising intimate and sacred feelings. Yet the task is one which ought to be attempted. In this country [England] at least we believe in religious freedom. And religious freedom implies the right of everyone to believe what he wants in matters of religion, and to proclaim his beliefs freely and openly. Provided that a man treats of these things honestly and sincerely, with no desire to sneer at or provoke others, those who differ from him have indeed no right to feel angry or to feel hurt.

I have devoted most of my life to science. This has been largely because I am so made that I want to know about things; I cannot help valuing knowledge for its own sake, or finding interest and excitement in the pursuit of new knowledge. But I would not continue to devote my energies to science if I did not believe that science was also useful, and, indeed, absolutely indispensable to human progress. It is the only means by which man can go on increasing his power over nature and over the destiny of his race. On the other hand, without being an adherent of any

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sect, orthodox or unorthodox, I have always been deeply interested in religion, and believe that religious feeling is one of the most powerful and important human attributes. So here I do not think of myself as a representative of science, but want to talk as a human being who believes that both the scientific and the religious spirit are of the utmost value.

No one would deny that science has had a great effect on the religious outlook. If I were asked to sum up this effect as briefly as possible, I should say that it was two-fold. In the first place, scientific discoveries have entirely altered our general picture of the universe and of man's position in it. And, secondly, the application of scientific method to the study of religion has given us a new science, the science of comparative religion, which has profoundly changed our general views on religion itself. To my mind, this second development is in many ways the more important of the two, and I shall begin by trying to explain why. There was a time when religions were simply divided into two categories, the true and the false, one true religion, revealed by God, and a mass of false ones, inspired by the Devil. Milton has given expression to this idea in his beautiful "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." This view, unfortunately, was held by the adherents of a number of different religions — not only by Christians, but also by Jews, Mohammedans and others. And with the growth of intelligent tolerance, many people began to feel doubtful about the truth of such mutually contradictory statements. But the rise of the science of comparative religion made any such beliefs virtually impossible. After a course of reading in that subject, you might still believe that your own religion was the best of all religions, but you would have a very queer intellectual construction if you still believed that it alone was good and true, while others were merely false and bad.

I would say that the most important contribution which the comparative study of religions has made to general thought is broadly this. We can no longer look on religions as fixed. There is a development in religion as there is in law or science or political institutions. Nor can we look on religions as really separate systems; different religions interconnect and contribute elements to one another. Christianity, for instance, owes much not only to Judaism, but also to the so-called mystery religions of the near East, and to neo-Platonism.

From this point of view, all the religions of the world appear as different embodiments of the religious spirit of man, some primitive and crude, some advanced and elaborate, some degenerate and some progressive, some cruel or unenlightened, some noble and beautiful, but all forming part of the one general process of man's religious development.

But does there really exist a single religious spirit? Are there really any common elements to be found in Quakerism, say, and the fear-ridden fetishism of the Congo, or in the mysticism and renunciation of pure Buddhism and the ghastly cruelties of the religion of ancient Mexico?

Here, too, comparative study helps us to an answer. The religious spirit is by no means always the same at different times and different levels of culture. But it always contains certain common elements. Somewhere at the root of every religion there lies a sense of sacredness; certain things, events, ideas, beings are felt as mysterious and sacred. Somewhere, too, in every religion is a sense of dependence, man is surrounded by forces and powers which he does not understand and cannot control, and he desires to put himself into harmony with them. And, finally, into every religion there enters a desire for explanation and comprehension, man knows himself surrounded by mysteries, yet he is always demanding that they shall make sense.

The existence of the sense of sacredness is the most basic of these common elements, it is the core of any feeling which can properly be called religious, and without it man would not have any religion at all. The desire to be in harmony with mysterious forces and powers on which man feels himself dependent is responsible for the expression of religious feeling in action, whether in the sphere of ritual or in that of morals. And the desire for comprehension is responsible for the explanations of the nature and government of the universe, and of the relations between it and human destiny, which in their developed forms we call theology.

This is all very well, some of my listeners will have been saying to themselves, but there has been no mention of God and no mention of immortality, surely the worship of some god or gods, and the belief in some kind of future life are essentials of religion? Here again, comparative religion corrects us. Those are undoubtedly very general elements of religion, but they are not universal, and, therefore, not essential to the nature of religion. In pure Buddhism there is no mention of God, and the Buddhist's chief preoccupation is to escape continued existence, not to achieve it. Many primitive religions think in terms of impersonal sacred forces permeating nature; and personal gods controlling the world either do not exist for them, or, if they do, are thought of vaguely as creators or as remote final causes, and are not worshipped. And a certain number of primitive peoples either have no belief at all in life after death, or believe that it is enjoyed only by chiefs and a few other important persons.

The three elements I have spoken of seem to be the basic elements of all religions. But the ways in which they are worked out in actual practice are amazingly diverse. To bring order into the study of the hundreds of different religions known, we must have recourse to the principle of development. But before embarking on this I must clear up one point. I said that an emotion of sacredness was at the bottom of the religious spirit. So it is; but we must extend the ordinary meaning of the word "sacred" a little if we are to cover facts. For the emotion I am trying to pin down in words is a complex one which contains elements of wonder, a sense of the mysterious, a feeling of dependence or helplessness, and

either fear or respect And not only can these ingredients be blended with each other and with still further elements in very different proportions, so as to give in one case awe, in another case superstitious terror, in one case quiet reverence, in another ecstatic self-abandonment, but the resulting emotion can be felt about what is horrifying or even evil, as well as about what is noble or inspiring Indeed, the majority of the gods and fetishes of various primitive tribes are regarded as evil or at least malevolent; and yet this quality which I have called sacredness most definitely adheres to them As Dr Marett points out in one of his books, we really want two words — “good-sacred” and “bad-sacred” It will, perhaps, help to explain what I mean if I remind you that Coleridge in “Kubla Khan” uses the word holy in this same equivocal way, of the “deep romantic chasm” in Xanadu:

A savage place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover.

In most primitive religions the two feelings are intimately blended, and equally balanced, it is only later that the idea of the “good-sacred” gets the upper hand and the “bad-sacred” dwindles into a subordinate position, as applied to witchcraft for instance, or to a Devil who is inferior to God in power as well as goodness Don't be impatient at my spending some time over these barbaric roots of religion. They may not at first sight seem to have anything to do with our modern perplexities, but they are, as a matter of fact, of real importance, partly because they are fundamental to our idea of what religion is, partly because they represent the baseline, so to speak, from which we must measure religious development. And I repeat that the idea of development in religion is, perhaps, the most important contribution of science to our problem.

In the least developed religions, then, it is universally agreed that magic is dominant And by magic is meant the idea that mysterious properties and powers inhere in things or events, and that these powers can be in some measure controlled by appropriate formulae or ritual acts.

It is also universally agreed that the ideas behind magic are not true Primitive man has projected his own ideas and feelings into the world about him. He thinks that what we should call lifeless and mindless objects are animated by some sort of spirit, and because they have aroused an emotion of fear or mystery in him, he thinks that they are themselves the seat of a mysterious and terrifying power of spiritual nature. He has also used false methods in his attempts at achieving control; an obvious example is the use of “sympathetic magic,” as when hunting savages kill game in effigy, believing that this will help them to kill it in reality.

But, though this is demonstrably false, a good many magic beliefs still linger on, either still entwined with religion, or disentangled from it as

mere isolated superstition, like the superstitions about good and bad luck, charms and mascots. Anyone who really believes in the efficacy of such luck-bringers is in that respect reasoning just as do the great majority of savages about most of the affairs of their life.

As I said before, in the magic stage, gods may play but a small part in religion. The next great step is for the belief in magic to grow less important, that in gods to become dominant. Instead of impersonal magic-power inherent in objects, man thinks of beings, akin to himself, controlling objects that are themselves inanimate.

When we study different religions at the beginning of this stage, we find an extraordinary diversity of gods being worshipped. Man has worshipped gods in the semblance of animals, gods that are represented as half-human and half-bestial, gods that are obviously deified heroes (in Imperial Rome even living emperors were accorded divine honours), gods that are the personification of natural objects or forces, like sun-gods, river-gods, or fertility-gods, tribal gods that preside over the fortunes of the community, gods that personify human ideals, like gods of wisdom; gods that preside over human activities, like gods of love or of war.

From these beginnings, progress has been mainly in two directions — ethical and logical. Beginning often by assigning barbaric human qualities to deity, qualities such as jealousy, anger, cruelty or even voluptuousness, men have gradually been brought to higher conceptions. Jehovah was thought of in very different terms after the time of the Hebrew prophets. His more spiritual and universal aspects came to be stressed in place of the less spiritual and more tribal aspects which appealed to the earlier Jews. Many freely in the great age of Greece revolted against the traditional Greek theology which made the gods lie and desire and cheat like men. A great many Christians have put away the traditional idea of Hell, from their theology because they hold fast to a more merciful view of God. We may put the matter briefly by saying that, as man's ethical sense developed, he found it impossible to go on ascribing "bad-sacred" elements to Divine personality, and came to hold an ethically higher idea of God.

On the logical side, the natural trend has been towards unity and universality. You must acknowledge that the many incomplete and partial gods of polytheism give place to a complete and single God, waning tribal gods give place to the universal God of all the world. What exactly this means, whether man, as his powers develop, is seeing new aspects of God which previously he could not grasp, whether he is investing with his own ideas something which is essentially unknowable, or whether, as some very radical thinkers believe, the concept of God is a personification of impersonal powers and forces in nature, it is not possible to discuss here. What is assuredly true is that man's idea of God gradually alters,

and becomes more exalted. Theology develops, and with the change in theology, religious feeling and practice alter too.

At the moment a new difficulty is cropping up as a result of the progress of science. If nature really works according to universal automatic law, then God, regarded as a ruler or governor of the universe, is much more remote from us and the world's affairs than earlier ages imagined. Modern theology is meeting this by stressing the idea of divine immanence in the minds and ideals of men. But this and other possible solutions of this very real difficulty I have no time to discuss, and can only hope that other speakers in this series will treat of them.

Here I must get back to the original idea of religious development. There is one rather curious fact about this. The intensity of religious feeling may be as great, the firmness of belief as strong, in the lowest religions, as they are in the highest. The difference between a low and a high religion is due to the ethical and moral and intellectual ideas that are interwoven with the religious spirit, that colour it and alter the way it expresses itself in action. The spiritual insight of the Hebrew prophets could not tolerate the idea that material sacrifices and burnt offerings were the best means of propitiating God, and they inaugurated a new and higher stage in Hebrew religion, epitomised in the words of the psalmist. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." Jesus could not tolerate the idea that forms and ritual observances were the road to salvation, and inaugurated not only a new religion but a new phase in world history by His insistence on purity of heart and self-sacrifice, epitomised in the words "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Paul could not tolerate the idea that God would offer salvation to one nation only, and made of Christianity a world-religion for the Jews.

Those are cases where the new insight was from the start applied directly to religion. But often the new ideas begin their career quite independently of religion, and only later come to influence it. Orthodox religion, for instance, was on the whole favorable to the institution of slavery.

The abolition of slavery was due at least as much to new humanitarian and social ideas, often regarded as heterodox or even subversive, as to religious sentiment. But the change in public sentiment once effected, it had a marked effect on religious outlook. The same sort of thing could be said about our changed ideas on the use of torture, on the treatment of criminals, prisoners and paupers and insane people, and many other subjects.

But it is in the intellectual sphere, during the last few centuries at least, that changes which in origin were unrelated to religion have had the most considerable effect upon the religious outlook. Those who are interested will find a lucid and thought-provoking treatment of the whole subject in Mr. Langdon-Davies's book, *Man and His Universe*. Here I

must content myself with two brief examples. When Kepler showed that the planets moved in ellipses instead of circles, when Galileo discovered craters on the moon, spots on the sun, or showed that new fixed stars could appear, their discoveries were not indifferent to religion as might have been supposed. On the contrary, they had as much influence on the religious outlook of the day as had the ideas of Darwin on the religious outlook of the Victorian age, or as the ideas of Freud and Pavlov are having on that of our own times. For to the Middle Ages a circle was a perfect form, an ellipse an imperfect one, and the planets ought to move in circles to justify the perfection of God. So, too, medieval religious thought was impregnated with the idea (which dates back to Aristotle) that change and imperfection were properties of the sublunary sphere — the earth alone. All the heavenly regions and bodies were both perfect and changeless. So that the discoveries of imperfections, like the sun's spots or the moon's pock-marks, or of celestial changes, like the birth of a new star, meant an overhauling of all kinds of fundamental ideas in the theology of the time.

As a second example, take Newton. We are so used to the idea of gravity that we forget what a revolution in thought was caused by Newton's discoveries. Put simply, the change was this. Before Newton's time, men supposed that the planets and their satellites had to be, in some way, perpetually guided and controlled in their courses by some extraneous power, and this power was almost universally supposed to be the hand of God. Then came Newton, and showed that no such guidance or controlling power was, as a matter of fact, needed; granted the universal property of gravity, the planets could not help circling as they did. For theology, this meant that men could no longer think of God as continually controlling the details of the working of the heavenly bodies; as regards their aspect of the governance of the universe, God had to be thought of as one remove farther away, as the designer and creator of a machine which, once designed and created, needed no further control. And this new conception did, as a matter of historical fact, exert a great influence on religious thought, which culminated in Paley and the Bridgewater School, early in the last century.

It is considerations like these which lead us on to what is usually called the conflict between science and religion. If what I have been saying has any truth in it, however, it is not a conflict between science and religion at all, but between science and theology. The reason it is often looked on as a conflict of science with religion is that the system of ideas and explanations and reasonings which crystallises out as theology tends to become tinged with the feeling of sacredness which is at the heart of religion. It thus gets looked on as itself sacred, not to be interfered with, and does, in point of fact, become an integral part of the particular religion at its particular stage of development. So we may, if we like, say that science

can be in conflict with particular stages of particular religions, though it cannot possibly be in conflict with religion in general

Now the man of science, if he is worth his salt, has a definitely religious feeling about truth. In other words, truth is sacred to him, and he refuses to believe that any religious system is right or can satisfy man in his capacity of truth-seeker, if it denies or even pays no attention to the new truths which generations of patient scientific workers painfully and laboriously wrest from nature. You may call this a provocative attitude if you like, but on this single point the scientist refuses to give way, for to do so would be for him to deny himself and the faith that is in him — the faith in the value of discovering more of the truth about the universe. He knows quite well that what he has so far discovered is the merest fraction of what there is to know, that many of his explanations will be superseded by the progress of knowledge in the future. But he also knows that the accumulated effect of scientific work has been to produce a steady increase in the sum total of knowledge, a steady increase in the accuracy of the scientific explanation of what is known. In other words, scientific discovery is never complete, but always progressive, it is always giving us a closer approximation to truth.

Thus, knowing as he does that both science and religion have grown and developed, and believing that they should continue to do so, he does not feel he is being subversive, but only progressive, in what he asks. And what he asks is that religion, on its theological side, shall continue to take account of the changes and expansions of the picture of the universe which science is drawing. I say *continue*, for it has done so in the past, although often grudgingly enough. It gave up the idea of a flat earth, it gave up the idea that the earth was the centre of the universe, or that the planets moved in perfect circles, it gave up the idea of a material heaven above a dome-like sky, and accepted the idea of an enormous space peopled with huge numbers of suns, and indeed with other groups of suns each comparable to what we for long thought was the whole universe, it accepted Newton's discovery that the heavenly bodies need no guidance in their courses, and the discoveries of the nineteenth-century physicists and chemists about the nature of matter, it has abandoned the idea that the world is only a few thousand years old, and accepted the time-scale discovered by geology. And it finds itself no worse off for having shed these worn-out intellectual garments. But there are still many discoveries of science which it has not yet woven into its theological scheme. Only certain of the Churches have accepted Evolution, though this was without doubt the most important single new idea of the nineteenth century. It has not yet assimilated recent advances in scientific knowledge of the brain and nervous system, of heredity, of psychology, or of sex and the physiology of sex. And, in a great many cases, while

accepting scientific discoveries, it has only gone half-way in recasting its theology to meet the new situation

But whatever this or that religion may choose to do with new knowledge, man's destiny and his relation to the forces and powers of the world about him are, and must always be, the chief concerns of religion. It is for this reason that any light which science can shed on the nature and working of man and the nature and working of this environment cannot help being relevant to religion.

What, then, is the picture which science draws of the universe to-day, the picture which religion must take account of (with due regard, of course, for the fact that the picture is incomplete), in its theology and general outlook? It is, I think, somewhat as follows. It is the picture of a universe in which matter and energy, time and space are not what they seem to common sense, but interlock and overlap in the most puzzling way. A universe of appalling vastness, appalling age, and appalling meaninglessness. The only trend we can perceive in the universe as a whole is a trend towards a final uniformity, when no energy will be available, a state of cosmic death.

Within this universe, however, on one of the smaller satellites of one of its millions of millions of suns, a different trend is in progress. It is the trend we call evolution, and it has consisted first in the genesis of being out of non-living matter, and then in steady but slow progress of this living matter towards greater efficiency, greater harmony of construction, greater control over and greater independence of its environment. And this slow progress has culminated, in very recent times, geologically speaking, in the person of man and his societies. This is the objective side of the trend of life, but it has another side. It has been a trend towards greater activity and intensity of mind, towards greater capacities for knowing, feeling, and proposing, and here, too, man is preeminent.

The curious thing is that both these trends, of the world of lifeless matter as a whole, and of the world of life on this planet, operate with the same materials. The matter of which living things are composed is the same as that in the lifeless earth and the most distant stars, the energy by which they work is part of the same general reservoir which sets the stars shining, drives a motor-car, and moves the planets or the tides. There is, in fact, only one world-stuff, only one flow of energy. And since man and life are part of this world-stuff, the properties of consciousness or something of the same nature as consciousness must be attributes of the world-stuff, too, unless we are to drop any belief in continuity and uniformity in nature. The physicists and the chemists and the physiologists do not deal with these mind-like properties, for the simple reason that they have not so far discovered any method of detecting or measuring them directly. But the logic of evolution forces us to believe that they are there, even if in lowly form, throughout the universe. Finally, this universe

which science depicts works uniformly and regularly. A particular kind of matter in a particular set of circumstances will always behave in the same way, things work as they do, not because of inherent principles of perfection, not because they are guided from without, but because they happen to be so made that they cannot work in any other way. When we have found out something about the way things are made so that we can prophesy how they will work, we say we have discovered a natural law; such laws, however, are not like human laws, imposed from without on objects, but are laws of the objects' own being. And the laws governing the evolution of life seem to be as regular and automatic as those governing the movements of the planets.

In this universe lives man. He is a curious phenomenon, a piece of the universal world-stuff which as the result of long processes of change and strife has become intensely conscious — conscious of itself, of its relations with the rest of the world-stuff, capable of consciously feeling, reasoning, describing and planning. These capacities are the result of an astonishingly complicated piece of physical machinery — the cerebral hemispheres of the brain. The limitations to our capacities come from the construction of our brains and bodies which we receive through heredity; with someone else's body and brain, our development even in the same environment could have been different. And these differences in human capacity due to differences in inheritance may be enormous. The method of inheritance in men is identical in principle with the method of inheritance in poultry or flies or fish. And by means of further detailed knowledge we could control it, and therefore control human capacity, which is only another way of saying that man has the power of controlling his own future, or, if you like to put it still more generally, that not only is he the highest product of evolution, but that, through his power of conscious reason, he has become the trustee of the evolutionary process. His own future and that of the earth are in large measure in his hands. And that future extends for thousands of millions of years. Lastly, we must not forget to remind ourselves that we are relative beings. As products of evolution, our bodies and minds are what they are because they have been moulded in relation to the world in which we live. The very senses we possess are relative — for instance, we have no electric sense and no X-ray sense, because electrical and X-ray stimuli of any magnitude are very rare in nature. The working of our minds, too, is very far from absolute. Our reason often serves only as a means of finding reasons to justify our desires, our mental being, as modern psychology has shown, is a compromise — here antagonistic forces in conflict, there an undesirable element forcibly repressed, there again a disreputable motive emerging disguised. Our minds, in fact, like our bodies, are devices for helping us get along somehow in the struggle for existence. We are entrapped in our own natures. Only by deliberate effort, and not always then, shall we be able to use our minds as instruments for

attaining unvarnished truth, for practising disinterested virtue, for achieving true sincerity and purity of heart

I do not know how religion will assimilate these facts and these ideas, but I am sure that in the long run it will assimilate them as it has assimilated Kepler and Galileo and Newton and is beginning to assimilate Darwin, and I am sure that the sooner the assimilation is effected, the better it will be for everybody concerned

So far I have spoken almost entirely of the effect of science upon the religious outlook: of the effect of scientific method upon the study of religion itself, leading us to the idea of development in religion, and of the effect of scientific discoveries in general upon man's picture of the universe, which it is the business of religion to assimilate in its theology. Now, I must say something about the limitations of science. Science, like art, or morality, or religion, is simply one way of handling the chaos of experience which is the only immediate reality we know. Art, for instance, handles experience in relation to the desire for beauty, or, if we want to put it more generally and more philosophically, in relation to the desire for expressing feelings and ideas in aesthetically satisfying forms, accuracy of fact is and should be a secondary consideration. The annual stricures of the *Tailor and Cutter* on the men's costumes in the Academy portraits are more or less irrelevant to the question of whether the portraits are good pictures or bad pictures.

Science, on the other hand, deals with the chaos of experience from the point of view of efficient, intellectual, and practical handling. Science is out to find laws and general rules, because the discovery of a single law or rule at once enables us to understand an indefinite number of individual happenings — as the single law of gravitation enables us to understand the fall of an apple, the movement of the planets, the tides, the return of comets, and innumerable other phenomena.

Science insists on continual verification by testing against facts, because the bitter experience of history is that without such constant testing, man's imagination and logical faculty run away with him and in the long run make a fool of him. And science has every confidence in these methods of hers because experience has amply demonstrated that they are the only ones by which man can hope to extend his control over nature and his own destiny. Science is in the first instance merely disinterested curiosity, the desire to know for knowing's sake, yet in the long run the new knowledge always brings new practical power.

But science has two inherent limitations. First, it is incomplete, or perhaps I had better say partial, just because it only concerns itself with intellectual handling and objective control. And secondly, it is morally and emotionally neutral. It sets out to describe, and to understand, not to appraise nor to assign values. Indeed, science is without a scale of values: the only value which it recognises is that of truth and knowledge.

This neutrality of science in regard to emotions and moral and aesthetic values means that while in its own sphere of knowledge it is supreme, in other spheres it is only a method or a tool. What shall man do with the new facts, the new ideas, the new opportunities of control which science is showering upon him does not depend upon science, but upon what man wants to do with them; and this in turn depends upon his scale of values. It is here that religion can become the dominant factor. For what religion can do is to set up a scale of values for conduct, and to provide emotional or spiritual driving force to help in getting them realised in practice. On the other hand, it is an undoubted fact that the scale of values set up by religion will be different according to the intellectual background for the religion. You can never wholly separate practice from theory, idea from action. Thus, to put the matter in a nutshell, while the practical task of science is to provide man with new knowledge and increased powers of control, the practical task of religion is to help man to decide how he shall use that knowledge and those powers.

The conflict between science and religion has come chiefly from the fact that religion has often been afraid of the new knowledge provided by science, because it has unfortunately committed itself to a theology of fixity instead of one of change, and claimed to be already in possession of all the knowledge that mattered. It therefore seemed that to admit the truth and the value of the new knowledge provided by science would be to destroy religion. Most men of science and many thinkers within the churches do not believe this any longer. Science may destroy particular theologies, it may even cause the downfall of particular brands of religion if they persist in refusing to admit the validity of scientific knowledge. But it cannot destroy religion, because that is the outcome of the religious spirit, and the religious spirit is just as much a property of human nature as is the scientific spirit.

What science can and should do is to modify the form of religion. And once religion recognises that fact, there will no longer remain any fundamental conflict between science and religion, but merely a number of friendly adjustments to be made.

In regard to this last point, let me make myself clear. I do not mean that science should dictate to religion how it should change or what form it should take. I mean that it is the business and the duty of various religions to accept the new knowledge we owe to science, to assimilate it into their systems, and to adjust their general ideas and outlook accordingly. The only business and duty of science is to discover new facts, to frame the best possible generalisations to account for the facts, and to turn knowledge to practical account when asked to do so. The problem of what man will do with the enormous possibilities of power which science has put into his hands is probably the most vital and the most alarming problem of modern times. At the moment, humanity is rather like an irre-

sponsible and mischievous child who has been presented with a set of machine tools, a box of matches, and a supply of dynamite. How can religion expect to help in solving the problem before the child cuts itself or blows itself up, if it does not permeate itself with the new ideas, and make them its own in order to control them? That is why I say — as a human being and not as a scientist — that it is the *duty* of religion to accept and assimilate scientific knowledge. I also believe it to be the *business* of religion to do so, because if religion does not do so, religion will in the long run lose influence and adherents thereby.

I would like to finish by pulling together some of the main threads of my argument. I see the human race engaged on the tremendous experiment of living on the planet called Earth. From the point of view of humanity as a whole, the great aim of this experiment must be to make life more truly and more fully worth living, the religious man might prefer to say that the aim was to realise the kingdom of God upon earth, but that is only another way of saying the same thing.

The scientific spirit and the religious spirit have both their parts to play in this experiment. If religion will but abandon its claims to fixity and certitude (as many liberal churchmen are already doing), then it can see in the pursuit of truth something essentially sacred, and science itself will come to have its religious aspect. If science will remember that it, as science, can lay no claim to set up values, it will allow due weight to the religious spirit. At the moment, however, a radical difference of outlook obtains between science and religion. An alteration in scientific outlook — for instance, the supersession of pure Newtonian mechanics by relativity — is generally looked on as a victory for science, but an alteration in religious outlook — for instance, the abandonment of belief in the literal truth of the account of the creation in Genesis — is usually looked on as in some way a defeat for religion. Yet either both are defeats or both victories — not for partial activities, such as religion or science, but for the spirit of man. In the past, religion has usually been slowly and grudgingly forced to admit new scientific ideas, if it will but accept the most vivifying of all the scientific ideas of the past century, that of the capacity of life, including human life and institutions, for progressive development, the conflict between science and religion will be over, and both can join hands in advancing the great experiment of man — of ensuring that he shall have life, and have it more abundantly.

Checking Your Reading

How does Mr. Huxley sum up “the effect of science on the religious outlook”? What has the study of comparative religion done to our concept of the fixity of religions? What elements are common to all religions? Is the worship of some god

or gods one of these elements? What does Mr Huxley mean by "good-sacred" and "bad-sacred"? What does he say about magic in respect to religions? How does he differentiate between a low and a high religion? What effects have Kepler, Galileo, Darwin, Freud, and Pavlov had on religious thought? Who are these men and what are their contributions to scientific thought? Identify Paley and the Bridgwater School. In what way does Mr Huxley feel that "truth is sacred to the scientist"? What conclusions does he reach about the compatibility of religion and science?

Forming Your Opinion

Mr Huxley discusses here the effect of science on religion and of religion on science. Can you describe the difference between the two results? How do these results reflect the basic nature of religion and science? Do *you* feel that "religion has often been afraid of the new knowledge provided by science"? How has your own sect dealt with the process of evolution as enunciated by Darwin and his followers? Can you think of any other scores on which religion and science have not agreed? Mr Huxley feels it is "the *duty* and the *business*" of religion to accept scientific knowledge. Do you agree with him? Why? Does this essay give you a better idea of what Mr Huxley means by scientific humanism? Do you consider his theories tenable? In what way do they relate to the salvation of mankind?

MAN AND HIS WORLD

Waldemar Kaempffert

Readers of the New York Times are familiar with Waldemar Kaempffert's (1877-) articles on the many aspects of modern science, for he has been science editor of the Times since 1931. He is also a frequent contributor to periodicals and is a past editor of Scientific American and Popular Science Monthly. To judge from his writings, his chief fields of interest are the history of invention and the social aspects of science and technology. Many of his essays on science have been collected in his most recent books, Science Today and Tomorrow: First Series (1939), Second Series (1945).

MAN RUSHES through the air in passenger planes at speeds of more than 150 miles an hour and dreams of rocket ships that will whisk him across the Atlantic between breakfast and luncheon. He rises miles into the stratosphere, where oxygen must be inhaled from a tank if he is to retain consciousness. He drills and blasts for gold in South Africa in a gallery dank with the steam of hot springs, and in steel mills he handles metal which is so much liquid fire. He huddles in cities of stone and steel, there to fall prey to germs of which he knew nothing in his primitive hunting life of a few thousand years ago. Upon his eyes and his ears sights and sounds impinge that wear down his nerves. He creates an artificial environment for himself and in it lives an artificial life. Clothes, lights, rooms, plumbing, steam-heat, cooked food, dishes, knives and forks, even the atmosphere in an air-conditioned theater, hotel, or ship — everything is artificial. He is as much a forced product as a hothouse grape. Can this primitive savage, who only ten thousand years ago kept body and soul together by trapping and stoning forest animals and spearing fish, stand the nervous strain of the machine world that he has fashioned for himself? Ever since Darwin's day physiologists and anatomists have had their doubts. Latterly the doubts are more audible than ever.

At a recent congress of the American College of Surgeons, Dr. R. C. Buerki, past president of the American Hospital Association, presented a picture of this modern man, a victim of high blood pressure, enlarged heart, failing circulation, jangled nerves — afflictions brought about by inventions that make it possible to do several things at the same time,

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such as gulping down more food in five minutes than a Zulu can gather in a day and listening to broadcast jazz or reading a newspaper. And in the course of the Terry lectures delivered at Yale the Nobel prize-winner, Sir Joseph Barcroft, showed how delicate is the balance between mind and body and how quickly the mind succumbs when the conditions under which the body naturally thrives are only slightly changed. At the 1936 meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science the distinguished paleontologist Prof. H. L. Hawkins dubbed man "the only irrational creature." And at the Harvard Tercentenary the specialists in nervous disorders made it plain that the pace set by our machines is too fast for the harassed organism

The glory and the curse of man are his brain. It raises him above the beasts of the field and the forest, but it also dooms him as a species. For that brain of his is overdeveloped, overspecialized. It endows him with a mind that conceives new machines to take the place of muscles, new instruments to supplement inadequate senses, new and more complex ways of living in communities. The poor body cannot adapt itself rapidly enough to the social and technical changes conceived by the mind. Heart and muscles belong to the jungle, the modern mind to an environment of its own creation. The verdict seems to be that man must crack under the strain.

First we consider the story told by the fossil bones of creatures that once possessed the earth and then vanished. They scream Cassandra prophecies.

"We developed now this organ and now that to secure an advantage over our enemies in the struggle for existence," they warn. "See how some of us increased our speed, others waxed stronger and larger, and still others practiced the art of mimicry in adapting ourselves to our environment. All in vain. One by one we perished."

They ask ominous questions — these bones. "Where are the first things that crawled out of the sea? Where are the pterodactyls — hugest creatures that ever flew? Where are the dinosaurs that once shook the earth? Where are the common ancestors of apes and men? Where, for that matter, are the first, crude men of Java, China, Rhodesia, and England, the half-apes that ruled the forest a million years ago? Where are the Neanderthals and Cro-Magnons of only fifty thousand years ago?"

The bones preach sermons on the virtues of simplicity. On the whole it is the simple organisms that endure — the one-celled organisms best of all. These are not brilliant, clever specialists but biological jacks-of-all-trades. Not that complexity and specialization are necessarily fatal. They are merely highly dangerous. The lowly things are harmonious wholes. Introduce specialization — a more efficient way of gathering and devouring food, a surer hold on a rock or tree, a nervous system more responsive to the dangers of the environment — and the old harmony is impaired,

the road to extinction cleared When man learned how to use his mind, more was involved than the mere development of reasoning power Stories have been written by Wells and others of superintellectual ants that defeated man and assumed ascendancy. Good fiction, but bad biology. Man had to pass through a creepy, slimy, slithery, finny, furry past before he could acquire his complex central nervous system and his brain. He came out of the oyster and the starfish, the shark and the tiger, the cow and something from which he and the ape sprang.

Each upward step was marked by an important physical change — a better co-ordination of mind and body The foot and the hand of the chimpanzee, man's nearest lower relative, are different in structure and even in function from our feet and hands Jaws, brow, teeth are different in structure, too. Adapting himself to an upright position, acquiring the art of walking on two feet instead of four, making a clutching and holding tool of the hand — all this was accompanied by the evolution of the brain, the most complicated single piece of apparatus in the world.

Apparently this rise from the oyster is not yet ended Moreover, it has not been a uniform process Sometimes it was this organ that shot ahead, sometimes that The central nervous system, of which the brain is the vertex, has outstripped all else Man is an over-specialized animal by reason of his brain. And it is overspecialization that dooms him to ultimate extinction.

Surveying man with a critical eye, the late Professor Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute found him anything but the piece of work that Hamlet held up for admiration. What is the good of hair? asked the Russian derogator It catches germs; it is a vestige of the ape within us. Look at the caecum (blind gut, in yeoman's English) and the large intestine. Utterly useless Mere cesspools Cut them out, was Metchnikoff's advice — surgical operations actually performed with success Then there is the eye. We might overlook the optical mistakes made in its design and construction if only it would maintain its efficiency. At forty-five, the lens is already old. Walking on two feet has brought with it fallen arches, varicose veins; a now illogical distribution of valves in the circulatory system, congested livers and a hundred other lapses from physical perfection. Man as a social animal needs correction and improvement. The surgeon is helpless Speed up evolution, was the conclusion reached by the great Russian rebel against nature. Unless that is done man must fall a victim to his own brain and works.

The strain upon the nervous system is as nothing compared with that to come if the engineers and inventors maintain the present pace Utopians like Professor H. J. Muller predict that each of us will some day be in potentially immediate communication with everyone on earth. Can the race stand it? Even the prospect of more speed terrifies a physiologist such as Barcroft. "What of the accidents that befall aeronauts in pursuit

of records?" he asks "It is the human element which gives way, and it is not the body of man but his mind"

Metchnikoff is not alone Anatomists, physiologists, paleontologists agree with him on the whole. Listen to Sir Arthur Keith:

Beyond a doubt civilization is submitting the human body to a vast and critical experiment Civilization has laid bare some of the weak points in the human body, but the conditions which have provoked them are not of nature's ordaining but of man's choosing.

And next to Dr. Charles B. Davenport, geneticist of the Carnegie Institution of Washington:

Apparently man is to be compared with the great horny and armored dinosaurs, the great elk, and many fossil nautili in which an exaggeration of a part was followed by extinction. . . .

Inherent laws of mutation and evolutionary change will work themselves out and man will in time go the way of all other species.

And lastly, Professor H L Hawkins, speaking in 1936 before the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

. . . the high cerebral specialization that makes possible all these developments and the extraordinary rate at which success has been attained both point to the conclusion that this is a species destined to a spectacular rise and an equally spectacular fall, more complete and rapid than the world has yet seen.

Consider now the story told by the physiologist about a body attuned to the wilderness For a moment limit yourself to the blood alone and see what happens to the mind when its physical and chemical balance is disturbed ever so slightly.

Overheat the blood, and you rave. Yet men must work nearly at the raving point in deep, steaming gold mines, in hot boiler rooms, at the mouths of blazing furnaces, to produce the things demanded in making an artificial environment.

Chill the blood, as Sir Joseph Barcroft did by lying naked in an icy room while an assistant watched. For a time the body tries to combat the cold. Barcroft's mind told him to get up, walk, keep his blood in circulation But he refused for the sake of science. Then the mind gave up the battle. He stretched out his legs. He felt warm. "It was as if I were basking in the cold," he says. He was content to lie still, blissfully indifferent to a death from which his vigilant assistant saved him. His mind had ceased to watch over him.

Take away oxygen from the blood. The mind loses its reasoning ability. At 18,000 feet in the Andes, Barcroft and his assistants suffered from "mountain sickness" — a sign of oxygen deficiency. Not a man thought of inhaling oxygen from cylinders brought along for just such an emergency. Later in England Barcroft pedaled a stationary bicycle in a room from

which oxygen was gradually withdrawn. He had planned to manipulate certain gas valves. Observers noted the mistakes that he made. Yet he was willing to swear in court that he had turned the handle correctly. His mind was beginning to crack.

So with the breathlessness that affects men who fly at great heights. They suffer not from an affection of the chest muscles, as they think, but of the nerves that control the muscles. The central nervous system has failed to perform its duty.

Decrease the calcium in the blood by half. Convulsions, coma, then death follow. Double the calcium. The blood thickens so that it can hardly flow. Heaviness, indifference, unconsciousness mark successive stages of the mind's dethronement. Again death is the end.

Reduce the amount of sugar in the blood, ever so little. There is a feeling of "goneness," at the worst a blotting out of the mind. Then death. Increase the sugar a few milligrams to the cubic centimeter and fear seizes the mind — fear of trifles. Double images form. Speech is thick. There are illusions.

Blood is slightly alkaline. Acidify it slightly. Coma follows, meaning that the mind is a blank. Make the blood a little more alkaline. Convulsions foretell the end.

Take water from the blood. We collapse from weakness. Add water. We suffer from headaches, nausea, dizziness.

Change anything about the blood — the amount of oxygen, carbon dioxide, a score of chemicals — and always the mind gives way. The point is that some of the diseases that civilization has brought upon us do affect the physical and chemical constitution of the blood. Diabetes, for example. So the chemical analysis of the blood has become an almost indispensable aid in diagnosing many afflictions. And because it is indispensable it speaks eloquently of that downfall which paleontologists predict.

It may be urged that we do not deliberately interfere with the organism as Barcroft did. But we do. Divers and tunnelers, for example, must work under high air pressure. More gas is driven into the blood stream. It cannot be without its physiological effect. "No doubt," says Barcroft, "the thoughts of the human mind, its power to solve differential equations or to appreciate exquisite music involves some sort of physical or chemical pattern, which would be blurred in a milieu itself undergoing violent changes." This means in plain English that a change in the environment — the kind of change that invention dictates — may be too much for body and hence for mind.

Professor Harlow Shapley, a zoologist who became the distinguished director of Harvard's astronomical observatory, once tellingly compared the ant with man. Both are social creatures. But the ant adapted itself to its environment 360,000,000 years ago. Volcanoes have spewed lava, continents have split and floated apart, ice ages have come and gone, climates

have changed, but the ant has emerged from each cataclysm unruffled and serene.

Today it is much the same ant that it was geological epochs ago. It is a highly specialized creature, this ant. But it subdivides its specialities — such matters as reproduction, working, fighting — among castes. And so it manages to strike a nice balance between its environment and its social self. It is all but stagnant in an evolutionary sense. But it seems to be permanent.

But man? An unstable thing. A dozen species of him have been evolved and destroyed in the last million years. He is an upstart compared with any social insect. He has changed his mode of community living time and time again in the last 25,000 years, but the ant's social organization has come down intact much as it was when the earth was younger. If survival is the test of fitness in the Darwinian sense, we ought not only go to the ant and consider her ways but prostrate ourselves before her. Some day, as Shapley imagines, an ant will crawl out of the eye socket of an extinct man and soliloquize: "A marvelous experiment of nature's. What a brain! Alas, the poor creature did not understand the business of survival."

There may be compensation in this rise and decline of man. If mere survival as a species is the *summum bonum*, the ant is indeed the ideal social animal. To annihilate distance and time with airplanes and radio, to convert night into day with lamps that are miniature suns, to clothe oneself in fabrics woven from fibers that nature never knew, to see on the screen players who enact the events of purely imaginary lives — all this is beyond the unshakable ant. In us a mind that yearns is at work, but the reward of successful yearning is extinction.

Suppose that man does go the way of the dodo, the brontosaurus, and the saber-toothed tiger. Is that the end of spirituality? Must the world relapse to mere savagery, just as magnificent cities of ancient Yucatan and India relapsed to the primeval jungle? Biologists as a class dislike the notion of purpose and direction in evolution. Yet it is hard to believe that life is "but a disease of matter in its old age," as Sir James Jeans once hazarded in tracing the evolution of worlds.

Measured in terms of the brain, the trend of evolution has been up and on. Nature is willing to experiment with countless species, to toss them aside, as it did thousands of birds, fishes, and four-footed creatures, but in the end she sees to it that something better evolves. From her pitiless destruction of primordial half-apes and of such fine specimens of true humanity as the Cro-Magnons, it may be inferred that modern man is a poor thing in her eyes, ready even now for the scrap heap. But something else will take his place if the past is any guide.

Perhaps we are only preliminary sketches, a preparation for some grander creature, a significant experiment in developing a spirituality

higher than the tiger and the ape within us permit us to achieve. Perhaps extinction, the price of evolution, is not too high.

Checking Your Reading

What is the point of the details with which this selection begins? Why does Mr. Kaempffert say, "The glory and the curse of man are his brain"? What evidence supports the possibility that man's overspecialization dooms him to extinction? What is the purpose of the long description of the effects of changes in the blood? Why does Kaempffert say that extinction may not be too high a price for evolution? Define anatomist, physiologist, paleontologist, zoologist, geneticist. Explain the following allusions: Cassandra prophecies, "the piece of work that Hamlet held up for admiration," yeoman's English, *summum bonum*, ancient Yucatan.

Forming Your Opinion

What items would you add to the list of nervous strains that man has created for himself? By what practical means could the nervous strains of modern life be reduced? Has man's intellectual development outstripped not only his physical development but his ethical development as well? Have you encountered in other books (scientific or imaginative) speculations on "the next development in man"? What direction do they take? Are Kaempffert's facts open to other interpretations?

THE DOOR

E. B. White

E. B. White is introduced later in this volume, as co-author of a delightfully nostalgic informal essay, "Farewell, My Lovely" The piece that follows is anything but nostalgic It is as brilliant a commentary on modern living and modern psychology as has ever appeared in a current magazine When Professor Norman R F Maier conducted a series of experiments with rats at the University of Michigan in 1939, he discovered that he could make the average rat neurotic or insane merely by varying the stimuli or changing the goal or reward at the end of a maze. A few weeks after Life Magazine published an account of the experiments, Mr White printed "The Door" in The New Yorker, and his essay has been famous ever since What is he saying? "The Door" shows us neurotic man, not just rats, in synthetic surroundings where "everything is something it isn't" We are living in the atomic age, and Mr White is certain our tortured nerves are not prepared for it There is latent terror and loneliness in this story of one of the millions of frustrated city-dwellers.

EVERYTHING (he kept saying) is something it isn't. And everybody is always somewhere else. Maybe it was the city, being in the city, that made him feel how queer everything was and that it was something else Maybe (he kept thinking) it was the names of the things. The names were tex and frequently koid Or they were flex and oid or they were duroid (sani) or flexsan (duro), but everything was glass (but not quite glass) and the thing that you touched (the surface, washable, crease-resistant) was rubber, only it wasn't quite rubber and you didn't quite touch it but almost The wall, which was glass but thrutex, turned out on being approached not to be a wall, it was something else, it was an opening or doorway — and the doorway (through which he saw himself approaching) turned out to be something else, it was a wall. And what he had eaten not having agreed with him.

He was in a washable house, but he wasn't sure. Now about those rats, he kept saying to himself He meant the rats that the Professor had driven crazy by forcing them to deal with problems which were beyond the scope of rats, the insoluble problems He meant the rats that had been trained to jump at the square card with the circle in the middle, and the card (because it was something it wasn't) would give way and let the rat

into a place where the food was, but then one day it would be a trick played on the rat, and the card would be changed, and the rat would jump but the card wouldn't give way, and it was an impossible situation (for a rat) and the rat would go insane and into its eyes would come the unspeakably bright imploring look of the frustrated, and after the convulsions were over and the frantic racing around, then the passive stage would set in and the willingness to let anything be done to it, even if it was something else.

He didn't know which door (or wall) or opening in the house to jump at, to get through, because one was an opening that wasn't a door (it was a void, or koid) and the other was a wall that wasn't an opening, it was a sanitary cupboard of the same color. He caught a glimpse of his eyes staring into his eyes, in the thrutex, and in them was the expression he had seen in the picture of the rats — weary after convulsions and the frantic racing around, when they were willing and did not mind having anything done to them. More and more (he kept saying) I am confronted by a problem which is incapable of solution (for this time even if he chose the right door, there would be no food behind it) and that is what madness is, and things seeming different from what they are. He heard, in the house where he was, in the city to which he had gone (as toward a door which might, or might not, give way), a noise — not a loud noise but more of a low prefabricated humming. It came from a place in the base of the wall (or stat) where the flue carrying the filterable air was, and not far from the Minipiano, which was made of the same material nailbrushes are made of, and which was under the stairs. "This, too, has been tested," she said, pointing, but not at it, "and found viable." It wasn't a loud noise, he kept thinking, sorry that he had seen his eyes, even though it was through his own eyes that he had seen them.

First will come the convulsions (he said), then the exhaustion, then the willingness to let anything be done. "And you better believe it *will* be."

All his life he had been confronted by situations which were incapable of being solved, and there was a deliberateness behind all this, behind this changing of the card (or door), because they would always wait till you had learned to jump at the certain card (or door) — the one with the circle — and then they would change it on you. There have been so many doors changed on me, he said, in the last twenty years, but it is now becoming clear that it is an impossible situation, and the question is whether to jump again, even though they ruffle you in the rump with a blast of air — to make you jump. He wished he wasn't standing by the Minipiano. First they would teach you the prayers and the Psalms, and that would be the right door (the one with the circle) and the long sweet words with the holy sound, and that would be the one to jump at to get where the food was. Then one day you jumped and it didn't give way, so

that all you got was the bump on the nose, and the first bewilderment, the first young bewilderment.

I don't know whether to tell her about the door they substituted or not, he said, the one with the equation on it and the picture of the amoeba reproducing itself by division. Or the one with the photostatic copy of the check for thirty-two dollars and fifty cents. But the jumping was so long ago, although the bump is . . . how those old wounds hurt! Being crazy this way wouldn't be so bad if only, if only. If only when you put your foot forward to take a step, the ground wouldn't come up to meet your foot the way it does. And the same way in the street (only I may never get back to the street unless I jump at the right door), the curb coming up to meet your foot, anticipating ever so delicately the weight of the body, which is somewhere else. "We could take your name," she said, "and send it to you." And it wouldn't be so bad if only you could read a sentence all the way through without jumping (your eye) to something else on the same page; and then (he kept thinking) there was that man out in Jersey, the one who started to chop his trees down, one by one, the man who began talking about how he would take his house to pieces, brick by brick, because he faced a problem incapable of solution, probably, so he began to hack at the trees in the yard, began to pluck with trembling fingers at the bricks in the house. Even if a house is not washable, it is worth taking down. It is not till later that the exhaustion sets in.

But it is inevitable that they will keep changing the doors on you, he said, because that is what they are for; and the thing is to get used to it and not let it unsettle the mind. But that would mean not jumping, and you can't. Nobody can not jump. There will be no not-jumping. Among rats, perhaps, but among people never. Everybody has to keep jumping at a door (the one with the circle on it) because that is the way everybody is, specially some people. You wouldn't want me, standing here, to tell you, would you, about my friend the poet (deceased) who said, "My heart has followed all my days something I cannot name?" (It had the circle on it.) And like many poets, although few so beloved, he is gone. It killed him, the jumping. First, of course, there were the preliminary bouts, the convulsions, and the calm and the willingness.

I remember the door with the picture of the girl on it (only it was spring), her arms outstretched in loveliness, her dress (it was the one with the circle on it) uncaught, beginning the slow, clear, blinding cascade — and I guess we would all like to try that door again, for it seemed like the way and for a while it was the way, the door would open and you would go through winged and exalted (like any rat) and the food would be there, the way the Professor had it arranged, everything O.K., and you had chosen the right door for the world was young. The time they changed that door on me, my nose bled for a hundred hours — how do you like that, Madam? Or would you prefer to show me further through this

so strange house, or you could take my name and send it to me, for although my heart has followed all my days something I cannot name, I am tired of the jumping and I do not know which way to go, Madam, and I am not even sure that I am not tried beyond the endurance of man (rat, if you will) and have taken leave of sanity. What are you following these days, old friend, after your recovery from the last bump? What is the name, or is it something you cannot name? The rats have a name for it by this time, perhaps, but I don't know what they call it. I call it plexi-koid and it comes in sheets, something like insulating board, unattainable and ugly-proof.

And there was the man out in Jersey, because I keep thinking about his terrible necessity and the passion and trouble he had gone to all those years in the indescribable abundance of a householder's detail, building the estate and the planting of the trees and in spring the lawn-dressing and in fall the bulbs for the spring burgeoning, and the watering of the grass on the long light evenings in summer and the gravel for the driveway (all had to be thought out, planned) and the decorative borders, probably, the perennials and the bug spray, and the building of the house from plans of the architect, first the sills, then the studs, then the full corn in the ear, the floors laid on the floor timbers, smoothed, and then the carpets upon the smooth floors and the curtains and the rods therefor. And then, almost without warning, he would be jumping at the same old door and it wouldn't give. They had changed it on him, making life no longer supportable under the elms in the elm shade, under the maples in the maple shade.

"Here you have the maximum of openness in a small room"

It was impossible to say (maybe it was the city) what made him feel the way he did, and I am not the only one either, he kept thinking — ask any doctor if I am. The doctors, they know how many there are, they even know where the trouble is only they don't like to tell you about the pre-frontal lobe because that means making a hole in your skull and removing the work of centuries. It took so long coming, this lobe, so many, many years. (Is it something you read in the paper, perhaps?) And now, the strain being so great, the door having been changed by the Professor once too often . . . but it only means a whiff of ether, a few deft strokes, and the higher animal becomes a little easier in his mind and more like the lower one. From now on, you see, that's the way it will be, the ones with the small prefrontal lobes will win because the other ones are hurt too much by this incessant bumping. They can stand just so much, eh, Doctor? (And what is that, pray, that you have in your hand?) Still, you never can tell, eh, Madam?

He crossed (carefully) the room, the thick carpet under him softly, and went toward the door carefully, which was glass and he could see himself in it, and which, at his approach, opened to allow him to pass

through, and beyond he half expected to find one of the old doors that he had known, perhaps the one with the circle, the one with the girl her arms outstretched in loveliness and beauty before him. But he saw instead a moving stairway, and descended in light (he kept thinking) to the street below and to the other people. As he stepped off, the ground came up slightly, to meet his foot.

Interpreting Your Reading

First reading may give you an impression of vagueness and formlessness in this piece, but further study will show that the details have been carefully chosen and very skilfully ordered. How much specific information is supplied about the external situation of the man? How precisely is it possible to define his state of mind? What factors have produced it? What stages of his earlier life are revealed? Be prepared to point to the passages which support your answers.

What is a washable house? What is the point of the following sentences? (a) "This, too, has been tested," she said, pointing, but not at it, "and found viable." (b) "We could take your name," she said, "and send it to you." (c) "Nobody can not jump. There will be no not-jumping." (d) "My heart has followed all my days something I cannot name." (e) "I call it plexikoid and it comes in sheets, something like insulating board, unattainable and ugly-proof." (f) "Here you have the maximum of openness in a small room." How is "the man out in Jersey" related to the meaning? Explain the reference to the prefrontal lobe. Who is the "Madam" addressed? What is the significance of the ending?

How far does the symbol of the door serve to unify the whole piece? What different layers of significance has it? What is its relation to the idea in the first sentence, which might be called the topic sentence — "Everything (he kept saying) is something it isn't"?

Much use is made of other recurring words, phrases, images. Point out as many examples as you can and analyze their effect. There is frequent use of various types of unconventional sentence structure — loose syntax, parenthetical expressions, nonsentences, and the like. What effect do they create? Comment on the very frequent use of adjectives and adverbs. Discuss the general appropriateness of the form to the subject matter.

What is the relation of this piece to the ideas in the preceding one? To what extent would our frustrated friend's problems be solved if he left the city and went to live on a farm, as Mr. White did?

A DESIGN FOR FIGHTING

Harlow Shapley

A scientist and astronomer of international reputation, Harlow Shapley (1885-) is also widely known, through his frequent writings and speeches, as one of the most pungent and provocative commentators on American civilization, in its cultural and political as well as its scientific aspects. He was born in Missouri and educated at the University of Missouri and at Princeton. He has had wide experience as a teacher and research scientist, was astronomer of the Mount Wilson Observatory from 1914 to 1921, and is at present director of the Harvard College Observatory. The following selection was originally delivered in September, 1944, as the Phi Beta Kappa address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Cleveland, Ohio. Although it was given during the war, its title refers to a design for fighting other enemies of civilization and progress than war, a design which will furnish what William James has called a "moral equivalent of war."

BEGGING YOUR TOLERANCE, I should like to make a talk on wars. It may not be too tedious, for wars are never dull. I am planning to deal mostly with fights that are outside the history books. To get into our subject, we shall need to examine honestly our attitudes toward war. Subsequently, we shall identify some new enemies, make blueprints (very provisional ones) of new battlefields, take stock of our mobile fighting equipment, and then sketch the preliminary patterns in our Design for Fighting.

First I shall recount a sad folk tale. Once upon a time recently there was a great nation in a mess. When it struggled to disentangle itself from the condition that had been brought on by this and also by that, the situation seemed to grow messier, and no less than twenty-two millions of its adults voted to change horses in the middle of the bog, and to try getting out on the other bank. The nation's ills were everywhere obvious. A great many poor people were hungry, while other citizens destroyed their surpluses; more than ten million were unemployed, the desires of the laborers for greater pay and prestige were doing badly, the women without higher education were submerged by custom and lack of opportunity, the people had no thrifty desires to accumulate savings, and indeed, they had nothing much to save, the younger men and women had little systematic training in health or in patriotism; they had little opportunity to travel.

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In this economically and spiritually confused country (so continues the tale), diseases like measles, pneumonia, and syphilis were badly controlled, if at all, mosquitoes and flies were destined to be eternal pests and carriers of disease, practically no one in all that nation could use radar, or anti-radar, or anti-anti-radar, social reforms were progressing with difficulty, and educational policy was static.

The airplanes were relatively slow and weak (we continue to list the nation's ills); the researches in the physical sciences throughout the country were listless, the art of ship-building and ship-sailing had practically disappeared, and worst of all, there was little zest for life and liberty, no driving principle or policy to make the citizens from all the corners of the country proud to be citizens of that nation and brothers under a sun that might illuminate a hopeful future.

It was a somber epoch in the history of that great nation, and the prospects for recovery and progress, and for the cure of the enumerated evils, were dim indeed

If I had, at that time, ventured to offer a remedy for all these ills, every one of them, by advising the afflicted nation to take active part in the greatest and bloodiest human war ever conceived — a war that destroys more property and brutally butchers more innocent people than the worst human butchers have ever enjoyed in their most gorgeous dreams — if I had recommended that mad procedure, guaranteeing the almost complete cure of all such ills within ten years, and the practical attainment of all the high goals I have implied, it is quite likely that both my advice and I would have been (to understate it) deplored. It is possible that someone might have written a letter to the Harvard authorities about fanatics, and recommended my transfer to an institution even more suitable than a university.

Naturally, I did not make such a recommendation. Nevertheless, this nation did get into just such a war, and all of those happy desiderata and many more have come about

FULL EMPLOYMENT AND STOMACHS

Probably never in the history of this country have its people, as a whole, eaten so well as during the past three years. There's practically no unemployment. The soldiers and sailors are the best paid and fed in the world. The thrill, and even the joy of living, has much increased. The nation is healthier. (The death toll in the current war and the number maimed by the war are of the same order of magnitude as the automobile casualties before the war.) The people have rather willingly adopted healthy restraints, constructive collaboration, unified determination, a national spirit of worthy sacrifice. Sensational advances in the treatment of certain diseases, new knowledge of food, new accomplishment in a million new home gardens, new and widespread instruction in world geography — all

of these have come also. Without the war, most of them would yet have been totally missing, and the others of slow maturing. The women in the offices, factories, and armed services have discovered abilities and self-assurance heretofore unrealized. Elementary applied sciences have been taught to about a million young men who would otherwise have been deprived of a practical training that is important in a civilization highly dependent on applied science. The political and social prestige of labor has increased remarkably in three years of war, and millions of citizens have billions in savings — establishing a policy heretofore unknown, unpracticed, or impossible.

With such manifold blessings to the majority of individuals and groups in America, and with such apparent social gain for the nation as a whole, who could sincerely regret this world war and who would take steps to prevent another one? Should we not praise those who precipitated it, or should we not? Is there a counteracting Design for Not Fighting — some substitute for Beneficent War?

The problem must be examined further, or some strange conclusions will be reached and astonishing national policies advocated. War was long ago recognized as a good tribal business by certain savage and primitive people, but they fought for food, women, loot, and the joy of personal combat. These are not our American motives. We have food, we have, if anything, too many women, our individual property averages to be the most and best in the world, and the lust for personal combat has been pretty well bred out of us (even if it has not, the modern war provides little opportunity for personal blood-letting, since it is about nine-tenths fought on the draftsmen's board, in the machine shop, and by the remotely located ground forces). Less than a tenth of our mobilized warriors in battlefields, factories, and farms ever smell the human enemy or grapple with him. The poetry and romance, the snorting rush of the foaming charger and the wild savage clash of sabers have been machined out of modern and future wars. Most of the thrills for most of us are vicarious. At the height of a hard pressing crisis, we may work at the lathes some fifty-four hours a week — with time-and-a-half for overtime, of course, and we only temporarily modify our squealing about renegotiation.

Our material gains in war are therefore not so elemental as those which made war a national business for earlier tribes. It is now not so much for food, loot, and glory that we fight, as (if we judge by our successes) for the great social gains: for widely-distributed prosperity, the education of the masses, large wealth for a new set of capitalists, the provision of work for everybody, and good pay for good work. Socially uplifting is this war, as well as materially profitable, for more than 100,000,000 Americans.

Up to this point, it sounds as though it would be folly not to adopt World War as the national policy. The amazing advantages and dividends

must be balanced somehow, or even written off in some way; otherwise we are at a loss to understand another equally amazing situation, namely that practically everyone wants this beneficent war to end immediately, and fervently hopes, apparently, that there will never be another such war in the future history of the world.*

WHY NOT WAR AS A NATIONAL BUSINESS?

To enumerate briefly the chief objections to war, we note first that it is making nearly all of our regularly trained army and navy personnel important, and perhaps overweeningly arrogant. The same is true for hundreds of Washington bureaucrats. To these few thousand individuals, the war is a great immediate advantage, and probably therefore a disadvantage to the American political and social system. It may be pretty hard to demobilize the pride and spirit and habits of many of the war-enriched glory-inflated citizens.

The war is building a much greater American Legion — again, a two-sided sword, disadvantage and advantage.

The war has decreased the normal care of children, and probably their morale. The bull-market boom of the late '20's, of course, tended to do the same.

The usual type of college education has been interrupted for a few years for many boys. Presumably that should be listed as a disadvantage.

Although the war has improved the business of newspapers, of the radio, of manufacturers, of the transportation and communications industries, and of most small businessmen the country over, there were some enterprises temporarily ruined by the war (although the corresponding businessmen themselves have landed on their feet elsewhere). And the white collar classes have, as usual, suffered disproportionately, because the take has lagged behind the increased outgo.

Some would list "the economic waste of war" as a frightful price to pay for our full employment and full stomachs and purses.

Finally, taxes have become atrocious, but hardly any of us regret that others pay the government heavily, to meet a part of the costs of the war and to help in moderating the inflation natural to the existence of prosperity. In fact, we almost cheerfully pay our own taxes as a part of the healthful national discipline.

It is obvious that I am reaching around desperately to find sufficient disadvantages of war; it must be discredited somehow. It seems fairly clear that our antipathy to war is not based on worry about the postwar

* Undoubtedly there exist a few friends of war, scattered among the officers of the armed forces, the politicians and government officials, the magnified personalities of press and radio, and especially among profiteering business men—a considerable number altogether who secretly hope that this war will continue and that others will come. These people must be watched, but I choose to consider such individuals as low moral perverts, and not as a part of the American citizenry.

effects. Good times frequently follow successful wars. We are rather blindly hopeful that the government this time will meet the unusual emergencies without too much trouble; we trust that capital will not be too greedy, or labor too insistent, and that a bearable compromise between decreasing taxes and proper rehabilitation of our returning soldiers and factory workers will be worked out. Such is our somewhat vague hope. We are just that simple!

IMMORALITY DISCOLORS THE DESIGN

As I see it, there are two major comments on our aversion to adopting war as the best national or international business. One is very obvious, the other leads toward hope.

We in America are on the winning side of this war, and from the first we have known that we are winning, also the war is not on the home grounds. Those obvious factors explain much. Practically none of the war advantages cited above have been available to the French, Dutch, Norwegians, Czechs, and other conquered states. Only a few advantages (like full employment and perhaps unity of spirit) have been available to the now defeated Axis countries, and by no means all of our advantages have come to Great Britain and the Dominions. This time we have kept a winning war at a distance. It is relatively very profitable, and all the profits are not temporary. We have reasons to suspect, however, that a future war might eventuate otherwise.

It remains to make the hopeful comment that the basic reason why 130,000,000 Americans and untold hundreds of millions of others want an end of this war, and of all similar world struggles, is that war is immoral. The Moral Values in the situation more than balance the immediate material and social advantages, more than balance the prosperity, the glory and excitement — even for us, a winning nation. This is a fact of highest encouragement to all who are solicitous for the further evolution of the human race. It is inspiring that we, who are temporarily gaining so many worth-while social and personal advantages, are nevertheless conscious of the cosmic error of it all.

We owe our present consciousness of the long-range tragic penalties of war to two widely different causes. One is the remarkably dramatic news coverage by press and radio, which has not concealed from the happy Americans the bitter blood and tears. The other is the religious and secular education of past centuries, which has gradually built an intellectual heritage and a universal ethics that link peace with social justice, international good will, and human progress. Through moral education, peace has become an inherent human desire, it is almost an instinctive good, for educated men, and war an instinctive evil.

Possibly there are other important factors that tend to cancel or minimize the social and material gains of successful war at a distance — mass

anxiety and regret over economic waste, for instance. But we also had deep prewar anxieties. Personally I am content to accept the contention that the moral gain of abolishing war is the best reason for such a policy. The arguments based on economics and demography are too often specious and circular, usually they involve merely postponements and short-term compromises. The inherent moral antipathy, moreover, is a factor most clearly associated with the mental and spiritual development of mankind. I am gratified that we can rate it highly.

WHAT'S THE FIGHT ABOUT?

At this point I should remark that the review of the profits and losses of human warfare are really relevant to the theses I am attempting to develop. A political and military background is necessary for the scientific and scholarly *Designs for Fighting* that are to be presented for your consideration. To fill in the background further, I should like to digress again and ask a rather embarrassing question. What is the present *Design for Fighting*? Just why are we in this war? The soldiers and sailors continue to ask this embarrassing question.

"Nonsense, it's all perfectly clear to everyone" — but not to the next expert you meet! The Germans and Russians, the French and Australians know why they must fight, but too many Americans are not sure. Perhaps we need not be, at this stage of the conflict. The individual combatant might say he is fighting (if you should ask him and he would honestly and seriously reply) because he has been drafted — drafted either by the Selective Service or the equally potent public opinion (however camouflaged under words like duty, patriotism, etc.). A few, of course, are in the war because of their natural spirit of adventure. Fortunately not many soldiers set out solely in the hope that they can commit a legalized murder.

Here follows my list of specific reasons for human warfare, which may be much like yours, if you have thought about it:

- (1) Ambitious leadership
- (2) Economic necessities or ambitions
- (3) Public education awry (either through misplaced nationalism, religious shortsightedness, or otherwise)
- (4) Absence of effective international law
- (5) Desire to maintain a power balance in Europe and Asia
- (6) A combination of many of these reasons

There is nothing very complimentary to civilization in any of the listed causes of war.

It should be noted that we fight not because we were attacked. There was a trigger action on December 7, 1941, that set us off in a war to which we had been definitely committed for a couple of years. There's no need in fooling ourselves that self-defense is the sole reason we are fighting.

In some comprehensive but vague way—a way made vague by detailed rationalizations—we are fighting for a civilization. Let us leave it at that, and receding from contemplations of the present and immediate past, look toward some of the future wars: their necessity, advisability, the new alignments, the strategy and campaigns.

As the current strife draws to a conclusion that seems to be satisfactory for the continuance of a Western culture, we may profitably turn our thoughts first toward postwar peace plans. And when the world gets stabilized politically and economically, or even before then, we should begin planning for the next war. In the remainder of my talk I hope to make some progress toward inciting you to consider plans of new martial activities. It will then become clear why I have taken time to consider both the advantages of successful war and the moral and material costs thereof. We shall have standards of comparison.

OUR RECENT INGLORIOUS DEFEAT AND HUMILIATION

In 1918–19 more than four times as many Americans were killed by influenza as by our enemies of the first World War. Twenty million humans perished of that ruthless disease. The economic loss in the worldwide battle with the influenza organism was also tremendous. Moreover, sad and shameful to say, we lost that war. We, the highest and most resourceful animals on the face of the earth, came off battered and disgraced, with the enemy hardly scratched. Only when it became satiated with its successes did the savage foe recede into the invisible realms where it normally dwells, and from which it has at times made further minor forays with murderous and economically destructive results. Even yet, that adversary is not defeated; our Maginot lines of defense against it are permeable and insufficient.

Clearly we have right here a dangerous enemy for our next war. Why are we not all arming ourselves against this treacherous foe that does not hesitate to make sneak attacks, and has no respect for armistice? There were several millions of us engaged in those influenza battles of 1918–19, we are the casualties who recovered. I now wonder why in heaven we who returned from those battlefields did not form an American Flu Legion, don our old face masks and march in parades, brandish our voting strength, and influence Congressmen. With our political power, under the leadership of General Doctor, Captain Laboratory Technician, Lieutenant Nurse—all who fought valiantly with us millions of private sufferers in the great influenza war—with that power we might have got the government to fortify research laboratories munificently, drill the citizens in epidemic prevention and control, enforce the care of body and mind, and turn the powerful mass psychology into a fervent patriotic assault on the enemies of mankind that have always been more deadly than the soldiers

of European fanatics and tyrants So prepared, when the next attack comes along, we would be ready for it We could sell Health Bonds, pay taxes luxuriously, work like the devil, and perhaps we would, this time, win the war, conquer our great enemy and keep him subjugated for as long as man remains civilized and sanitary.

But, alas, we did not organize. Medical investigators and public health officers continue to do their best, without much government or public support, while the undertakers year after year continue to tuck us away prematurely.

SELECTING ENEMIES FOR COMING WARS

But the Design for Fighting I want to sketch for you tonight is not so simple and obvious as would be a defensive war against some major decimating epidemic To fight defensively means admission of intellectual defeat. I want to go deeper. We should remember that it is only the bodies of men and women that the gravediggers inter and the cremators oxydize Our influences, our contributions to knowledge and to the art and beauty of human living — our spirits, if you will — escape the mortuary Our works live after us. Why not, therefore, seek out some of the enemies that assail those human qualities that we group loosely under the term civilization; let us look up the opponents to the evolution of those human characteristics that seem to differentiate men from other animals and plants We may discover that an enthusiastic warfare against such opponents, even if only partially successful, is a fair substitute for warfare against fellow men At least it would emphasize the absurdity of world wars or national wars where life and property are wildly squandered, while these greater enemies — the enemies of the soul, mind, sometimes body — are almost completely ignored.

Instinctive and acquired human morality, as we have already noted, seems to oppose the promotion of man-kill-man war, but I believe this same inherent morality must unquestionably be vigorously pro-war, war to the death, if we define our enemies as those that obstruct or challenge the social and intellectual growth of man and of human society.

In designing a fight, it is comforting to know that right is on our side. Such a claim has a familiar ring. It is the conscience-salve of provocateurs, everywhere and every time Kings, kaisers, cardinals, cutthroats, and even we minor squabblers have always taken comfort in the benign assistance of God, the eternal righteousness of our cause, and the justice of our murderous actions. Very well, we shall leave over-used Omnipotence out of this. Rather we shall put in Nature, or Creative Evolution, or the Primal and Persisting Urge of the species man to evolve during the billions of years that the stars appear to have allotted him.

We could, of course, betray this innate evolutionary struggle, deliberately refuse to grow, and go turtling through the ages, dull and static;

we could even regress, like a petered-out biological species, by way of recurrent world wars and social degradations. But it will be better cosmic sportsmanship to go to the top, to the limit of our abilities and aspirations, for, who knows, there may be something at that rainbow's end that will make even the galaxies look incidental.

Whatever the postulates in which we clothe ourselves, whether our tailors are religious prophets, pagan philosophers, modern scientific cosmogonists, or the still striving spirits of jungle-born curiosity, the majority of Americans are already amply dressed for the uphill climb. We can put on varied armor to suit the fight. This readiness of the citizen-soldiers is a challenge to those who venture to make plans. They must choose opponents worthy the steel and spirit of determined and intelligent men. No boastful pacification of a restless island will suffice, no capture of a distant market for the enriching of a few traders, no gloating superiority in armored flying battleships. Those are goals of an old-fashioned type, unworthy, unsuited to human dignity in this time of a New Renaissance. No, it has got to be good, this set of plans, and those whom we have trained to be the long-range social thinkers should heed well the ways and means, the details of joining battle with the real enemies. These new conflicts, moreover, must not be local wars, for a few scientific laboratories, or for one country or one county. The fight must be at least nationwide. Perhaps over the borders are potential allies, willing, well-armed, and similarly star-bent.

As a simple preliminary, I shall mention four national or international problems, the resolution of which seems to lead in the right direction. And one of them I shall commend especially to the attention of this scientific association as its most natural opponent. I shall also offer timidly the introduction to a preliminary sketch of a Design for Fighting this greatest of foes.

ILLITERACY

Education, as you know, is well spoken of. Although it is perverted at times, and in places, into anti-social channels, it is by and large both good and necessary. It is indeed indispensable, if democracy is to prevail and the dignity of the individual man is to be respected and enhanced. Literacy is basic for it. Notwithstanding the rapid rise of auditory education by way of the radio, and of pictorial education by moving pictures and oncoming television, there is no reasonable escape from the general necessity of knowing how to read and write. Even a tabloid requires a modicum of literacy, and the comic strips carry printed materials.

The point I am driving at is that illiteracy can and should be wiped out. The basic equipment (reading and writing) for general and special education should be universally provided. It is not a job for the regular school teachers alone. It is a national job, for the public and the local

governments. Ten years from now the existence of illiteracy between the ages of ten and sixty should be reckoned as a community disgrace. The shame should be on the community, and not on the unfortunate individuals. In many communities, perhaps most, volunteer teachers, performing a sympathetic rather than a patronizing task, could take care of this business without difficulty. In Mexico, the enlightened president, General Manuel Avila Camacho, has recently requested educated adults to undertake, as a part of their national service, the elementary education of at least one unschooled neighbor. Must we lag behind in social progress? Must we await a presidential order? A command from the conscience of the community should suffice. The people can do this work with pleasure and with justifiable pride. And once the first battle for universal literacy has been won in the community, city, county, or state, the level can be raised and a further step taken toward an enlightened citizenry. The second goal might be, "80 per cent of those older than fifteen years to have a completed grammar school education", and there should be a ceremonious bestowal, to the successful community, of an "E" for Excellent, or Education, or Evolving.

Teachers' associations have no doubt worked locally on this important problem of illiteracy, but it should not be left wholly to educators. We are all involved. I wonder if sufficient thought has been given to rewards for community successes, to enlisting the interest of Service Groups, and to the expert selling of the enterprise to the general public.

There may be, of course, an irreducible minimum of illiteracy of perhaps 1 per cent, because of the existence of insurmountable physical disabilities, and the presence of illiterate transients. But the occurrence of foreign-language elements in a community should be no excuse for not undertaking or solving this problem, rather it should be a challenge, and an opportunity, by the way, for mutual education.

PREMATURE SENILITY

As a second martial enterprise, let us organize ourselves and declare war on Premature Senility. The more we study the life span and the death causes of Americans and Europeans, the more we realize that a few maladies and a few bad habits cut off too many useful people prematurely. Most of us say that we would dread the prolongation of useless old age; but who can object to the adding of ten years to the active lives of men and women to whom the years have brought augmented wisdom, and in whom experience has produced nobility of character?

I look forward to the time, perhaps in a century or so, when an adult caught with a communicable disease will be heavily fined, and one indulging in afflictions like cancer, tuberculosis, arthritis, and neuroses will be branded as a social pariah, and put in jail. I would like to hope that the

names of some of those diseases will become so little known that one would find them only at the bottom of the dictionary page — “cancer: obsolescent name for a rare disease, rampant in the dark ages, when, about 1940, it was killing 150,000 Americans annually.” But my hope is perhaps too wild. Certainly there will need to be some hard fighting and heavy expense and further education before that Utopia dawns.

The Western world is not too crowded, there is useful work to be done, joys to be shared, fine thoughts to be meditated, sunsets for everybody. The proper balance for a diminishing but healthily-controlled birth-rate could be the prolongation of adult life. Already the medical and health sciences have done astonishing work on the diseases of infancy. The average age has risen spectacularly in America and elsewhere. But mature men and women will live and work happily half a generation longer when, as the result of a sincere and widespread war, we conquer or control arthritis, cancer, nephritis, diseases and disorders of the circulatory system, the respiratory system, and the brain. These six are the chief disablers. There is reason for the high hopes of continued advance against all of them.

The battles must be fought, to be sure, largely by the specialists, but in three ways the public can contribute notably, and without this public help, complete victory is impossible. We can inspire brilliant young scientists to enlist, preferably as volunteers, in this great war in the interest of human life and happiness. We can provide directly by gift, or indirectly through influencing governmental support, the necessary funds for the hospitals, research laboratories, and field studies. We can cooperate in controlling some of these scourges by care of personal health and by seeing to it that our communities are provided with appropriate health programs.

Let us comment quickly on each of the six:

- (1) In the United States five million people suffer from the various forms of arthritis, and hundreds of thousands are prematurely disabled thereby. Yet, with minor exceptions, there are no appreciable funds for the basic study of this disease, and no specific research army or institution. Arthritis rarely finishes off its own victims, it prepares them painfully for the kill by some more lethal assailant. The average mildness of the malady is probably the reason that it is commonly overlooked as one of man's great enemies.
- (2) Some further comments on the cancer war. The first eleven days of the recent critical and bloody invasion of Normandy took an average of three hundred American lives a day; cancer averaged to kill four hundred Americans on each of those days. And it does not stop, it offers no armistice. In the next twelve months there will be the customary 150,000 deaths in America from this one source, preceded in general by great suffering, sorrow and expense. Why do we not do something about it? But we are! Yes, we spend *annually* in cancer research in all the universities and medical research institutions (not including the recently established National Cancer Insti-

tute) a little less than the receipts of one major football game! For the current "War of the Tyrants" we spend \$300,000,000,000 of public money. For the war against cancer, the greater man-enslaving enemy, one-millionth as much!

Of course we need more research men and more ideas for the fight on cancer, but both will be forthcoming if ample funds are supplied for numerous *full-time* research positions in leading hospitals and medical schools. The cancer investigators must also explore the possibilities in neighboring fields, with no more worry about wasted efforts and money, in following faint trails, than we now worry about the expense of exploratory scientific researches for the present war. Four hundred American lives a day justify an expensive fight.

- (3) Hard arteries and the associated consequences stop in mid-career too many important workers in business, in the professions, in public service. A career of high nervous pressure is tough on the circulatory systems of those men who respond too generously to the call of duty and opportunity. As yet no real defense, but worried sermons from harassed wives and family doctors. More than half a million Americans die each year from diseases of the circulatory system, and if you are over ten years of age, more than half of you are to die of these maladies, unless something vigorous and drastic is done about it. How much do we spend in basic research on the ravages of this enemy? Practically nothing at all!
- (4) Tuberculosis is still a most deadly enemy to those important people between the ages of twenty-five and forty years, notwithstanding modern progress in care of the afflicted; and also unsolved as yet is that other respiratory affliction, the expensive common cold. We have already grimly saluted the goliath influenza, and in a sense we are sparring for time, hoping to load our slings with some new effective ammunition.
- (5) Nephritis buries nearly 100,000 Americans a year. We lose the lives, but save a little money, for again there are negligible funds earmarked for research on kidney diseases.
- (6) But perhaps our greatest enemy among the major maladies is the group of physiological and psychological factors that disorder and spoil the human mind. Some of the many forms of mental diseases are already yielding to the various therapies. Epilepsy is pretty well under control. The depressions are better understood than formerly and that new knowledge is a necessary preliminary to successful treatment. The plight of the schizophrenics is no longer a hopeless mystery. The alarmingly large number of neuropsychiatric cases coming out of the armed forces (approximately one-half of the total discharges for disability!) emphasizes dramatically the great importance of fighting this ruthless enemy, fighting hard for the sanity of the race, fighting, also, for the prolongation of mental power. With the mind senile, a virile body is rudderless; the centenarian's closing days should be bright, but not balmy!

Without further documentation, let us acknowledge the need for a

concerted national attack on the recognizable causes of Premature Senility — the ailment that sooner or later will be of personal interest to practically all of us. Would you like to have a tenth of 1 per cent of your future federal income tax devoted to the elimination, or at least the great diminution, of the ills that prematurely weaken and destroy? That's all the cash it would require. There is a highly sponsored National Science Fund with committees that could administer grants for medical research.

Would you participate in a national "one meal fast" to pay for research on the major maladies? If all took part, and contributed the equivalent, about 15 million dollars, we would win both happiness and years, because several deadly diseases would die.

CULTURAL UNIFORMITY

Universal literacy is a goal the average citizen can help attain; longevity is a problem chiefly for the specialists to handle. I would like to isolate another conflict in which everybody can take part. We can name it the Fight against Cultural Uniformity. It would take long to elaborate fully the need for this movement, and longer to specify sample procedures in detail. A brief summary must suffice for the present.

Life, I have found from experience, is the dullerest thing one can live; and it would be vastly duller but for variety among the people one meets, diversity in their habits, manners, and intellectual reactions. To maintain and increase the diversity, to the end of enhancing the degree of satisfaction with life and the opportunity for intellectual and artistic growth, requires immediate fighting against real foes

I assume you all realize that a world state is in prospect for the near future — geologically near — perhaps not in this decade or generation, but soon. By world state I mean the organization of practically all terrestrial men. The quality and degree of the internationalism of the coming world state should be examined. Aviation and radio, and similar modern arts, force the unification. A world-wide economic association, that encompasses all states that do business, seems so inevitable, ultimately, that one wonders why we go ahead trying half-way substitutes. And the unified political organization that will include all the present nations, super-nations, and sub-nations, is also rapidly developing, notwithstanding some stubborn and perhaps bloody resistance, and in spite of the temporary dominance by political cartels of major powers. The world state, however, will come long before Pluto returns to Aries, two centuries from now. That is my prediction. Some would probably predict that the political unity will be obtained and stabilized before the end of the present century, and others may hold out for a thousand years of strife and political individualism. But we all would probably agree, if put to it, that either we sink to savagery, or rise, perhaps slowly, to a world unity, however drab this last prospect may appear.

But is a world-wide common culture an inevitability of the new order? I believe not. A political inter-nation and a universal economic agreement need not lead to a sterile uniformity in the cultural world. Local languages perish slowly; and many local customs can persist because they are linked with local geography. Hills, valleys, deserts, mountains, the seashores, and the various belts of latitude will remain, notwithstanding the ingenuity and deviltry of man. And the climates, soils, waters, and scenery in these various types of geographical localities can and will have a basic effect upon the folkways of whatever inhabitants choose to remain, or are permitted to remain, in such relatively specialized domains.

That localized cultures change slowly (whether of man, plant, or animal), and with some care might be made almost permanent, is demonstrated in nearly all the large countries of the world by the present social and domestic differences in contiguous groups. Only if the world maintains these cultural human varieties, these endemic cultures, will it provide natural opportunities for evolution. I mean evolution in taste and art, as well as growth in industry and natural science. For it is well known to the biologist that a uniform population changes but little.

We must, therefore, oppose, if I am right, those tendencies that are working toward standardization and cultural homogeneity. We must strive against chain-thinking and -acting. As one contribution to this objective, the small community must continue to live, to play, and to think by itself. It must be our fervent hope that the local American community will grow in cultural self-sufficiency, not only for the delight of the people in being doers rather than in being done-for, but also because of the importance of endemic cultures to general welfare.

We are quite willing to give over to international organization the responsibility of the larger political and economic management, if such delegation means peace, efficiency, and progress. But let us work toward a colorful new world through the development and maintenance of local customs.

And it is high time we got started on a program of deliberate cultivation of community life. For we must admit that much of our thinking and feeling has now been delegated to others through the predominance of chain newspapers, broadcasting syndicates, and movie theatres. It is alarming to realize how many of us hear the same news commentators, the same comedians and music analyzers; and to realize how many of us read the same comic strips, eat the same food, announce the same profound observations on passing events. Unconsciously we have delegated our thinking, our feeling, much of our tasting, and even the intonation of our trite comments, to a few score of men and women, mostly mediocre, who have gained access to our broadcasting studios, our newspapers, and our food-jobbers.

All of this standardization and mental goose-stepping has gone so far

that escape seems impossible Chain-thinking has linked our brains The radio serves simultaneously ten millions of us parrots Originality of thought and expression have been sold down the river for the joy of hearing a hot gag

Possibly we cannot retrace and start over, and most of us would not want to, we are mentally lazy, and too willing to follow leaders But can we not counteract a little the deadening effect of this national centralized domination by emphasizing the activities and the contributions of localized natural communities?

Some of us have cheerful hopes about the more methodical encouragement of craftsmanship in country, town, and city Already much is done, and it has been tremendously worth while. Art and science often blend in the craftsman Local group work in the sciences is an entering wedge for community collaboration In less than two years, the club membership in Science Clubs of America has increased 600 per cent, and now we have some five thousand active groups that are doing things, with a maximum of inspiration and a minimum of centralized direction. Much of the work of the Science Clubs, in the schools, and among the adults, deals with the biology, topography, and archaeology of the community Such interests foster pride in the community Before long, many counties or valleys are going to be proud, for instance, that the herbarium of the home county valley is well known and has been related to the flora of larger regions and to the community's horticultural and agricultural problems

The rise of small symphony orchestras and choruses, and the growth of amateur musical performances, are signs that we can develop genuine loyalties to the striving home folk, and really enjoy them, notwithstanding the superior excellence that could be ours by the turning of a dial These musical movements, especially when they can be related to the folk songs and folklore of the community, are a challenge for all of us who recognize the importance of the independent life of the community, and the heightened likelihood of the evolution of taste and intelligence if homogeneity is opposed.

The responsibility for the fight against cultural uniformity devolves finally on the community itself. The local leaders should not leave to remote practical politicians, or to uniformity-producing centralized broadcasters and writers the shaping of the future, either for the individual or for natural social areas. In this connection it is well to study the goals and triumphs of our Tennessee Valley Authority, the progress of the community theater movement, the future of Frequency Modulation broadcasting as a new tool in community development, and the spirit and procedures in those few American communities that already stand out as individualistic.

In the contest against deadening centralized manipulation of the minds and mores of the people, we have a happy fight that all can join;

and, paradoxically enough, nationally working artists and scientists can help to incite diversity and direct the development of local cultural projects, the radio and press syndicates can assist in spreading the gospel of community self-sufficiency.

THE TYRANNY OF THE UNKNOWN

I come now to the fourth scheme for combat. The three proposed struggles for community individualism, for useful and happy longevity, and for universal literacy, are all of interest to the working scientist, and in these days of widespread social responsibilities these great problems should be at least irritating to the social conscience of everyone. But my next, and final, proposal is directly in the line of the professional interest of scientists and scholars.

I may be obsessed, or suffering from anthropocentric illusions, but I cannot escape the feeling that the human mind and human curiosity are significant in this world — even perhaps in the cosmos of geological time and intergalactic space. With this impression (or illusion) that the mind is the best of us, and the best of biological evolution, I cannot escape (and neither can you!) the feeling of a responsibility to glorify the human mind, take it seriously, even dream about its ultimate flowering into something far beyond the primitive muscle-guider and sensation-recorder with which we started.

It is, possibly, naive to deduce that the acquiring of knowledge and sensations, and the judging and correlating of such knowledge and sensations, is a human necessity, and also rather elementary on my part to observe that in the short time that the race has had for reasoning about things, it has been impossible to learn much. But pointing out such elementals gives us background, and perhaps modesty. We are still embedded in abysmal ignorance of the world in which we live. Relative to the total surmisable extent of knowledge, we have advanced very little beyond the level of wisdom acquired by many animals of long racial experience. We are, to be sure, no longer afraid of strange squeaks in the dark, nor completely superstitious about the dead. On many occasions we are valiantly rational. Nevertheless, we now know "how much the unknown transcends the what we know." The unrevealed seriously oppresses us as men of mind. We are tyrannized by the unanswered, more than by governmental restraints or social taboos. This tyranny shadows the brightness of the explored realms of nature and of man. To use again the battle cry of the cornered, the war slogan of the ardent social fighter, "Let's do something about it!" Let's exorcise these tyrannical spirits of the surrounding darkness. Let's declare a methodical and elaborate war on the Tyranny of the Unknown.

Already, in our quiet way, most of us are mildly opposing this tyranny. We do it in our spare time, sometimes apologetically, and sometimes with

rather brave and hopeful sanction by our institutional chiefs. But, of course, except when we have war-urgency assignments, we do not let the fight get in the way of comfortable living, routine duties, and our ordinary neighborliness

Now please do not get the impression that I have with large words simply advocated the continuity of research. That is not at all what I have in mind I said "a *methodical* and *elaborate* warfare on the Tyranny of the Unknown"

It is time we quit treating the acquisition of new knowledge as the luxury of a special class, or as the precursor to profit-making new gadgets or nostrums It is time we quit leaving the explorations beyond the horizons to the long-haired professors and the workers in a few government bureaus. The contest against the Tyranny of the Unknown is a job for the people of America, if they are going to keep up in the competition with other countries. It is their job if they are planning to participate in either the practical or the idealized progress of mankind It should be the concern of the businessman, the labor union, the fruit grower, and the farmer This war can be an affair for the Popular Front, if the proper leaders properly blueprint the campaign. Practically every community in America that can produce an ensign or a sergeant could produce a boy or girl who could be trained to effective, even if modest, service in these new armies Once the attack is briefed and the skills are sharpened, finding new facts and checking old interpretations are no more difficult than making an automobile from blueprints, or managing intership communications, or unravelling the mysteries of an income tax form. Yes, certainly the increase and spreading out of scientific and other research is a national concern, and, in making this a national issue, respect for fundamentals need not be sacrificed to the utilitarian. But how far we now appear to be from an aggressive governmental interest in this particular fight!

Some months ago (April 19), the British House of Commons debated "Sir Granville Gibson's motion calling for a bold and generous Government policy towards research. . . . The debate itself ranged over a wide ground, and no scientific worker could desire to have so many of his points made more effectively or trenchantly than was done in its course. The case for adequate remuneration of the scientific worker was pressed even more forcibly than in the House of Lords debate [the preceding July], and the arguments on this point . . . would have seemed incredible in a Parliamentary debate ten or twenty years ago. The credit for this change of outlook must be attributed in no small measure to the work of the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee, the reports of which have done much to prepare the ground for the debate." I am quoting from *Nature* for May 6, 1944 To me it seems that that particular session of Parliament was epochal, not only for science in Western civilization, but for the British Empire.

Can you imagine our own Congress sympathetically and understandingly considering research as a national issue of high importance? Almost inconceivable, you would say; and unfortunately there are many smug scientists entrenched in Washington who would say "Thank God, Congress is keeping out of this." And I fancy that among you here are many who have been shaking your wise heads and saying "Nonsense. This enlisting of the common people in a war against the unknown! They can't understand research, to say nothing of doing creditable creative work. They would only mess up the profession."

How transparent you are! Even if you won't think straight and thoroughly, you can, we grant, do some research, but by denying the ability of ordinary mortals, you are merely indecently strutting your own foolish personal vanity. (You understand, of course, that I do not mean you personally; I am referring to the man who sits beside you.)

But fortunately only a few of you feel that the increase of knowledge is for the elite alone. To the rest of you, I go on to say that we are not yet ready to open the systematic national or international campaign against Enemy Number One. There must be several preliminary preparations, all of which take labor, thought, and time:

- (1) The selling of the crusade to the average citizen, through skillful propaganda (or education, if you prefer that term). We must discover appeals to the imagination and the emotions. We need systematic research on the methods of creating understanding and sympathy for research. We must discover the way to make the fight against the Tyranny of the Unknown a national issue, like good government and individual freedom.
- (2) Local and national governments must be convinced of the merit of this cause, and of the importance of increasing official support for the mobilization of appropriate forces and resources.
- (3) The schools and colleges must recognize the importance of producing critical scholars and creative thinkers. They must see that one man fired with curiosity is worth much more than two solid and stolid citizens.
- (4) The Design for Fighting must be prepared. It must be outlined and published to the collaborating workers. It may require the leadership of a new institution — an Academy of Intellectual Exploration.

It is this fourth preliminary preparation of the fourth proposed national combat that I shall now commit to your further contemplation.

Among the citizens of America are several thousand who are the special agents of the people and of the civilization they compose. These agents or servants of society have been trained, mostly at the expense of the public, to know what is known and what is not.

It is to these several thousand servant-thinkers that I now put the question I set out to ask: Would it be advisable and possible to list *in*

extenso for each of scores of special fields of knowledge the unsolved problems immediately before us?

The question requires elaboration. The proposed listing would be for technical specialists chiefly, and less directly, or only incidentally, for the non-specialist. Probably in all fields there are many able workers who for one reason or another do not have a grasp of neighboring areas, or even a full picture of their own subject. These workers may be young and as yet inexperienced, or they may be isolated scholars, away from discussion groups or large laboratories and libraries. Important fields often are thoroughly comprehended by only a few intense workers who have favorable temperaments and opportunities and for such fields even highly competent investigators in adjacent areas are unacquainted with the problems solved and unsolved

Everybody gains if the obstacles to enriched research — namely, the unclear pictures — are removed. Would not such detailed clarification through problem-listing be worth doing, for the benefit of beginner and professional? What are the immediate unknowns, practical and theoretical, which might be subdued, if they were fully recognized and if there were an abundance of thinkers and resources available, in, for example, mammalian anatomy, in atomic structure, in the amelioration of insanity, in regional planning, in pre-Cambrian stratigraphy, in the history of printing devices, in the phylogeny of the anthropoids, in aeronautics, group tensions, meteorology, and the use of leisure?

An example might clarify my inquiry. Suppose I should take some weeks or months for the careful and thoughtful listing of the unsolved problems in the field of galaxies and related sidereal organizations. I could start my report with a "cushion" introduction to ease, perhaps, the shock of the subsequent technical presentation of scores of unanswered questions, pregnant puzzles, observational and mathematical desiderata. My picture might be amazing because of its succinct presentation of what is really known, and more amazing for what is not known but seems potentially knowable. My listing would perhaps provide a guide to the immediate researches of myself and my colleagues. It would give the inquisitive philosopher an indication of the situation in practical cosmogony, and an intimation of the hopes for the future increase of our knowledge on space and time. It would give to the physicist, if he were curious or needed the knowledge for his own work, an indication of the astronomer's contribution to the interpretation of space, time, entropy, and atomic aging. To the young astronomer and the isolated worker I hope I might provide incitation, and increase his personal efficiency. Such a listing of galactic unknowns should be out of date in a decade. It should sow the seeds of its own speedy obsolescence, if it were successfully done. But would it be worth doing, as a part of the great blueprint? Personally, I believe it

might be highly useful, especially if it were reinforced by a general listing by half a dozen astronomical experts of the unknowns (which are perhaps knowable) in all astronomical and astrophysical fields. And I am still more confident of the usefulness of such designing, if it is also properly done in other subjects, scientific and otherwise (For many years in the Harvard Observatory we have informally made similar surveys, to our considerable advantage, and spottedly they have been made elsewhere, as in geology — with what success, I should like to know)

I visualize a great impetus to research through the methodical listing of the problems. Several biologists and physicists have told me that the project should be both feasible and highly profitable in their own fields. No doubt in economics, sociology, administration, philology, and the like, it would be possible to prepare essays on the detailed problems that should be attacked. The evaluation of the unknowns would perhaps become more personal and possibly less valuable, the farther one goes from the physical sciences. But surely, in almost any field of the humanities or social sciences, there would be gain from an attempt to tell the world which unknowns (that time and intense study might liquidate) now seem most to bedevil the advance of knowledge and constructive theory. The various surveys could not well be homogeneous in formulation or presentation, and they need not be, to attain the desired end.

In practice, there would be the aforementioned danger of narrow or personal views of the major and minor problems. And another handicap is the natural one that a scholar, forgetting his social responsibility, might hesitate to show his cards; he might want to reserve the brightest battles for a test of his own personal valor. He might be selfish. In the natural sciences a worker's connections with industrial research might stop him from presenting in detail some problems that have commercial value.

And among you, no doubt, are those who, having not watched closely the modern trends of investigation, may worry that a bold public listing of the unknowns, and of the possibly obtainable goals, would spoil the spontaneity of the true investigator, who gropes and finds and refinds; or you may worry that in some way a survey would tend to regiment the young. Perhaps we should not teach calculus to the young, but let them figure it out as Newton did! If there is anything whatever to this argument of "Better leave us all alone," I believe that the compensating gains would far outweigh the disadvantages. The lone wolf investigator, with a string and an old corkscrew, has pretty well disappeared, except from romantic journalism, and one surmises that in the humanities and perhaps in the social studies, a frank, full statement or two of the basic problems, made by competent scholars, might discourage a lot of second-rate rag-chewing.

The campaign to list systematically, and with bibliographic reference,

the visible problems in a special field will require the judgment and ingenuity of a leader in that area. Of this I feel sure. The work cannot be done by popular science writers. The big question then arises — is the light worth the candle? Are the survey of the field, the guidance and acceleration of other investigators, worth the time and effort of the expert? You will need to help find the answer. You will need to ask yourself whether we in America are still young-minded enough, and socially-minded enough, to work in this way for a common national and human good. Or should we leave dreams such as this to those national groups where there is no hesitation in making five-year plans, social, economic, scientific, and where the plans are carried out and progress made pre-meditatively toward the transformation of a national culture?

Whether or not the American Association for the Advancement of Science, or the National Research Council, or any other organization of scientists or scholars in America, thinks well of an organized, expedited, and national program of research, I do want you to think well and hard of the necessity that has come to American scientists and other scholars of taking an active part in searching for intelligent substitutes for war. America and Americans will never retreat to the prewar sociology and economics, need we retreat to the prewar indifference of the academic specialist to the national social problems? To me that seems impossible, especially for scientists. There is not an officer or private among the ten million in our armies and navies who does not know that we are winning this war, not alone through personal valor, but very largely because of our superior engineering and scientific activities. We would be devoid of vision if we did not take advantage of these new contacts with practical science and new respect for it.

We would be shortsighted if we did not proceed now to build up a national understanding so that, with the tools of science and cultural education, we can undertake holy wars here at home against our non-human enemies, which have long held us down physically and frustrated our social evolution.

Checking Your Reading

What "benefits" has America reaped from World War II? What are the objections to war? How does Mr. Shapley elucidate the proposition "war is immoral"? What six reasons does he list in answer to the query "Why are we fighting"? What four campaigns does he propose for the future? Is this "design for fighting" already in operation in any respect? What group or groups are to participate in each campaign? Define. demography, decimating, cosmogonists, pariah, schizophrenia, cartels, endemic, anthropocentric, exorcise, nostrums, phylogeny, sidereal.

Forming Your Opinion

What is the relation of the first five sections to the remainder of Mr. Shapley's speech? Do these sections occupy too large a proportion of the whole? How do the remarks on influenza fit into the progression of thought in the essay? Would you add to the objections to war or to the reasons for war? How can the public aid the fights for literacy and longevity? Do you believe that there is already a need for a fight against cultural uniformity? Is such a fight being carried on in any way in your community? How much is being done at present in government-directed research? How? Where? Do you consider expansion of such activity desirable for the future?

THE SCIENTIFIC WAY

Vannevar Bush

Vannevar Bush (1890–) is one of the small group of men who stand undeniably at the forefront of American science. A graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he served for some years on its faculty as professor of electrical engineering, dean, and vice-president. Since 1939 he has been president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. During World War II, Dr. Bush played a prominent part in the directing of scientific research and development which figured so large in our victory. The Scientific Way is the major portion of an address made by him to the young winners of the Westinghouse science contest.

IN THE HURRY AND BUSTLE of our crowded and complex daily life, we all too easily become engrossed with immediate things to such an extent as to lose sight of lasting things. Hence we run a great danger, for unless we maintain the balance that comes from awareness of the basic reasons for action, we may become as futilely frantic as the squirrel on a treadmill or the rat in a maze.

It is from the point of view of these considerations that an inquiry into the scientific way may be made. Since I am, of course, an electrical engineer, such an inquiry as I may make reflects primarily the point of view of an engineer. It is fitting enough for an engineer to examine into science, however, for engineers and engineering depend upon science much as medical practitioners do, or much as the weaver both depends upon and fosters sheep raising, or the publisher is both the servant and the sponsor of literature.

The human being has four great sources of strength on which to draw for the energy which he puts forth in carrying on the varied activities that go to make up civilization and thus serve to distinguish mankind from other forms of life. They are his reason, the exercise of which finds clearest expression in law and science, his imagination, whence spring art, music, poetry, his physique, mastery and skilled utilization of which reaches consummation in the ballet and in sports, and his spirit, out of which grow the lofty conceptions of philosophy and the noble aspirations of theology and religion. Almost anything that man does, of course, calls to some extent on all four of these wellsprings. Certain groups of activities, however, draw more heavily on one of these.

From *The Technology Review*, June, 1947. Reprinted by permission of the author and of *The Technology Review*, edited at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In science, the great draft is on reason. Naturally imagination contributes in the building of a theory and in devising experiments to test its validity. Sometimes the physique is placed under heavy toll, particularly for adroitness, steadiness, and dexterity in the assembly and use of apparatus and for reserves of stamina to meet the strain of long concentrated work. It can fairly be said, too, that spirit — maybe simply intuition, possibly something greater and more significant — often has in the work a part which is real and which can be sensed and recognized, even though it cannot be easily defined.

But science, research, the scientific way, place the greater draft on reason. To follow this way demands at the outset a consistent willed effort at concentrating the analytical powers of the intelligence to classify and so to assimilate the necessary and sometimes very large body of existing knowledge. It demands then a different but equally delicate type of analytical skill to study the mass of knowledge thus accumulated, in order to discern gaps. Once a gap has been discerned and defined — this is another way of saying once the need and opportunity for research with a specific objective have been discovered — there must come into play a further sort of questioning thought. The possible ways of filling the gaps must be surveyed and evaluated, and the right selection must be made from among them. When procedure has thus been decided upon, the various steps in applying it must be planned, and the performance of the steps must be controlled. At last, when result has been achieved through these operations, the investigator is faced with the sometimes confusing and always exacting task of assessing his findings, relating them to the problem which he sought to solve, and determining whether they actually do solve it or whether they are deceptive and must therefore be abandoned, no matter how much long and arduous work they represent.

What I have just sketched are of course not the only stages by which one travels the scientific way. There is a reverse course, of equal importance and of equal difficulty, which one often takes and which makes comparable demands on reason. This occurs when a new fact is apprehended as new, that is, when the investigator realizes that he has, in the process of an undertaking, encountered a phenomenon which is an addition to knowledge. To make this realization (to recognize the new as new when it is first met) demands an alertness of mind, a freshness of vision, which are maintained only by deliberate effort. It is perilously easy for man to go through his daily routines almost automatically and thus to relax his vigilance and let his responsiveness to events become atrophied. The follower of the scientific way who guards against this peril, however, and hence who knows when he has come on a new thing, vigorously exercises reason thereafter, to define the new fact, to limit it, and to distinguish and explain its similarities and dissimilarities to older known facts.

Thus his effort is to relate the new thing to the whole body of knowledge, finding where it belongs and what its bearing is on the whole and on the several parts of the whole. As he does these things, he works toward establishing the intrinsic signification of the new fact, toward determining what it means in and of itself. In addition, he works toward making clear and understandable its extrinsic significance. He traces out the ways in which the new addition to knowledge illuminates other matters which have hitherto been obscure. He contributes to the ultimate formulation of answers to other problems which have not yet been brought to solution, and so increases the homogeneity of knowledge as a whole.

Now clearly, the intense joint application of the will and the intellect which is involved in following either of these courses along the scientific way, is no child's play. It is exertion of the most exacting sort. It is, in truth, plain hard work. There are a lot of easier ways of earning a living, and sometimes a more comfortable living in the material sense, than is the usual scientist's lot. Then why do scientists pursue a harder road than some of their contemporaries? Inquiry into some of the many reasons for their action will contribute substantially to understanding of the scientific way. In such inquiry, we may leave out of account the practical necessities of earning a livelihood. They apply with almost equal force to most if not all men, and hence have no special bearing on men's motives in making one or another choice of career. The question hence is found fairly sharply. What are the special satisfactions, the special obligations, of the scientific way?

As is true of any human activity which is carried on with full vigor and full sincerity, a basic motive, which for many people is by itself sufficient, can be found in the individual personal aesthetic satisfaction which comes from doing a thing well. This is the reward of self-sufficient virtuosity. Just as the virtuoso of the imagination can consider the phrase "art for art's sake" an all-encompassing answer, so the virtuoso of the reason may declare "reason for reason's sake" or "science for the sake of science" cause enough for his doing what he does. Think of the fly-fishing enthusiast who rigs his tackle and solemnly casts and casts again on dry land, sheerly for the zest of doing a difficult thing with all the skill at his command. This joy of the virtuoso, this satisfaction of the connoisseur, is one of the most powerful incentives; it has probably been a principal motivating force in many independent investigations in the most abstract and recondite subjects. I have no doubt that it meant much to Leonardo, to Newton, to Count Rumford, to Lowell. I doubt not that it means much to many among our contemporaries, and therefore is productive and vital in the expanding progress of science in our time. It demands a mind strong enough to avoid becoming precious, to avoid taking the position of the scientist who is reported to have boasted of his pride that, as far as he

could determine, no conceivable use attached to anything he had ever done in research.

At the extreme from this remark (which really sounds too ivory-domed even to come out of an ivory tower, let alone an ivory laboratory) is the view that the practical usefulness of the results of research is reason enough for a man to enter upon science as a career. The argument runs that most research, most scientific endeavor, is undertaken primarily in order to produce immediate practical utility. It is true enough that the practical uses of the knowledge gained through scientific research bulk very large indeed in our civilization. In nearly all its aspects, our culture relies upon machines, implements, instruments, techniques, and processes which have developed from scientific knowledge. It relies upon them to a greater extent than has ever been true before, to such an extent that we plow and cultivate science as the Romans plowed and cultivated their fields.

Even so, a mere moment's glance into the history of science is enough to disabuse us of the notion that practical application is the prime motive of research, or that a research is begun only when a clear objective has been defined in terms of a specific theory, technique, or application to be achieved. In general, the knowledge out of which some practical advantage or benefit grows has itself been long in existence before the application is made — and this is true in general, even in our own time of skill in applied research for a definite purpose. Often, moreover, new knowledge comes to light at a time and in a way having no relation whatever to possible applications. Practical usefulness is good, of course. For demonstration of that, all we have to do is look at the long curve of history where the trend, in spite of many aberrations and fluctuations such as those that indicate the troubled spots and unsettled problems of today, has been steadily toward an easier and richer life for the ordinary human being. In the minds of the generality, practical usefulness, then, is naturally enough the greatest justification for science. To scientists themselves, it is satisfying to see that the general welfare is aided by practical applications of the knowledge which they accumulate. They would be considerably less than human otherwise. But I believe their greater satisfaction comes from other sources. It comes primarily from being able and enabled to fulfill the demand, or requirement, or faith, which is the essential condition for being a scientist.

What is this condition? It is not a mastery of mathematics or physics or chemistry, nor an adeptness at devising experiments, nor a more than ordinary power of logical analysis. It is not even a heightened capacity for the rare combining of intelligence, imagination, and intuition in the act of creative thought which constructs the great hypotheses and syntheses. The essential condition is not the possession or the exercise of any of these attributes, though each is a great value in itself. Rather, the

essential condition is an intense, innate conviction that knowledge is good, that knowing is good, and that therefore to increase knowledge by conscious willed exertion of the intelligence is both duty and high privilege. We recognize that knowing is hazardous but we declare it worth the risk. To follow the scientific way is thus a profession of the faith that, as we know the truth, the truth will make us free. Here our distinction of motives or incentives becomes clearly set out. As knowledge contributes to the general welfare, whether through applied science, engineering, or some other avenue, it is a good in immediate or pragmatic senses. In the sense of the essential condition, however, of the scientific way, knowledge is good in and of itself, without regard to such immediate or pragmatic benefit as it may offer.

Now if we regard knowledge thus highly as a good, absolute in itself, we comprehend that knowledge has an integral quality. We comprehend that it has a virtue, that it has an inherent right to our respect for its integrity. The man to whom this recognition has come is therefore humble before knowledge. He will not trespass upon it, but he will rather accede to knowledge, seek to understand it, and to participate in it. Therefore he strives for objective, selfless honesty in approach, in definition, in operation. Here in this objectivity of attitude, far more than any set of working procedures, is the reason for the essential unity of the various scientific disciplines, whether in nuclear physics or in classical philology.

We come each to our own comprehension of the individual human intelligence confronted by the vast mass of knowledge. The contrast is great, so great that the attainment of a thorough grasp in a lifetime seems impossible on the face of it. Yet we know that a working relationship is attained, and we must recognize this as one of the two or three most amazing and humbling facts. We come each to that comprehension only slowly at best, with many false starts and departures from the true course. History in general, and the history of one's own discipline in particular, are of profound worth in this search, in great measure because through reciting the courses which others followed history may safeguard us against pitfalls which they discovered. The aim toward which the student of science perseveres is that of ultimately doing original investigation, exploring the unknown. Just as in preparing for this he repeats classical experiments in his studies, so in working toward his philosophy of science, that is, his comprehension of the relationship between himself and knowledge, he is wise to review classical experiences.

Students of science see their own projects state unequivocally one of the great and hard lessons which all travelers along that way must learn — the lesson that in research, in the exploration of the unknown, the price of one success is often many failures. Therefore, the effort and ability to detect failure and error early, and the capacity and strength to abandon a line of approach however treasured and however far committed, once its fruitlessness is sensed, are vital elements in the complex compound of

plan, reason, patience, and courage out of which new knowledge is precipitated. The great quality is not simply to be able to stand up under disappointments, but to be able to do so without losing the zest and exhilaration that should attend success. The fascination and the compulsion of the characteristic quality of science are that a discovery made or a question answered reveals new unknowns to seek and new questions to ponder.

Before us is the great and heartening awareness of another truth which is closely akin to this last, and which lies at the vitalizing center of man's existence as a sentient being. Science is a regenerative system. So is the combined act of will and intellect which the scientific way calls forth. By effort of the will, the intellect is exercised. That exercise, in turn, renews the effort of the will, and so the cycle is repeated again, opening one of the deepest satisfactions man can know. To some who elect to follow the scientific way, success, in the world's terms, will be attainable, and there will be satisfaction in it. To all, there will come, as there must, reverses, setbacks, disappointments — in the world's terms. These are temporal and do not matter. What does matter is the achievement of that serenity, equanimity, and balance which come from certainty concerning what men do and who they are as creators — and creations — of this conjoint, self-replenishing, and inexhaustible power that resides in will and intellect.

Checking Your Reading

From what point of view does Dr. Bush consider the scientific way? What four qualities distinguish human beings from other forms of life? On which of them does science chiefly draw? How do the others also contribute to science? What two courses does Dr. Bush sketch for traveling the scientific way? What does he consider the fundamental motives of those who follow it? How does he refute the notion that practical application is the prime motive of research? What does he regard as the essential condition for being a scientist?

Forming Your Opinion

In this essay Dr. Bush distinguishes between the practical applications which result from pursuit of the scientific way and the desire to advance knowledge, the love of knowing. Which does he consider the true or more significant aim of science? Do you agree with him? Why? Which attitude do you think is more widely held by scientists? On what do you base your answer?

What are the special satisfactions of the scientific way? the special obligations? Dr. Bush describes the essential condition for being a scientist as "an intense innate conviction that knowledge is good, that knowing is good, . . . and that to increase knowledge . . . is both duty and high privilege." Do you agree with him? Is mere "knowing" or the conviction that "knowledge is good" enough? Would you add something to such a phrase?

War and Peace

THE AMERICAN WAY IN WAR: A BRITISH ESTIMATE

D. W. Brogan

*Few Britons know the United States and its people, past and present, as well as Denis William Brogan (1900–). Indeed, few Americans can match Mr Brogan's knowledge of American history and his grasp of its significances. Born in Glasgow and educated at the University of Glasgow and at Oxford, he has made himself an authority on both the United States and France. His books on the history and government of these two countries are notable contributions to their fields. Mr Brogan has taught history and political science at the University of London, the London School of Economics, and Cambridge University. During World War II he was head of the American Section of the British Broadcasting Corporation in addition to working for British Intelligence in occupied France. The following essay is taken from his excellent book, *The American Character* (1944), a study which gives ample evidence that Mr Brogan's interest in American life is as many-sided and humane as his knowledge of American history is broad and penetrating.*

MOST AMERICAN TOWNS, big and little, are well provided with public statuary. There are the usual frock-coated philanthropists and politicians; there are monuments to record-breaking cows, to long dead and therefore safely admired Indian chiefs, there is even a monument to the boll weevil, which by killing the cotton crop forced one Southern region into diversified farming. But the typical monument of an American town, north of the Mason and Dixon line and east of the Missouri, is a cast-iron statue to the heroes of the Civil War, the most American of American wars. There they stand, with their little French kepis over their ears, with their muskets or sabers, products of the main industry of a small New England town that made a corner in the business. In bigger cities generals ride on bronze horses; even generals whose public and private record was far from brilliant are thus honored. And in Washington, city of monuments, there are enough statues to soldiers, more or less distinguished, to make a Prussian paradise.

But there is one American soldier who has few monuments and little popular fame. Nevertheless, it is George Brnnton McClellan, at thirty-four

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General in Chief of the Union armies and a year later unemployed, in personal and political disgrace, who is the typical American *successful* soldier, his way of war is the American way of war and even if he did not win the Civil War, it was won in his spirit and by his methods.

And that way of war was General Washington's way of war, was the way in which the American continent was conquered and held, the way taught the Americans by their own history, imposed on them by their own needs and suggested by their own resources. It is a war of lines of communication, of supply, of material. Long before the term "logistics" became fashionable, the science was practiced by the organizers of little expeditions against the Indians, by the leaders of expeditions, peaceful in intent, across the plains to California, down to Santa Fe. *Space* determined the American way in war, space and the means to conquer space. Into empty land the pioneers moved, feeling their way slowly, carefully, timidly if you like. The reckless lost their scalps, the careful, the prudent, the rationally courageous survived and by logistics, by superiority in resources, in tenacity, in numbers. Americans who did not learn these lessons were not much use in the conquest of the West. For from the beginning of their settlement, the colonists were faced with enemies who, once they had got guns and gunpowder, had the advantage over them. They knew the million square miles of forest better than the white newcomers. They knew all its possibilities and dangers, its trails, its swamps, its snakes, its poison oak and its poison ivy, its salt licks, its portages on the rivers, its passes in the mountains, knew them as well as a good German staff officer knows the country behind the Westwall.

Some of these tribes, above all the Iroquois, were as militarized, were as much an army possessing a state, as modern Prussia or Paraguay or ancient Sparta. They could be fought, they could be conquered, only by patience, prudence, the massing of superior resources, the ignoring of opportunities for brilliant action till the time came. As Frontenac broke the threat of the Iroquois to the existence of New France, so, nearly a century later, General Sullivan cleared upstate New York for the settlement which has given that state Rome and Syracuse and Troy, Cato and Utica, where the Six Nations once ruled like the Spartiates or Chaka's Zulus.

But it was not only General Sullivan who learned, for the young George Washington began his military career with the humiliating experience of being forced to surrender *by starvation* to more forest-wise French and he saw, with his own eyes, the limitations of British military methods when that admirable parade-ground general, Braddock, marched straight ahead into the French and Indian country to death and the practical annihilation of his army. Other British generals have done the same, courage can work wonders but not all wonders, and the Virginians were not won to respect by the courage as much as to horror or irony at the

irrelevance of parade-ground virtues For Americans, then and now, the battle is *always* the payoff, to borrow Major Ingersoll's phrase Victory is the aim and the elegance of the means is a European irrelevance, recalling the days when war was the sport of kings War, to Americans, is not the sport of kings but the most serious national and personal concern, which they like to fight in their own way and which, when they do fight it in their own way, they win.

II

This, of course, is concealed by schoolboy romanticism. It is far more encouraging to daydreams to think of the West as being won by a handful of totally reckless scouts and pioneers, hoping for an Indian war rather than fearing it and ready to plunge into the trackless wilderness at the drop of the hat There were people like that, reckless of their own and their fellows' lives. But they are not heroes to be remembered but horrible examples to be digested and then forgotten. Even the great romantic figures, Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, even Bridger and Frémont, were heroes because they were *pathfinders*, men who did not get lost, did not venture into trackless places with no knowledge of where they were going They were pathfinders for the solid, sober, cautious, anxious-to-live pioneers. Without the maps, without the oral or written instructions that these men provided, more parties of western-moving settlers would have suffered the fate of the Donner party — starvation, cannibalism, death, in the high Sierra or, like many less famous victims, on the high plains or the grassy sea of the prairie. And behind the Boones and Kentons, Bridgers and Frémonts were the business men, George Washington and Leland Stanford Matter-of-fact men, some of them rascals, all of them with a clear head for bookkeeping. They wanted to settle men and women and cattle peacefully, they wanted to do it cheaply, they knew that distance was the enemy, the great weapon of the Indian and of his allies, hunger and thirst So trails and roads, rivers that would float rafts and canoes and keelboats, salt licks where the cattle could restore their health, malaria-free ground where camps could be made, these were the elements of the problem of opening up the perpetual second front of the West.

These provided for, the Indians could be conquered, perhaps without fighting. So the commander of Virginian riflemen under General Washington who had won the name of Mad Anthony Wayne was the general who, under President Washington, carefully prepared to avenge the defeats of his predecessor, defeats caused by bad and inadequate preparation. General Wayne did not rush on the Indians as if they had been British regulars of the old school; he prepared, with unsporting thoroughness, to move, safely and in overwhelming force. Long before he won the Battle of Fallen Timbers, Wayne had won the war and the prize of war, the

Ohio country, won it from the Indians and from their British backers in the old French fort of Detroit.

As mad (in the American sense) as Anthony Wayne was that passionate pioneer, Andrew Jackson, favorite hero of his successor in the White House and in the leadership of the Democratic party, Mr. Roosevelt. But when Jackson fought the Cherokees he was as prudent, up to the last decisive moment of battle, as Wayne or Washington. He was as cautious then, he the duelist and political gambler, as he was a few months later, waiting for the Peninsular veterans of General Pakenham to march up to his breastworks outside New Orleans and be shot down in rows, as if they had been confronting German machine guns and not merely the rifles of well-hidden and practically safe frontiersmen.

The instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. American history has some equivalents of the charge of the Light Brigade or of the French cavalry at Reichshoffen or the German cavalry at Mars la Tour. But not many, and even the few there are illustrate the American way in war. Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, the destruction of the "flower of Virginia," is very famous, but it was very futile, it was a gesture regretted by Lee and condemned by Longstreet, that unamiable, over-cautious, selfish soldier, more trusted by the rank and file of the Army of Northern Virginia than either of the great twin brethren of brilliant battle, Lee and Jackson. The real American charge into the deadly breach was exemplified a few months later at Chattanooga when Philip Sheridan led his men racing up the mountain (waving them on, so one tradition has it, with a whisky bottle for a sword) and swept away the army of Braxton Bragg. And that dramatic "battle above the clouds" was a mere finale to a long play whose denouement had been decided weeks before when the drab figure of General Grant appeared to take over from the brilliant Rosecrans, and Grant got a line of supplies opened into Chattanooga — a line down which poured the endless resources of the North to be launched suddenly, when the issue was beyond all doubt, like an avalanche pouring uphill on the gallant, outnumbered, underequipped Southern army.

Once the way was opened for the fields and factories of the North to supply Chattanooga, the campaign was over. The South could not exploit its victories; it could pick up tricks but not win a rubber. It had defeated Rosecrans but it could not break that tenacious Virginian serving the North, George Thomas. He was the rock of Chickamauga on which Grant built. And Thomas, a year later, waited even more patiently than Washington and Wayne while the brilliant thruster, Hood, fought and maneuvered and displayed initiative and fighting spirit. Thomas, indeed, waited so long that the impatient civilian Secretary of War, Stanton, wanted to remove him; but when the due time came, Thomas struck, and on Christmas Day, 1864, in the Battle of Nashville, he destroyed forever the Southern army in a victory "without a morrow," a victory as complete

as Cannae or Sedan. But that victory had been made easy more than a year before, when Thomas had held the railway and river nodal point of Chattanooga. It was a problem in statistics, in organization, in patience, an engineering problem. It is fitting that one of the greatest dams of the Tennessee Valley Authority should bear the name of Chickamauga, the name of one of those battles which decided that for nearly three thousand miles the Mississippi should "flow unvexed to the sea" through a nation united by arms.

But, as has been said, there is in America, as elsewhere, the legend of campaigns much more like sporting events than these drab accumulations of overwhelming material resources. There have been such campaigns. While General Nathan Bedford Forrest¹ did not say that his scheme of war consisted in "getting there fustest with the mostest," some such policy was imposed on the South. They could only have force in terms of time. The North could have force in terms of space which they could command — as no one can command time. So Lee was forced to attempt miracles of movement, miracles that, with his inferior resources in men, railways, resources of transport, even of food, he did not always work. He asked far too much of his troops, of his staff, of his second-in-command, in the campaign of the Seven Days where he had, facing Jackson and himself, the cautious, the fearful, the egoistic, the neurotic, the beloved and trusted and competent maker and leader of the Army of the Potomac, General McClellan. He asked too much in the concentration before Gettysburg, he did not ask too much when he exploited the fears of Hooker and the unknown trails of the Wilderness, or when in that scrub country he used all the arts of a great defensive general who had been trained as a tamer of the Mississippi, maker of locks and dams, to force General Grant to "fight it out on that line if it took all summer." Grant lost more men in that campaign than there were in Lee's whole army, but he was stronger at the end of it than he was at the beginning. He was strong enough not to continue to fight it out on that line, except morally; strong enough to shift his whole army to new bases, supplied by sea, invulnerable to Southern attack, shift it to the position chosen two years before by General McClellan. And from that position he was able to send out Sheridan to destroy the Valley of Virginia as thoroughly and as ruthlessly as the R.A.F. and the American Air Force are destroying the power of movement and of supply of the Reichswehr. Sheridan had to gallop twenty miles to rally his surprised troops, but a defeat at Winchester would have been only a minor inconvenience. A few months later, when Lee's army was desperately lunging south to find food and space to move in, Sheridan by his brilliant improvisation ended the war, but he only ended it a few days sooner than it would have ended anyway. The decision that it would end

¹ Thanks to the vigilance of the *Baltimore Sun*, I now know better than to disfigure General Forrest's grammar.

— and end one way — was made when Sherman seized and burned the great railroad center of Atlanta and left Thomas to deal with the Southern army while he marched to the sea, almost unopposed, but breaking the will and the power of the South to resist.

This march through Georgia of the young men of Sherman's army was, for them, a kind of picnic. They ran hardly more risk (except from an occasional Scarlett O'Hara) than the young men of the Luftwaffe did in the pleasant early summer of 1940 in the empty skies of France. But they had waiting for them, on the coast, the new Northern fleet created out of next to nothing in two or three years — there was food and supplies and news and security. They were not like the unfortunate British and German soldiers of Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne marching to a new Saratoga. They were serving not George III and Lord George Germaine, but a patient Illinois lawyer, Lincoln, who knew the West, a detestable railway lawyer, Stanton, who knew business, and that unromantic, imperturbable, undignified commander, General Grant.

That fleet itself was a highly rational, functional creation. Its most bold technical innovation in the war was the *Monitor*, the "cheese box on a raft," the ancestor of the modern heavily armored, turreted gun platform that is the battleship. The Confederate *Virginia* (née *Merrimac*) was a plated man of war of the old type, far nearer to Nelson's *Victory* than to a modern battleship. But the real Union navy, created out of nothing, was the utilitarian fleet of gunboats and fast light-draft cruisers that caught the blockade runners, the equivalent of the Coastal Command. That fleet went wherever the ground was a little damp — as Lincoln put it. It learned all the arts of amphibious operations on the high seas and in the great rivers. How many who were, for a day or two, overanxious about Salerno, remembered Pittsburgh Landing, better known as Shiloh? It was an operation, bloody and bitterly fought, of the Salerno type, but on a greater scale. Admiral Samuel Dupont (of the great munitions family) off Charleston, Admiral David Porter in the Mississippi, these are not as dramatic figures as that great Catalan-American sailor, Farragut, forcing the mined and fortified approaches of New Orleans or Mobile, having himself tied to his mainmast like a new Ulysses and giving the famous order, "Damn the torpedoes" (i.e., mines), but they are all representative officers of a service that until 1942 had never fought a really great sea battle, but not only had had a brilliant series of single-ship actions to its credit but had learned to work with an army over four long and grim years, had helped to secure for the North the time to turn one of the least armed and most pacific nations of modern times into the greatest military power on the globe.

For even more in 1861 than in 1917 or 1941, the United States entered a great war in a state of non-preparation that recalls the inadequacy of Irish military methods when the Danes came or of Mexican military

methods when Cortes came armed with the apparently divine weapons of gunpowder and horses.

Americans have long been accustomed to jest at this repeated state of military nakedness. "God looks after children, drunkards, and the United States" There is a truth in that, space, remoteness, have given a little time to prepare — and the American people needs very little time Hitherto it has had just enough, provided by accident, distance, or allies.

III

So we return to General McClellan, the brilliant product of West Point who had been sent to the Crimea to see how the great European nations made war and who had learned, at least, what not to do. He reported, he secured the adoption of a new saddle (still, I am told, an excellent saddle), and he retired to run great railroads It was an excellent and typical training Here were the problems of planning, of personnel management, of technical adaptation, of improvisation, for an American railroad in those days required as much elasticity in making and operating as an army on the march in hostile country He learned to know the West, the growing, precedent-free, elastic country where anything was possible — if you knew how It was a world very different from the narrow coastal plain, long settled, thickly peopled, a country where it was natural to try to imitate such brilliant maneuvers, such magnificent achievements of the pre-machine age as Marlborough's march to the Danube in 1704 or Napoleon's march to the Danube in 1805.

But before he could succumb to or resist the temptation to imitate the pre-railway art of war, he had to get an army. The Army of the United States in 1861, when the Civil War broke out, was 16,000 strong, scattered in tiny posts all over the Indian country Few officers (apart from those who had served in the Mexican War) had ever seen a thousand soldiers together The new armies had to be created out of nothing; they were created A few years before, McClellan had seen in the Crimea the slow and moderately effective creation of an efficient British army helping the French to besiege Sebastopol Within six months after he took over the command of the Army of the Potomac (an army whose first martial experience had been Bull Run — a disastrous defeat followed by a humiliating rout) an admirably equipped, well-disciplined, coherent army of one hundred and fifty thousand men was learning how to fight, the hard way, in desperate drawn or lost battles. What was done in the East was being done in the West, too.

Yet the political head of the War Department was a most representative Pennsylvania politician of an age when, even more than now, Philadelphia was "corrupt and contented." The military head of the army at the beginning of the war was a venerable and almost immovable corpulent veteran who had been a brilliant success in the War of 1812 and, as

an elderly general, had captured Mexico City, fourteen years before. Hardly anybody in the United States had taken military matters seriously except the more energetic members of the tiny corps of professional officers — whose ablest leaders, Lee, Joe Johnston, and Albert Sidney Johnston, had gone over to the other side. Yet there were no breakdowns in supply such as made the British army in the Crimea almost unusable for months. Lincoln can hardly be described as stamping on the ground, but armies sprang out of it all the same and the task of conquering eight hundred thousand square miles was undertaken. Brilliant shortcut plans, straight marches on the Southern capital, raids and flanking maneuvers were attempted, with pretty uniformly disastrous results. The war was fought for four years by accumulating slowly but inexorably every kind of material resource, by laboriously teaching troops the very elements of their trade — the pupils being all ranks of officers as well as men.

The American soldier was as critical as the civilian. He despised a good many of his generals, for pretty good reasons. When Grant obstinately renewed futile attacks, his troops pinned to their tunics letters to their kinsfolk, since they knew that many would fall outside the Confederate entrenchments and never would cross them. When Sherman sternly rebuked a plundering soldier he was told, "You can't expect all the cardinal virtues for thirteen dollars a month."

Behind the front, there was profiteering, there was the evasion of military service by buying substitutes who, in turn, often earned more than one bounty by enlisting over and over again — deserting as soon as they could. There was bitter dispute about the higher conduct of the war, there were complaints that the West was being neglected in favor of an equivalent of the modern "island-hopping" strategy in the East. But by 1865, with an army two million strong, the United States was the greatest military power in the world and one of the most formidable naval powers. Within fifteen years of the end of the war, she had again barely enough troops to keep the Indians in order and was reasonably doubtful of her ability to fight a successful naval war with Chile.¹

IV

The Spanish War of 1898 lasted so short a time and the Spaniards were so feeble that nothing more was learned than that the American

¹ The record of American improvisation in the Civil War is so astonishing that it is with a shock that one realizes its technical limitations. Although there were experiments with very novel weapons like repeating rifles on the Northern side and submarines on the Southern side, there was remarkable conservatism in equipment. When General Sheridan watched the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, he had plenty of critical material provided for him, but he was seeing two armies which, very inferior in battle experience and battle sense to his own troops, were better armed. Both had good breech-loading rifles, the Germans had a good breech-loading field gun and the French a promising ancestor of the machine gun. American use of technical originality in the sixties was far below its present level.

army was ill and the navy well prepared to fight. When the next testing time came, many of the lessons of the Civil War had been learned — on paper. But in 1917, the army of a little more than one hundred thousand men, short in all modern equipment, tanks, airplanes, modern artillery, had to be turned — and was turned — in a year or so into an army of millions. It was sent overseas in numbers unprecedented in the history of the world and those fresh, raw troops broke the heart of the Germans. The very reverses shook the temporary victors. As the Confederate army lived off captured Union stores and then sank into nakedness and weariness as that source failed with the cessation of victories, so the Germans were profoundly depressed by the lavish equipment of the Americans and the Allies they supplied. With resources far beyond the dreams of 1861, the United States of 1917–1918 swamped the victorious armies of the Second Reich and broke their spirit.

Today the same process is under way. The professional leaders of the American army are men trained to work in obscurity and often for basically civilian objects. They learn to make great dams, to build and operate civil projects like the Panama Canal, to organize the unemployed. They enter West Point as the necessary preparation for what, in all probability, is an obscure and dull life. Their promotion in all the higher ranks depends on the good will of the Senate, which has the right to refuse confirmation of Presidential nominations. So the professional soldier learns either to avoid politics like the plague or, in rarer cases, to play that dangerous game. Whether he enters the army at all often depends on a political accident, for the candidates for the entrance examination are nominated by Congressmen and a would-be soldier whose family is Democratic but who lives in a Republican district is usually out of luck, his military dreams shattered forever — unless, like General Marshall, he has the tenacity to enter from one of the semiofficial military schools, in General Marshall's case the Virginia Military Institute. And inside this officer corps recruited from men who won commissions in the last war or entered from VMI or the Citadel of Charleston, the West Pointers, wearing their rings, are an inner caste, cut off from the outside world. They do not even have that training in dealing with civilians that a high British officer gets from his War Office experience, for there are (the political chiefs apart) almost no high civilian officials in the American War Department; all senior officers get a turn of duty in purely administrative jobs.

And this small, almost anonymous body, serving in widely scattered posts, have to deal with the elected representatives of a profoundly unmilitary people that only becomes warlike under great provocation. In peacetime they have to prepare elaborate plans for calling on the immense untapped resources of the United States in a future wartime for which no spiritual preparation can be made. They know that they can never be ready for war; that they must always have time given them in order that

they may use space and the resources of space. They know, too, that their countrymen, brought up like all peoples to believe in a gilded version of their own history, forget that all American wars, like this one, have begun with disasters, not victories. They know that their countrymen are temperamental and versatile, easily bored with theory and all of them from Missouri in that they have to be shown, not simply told.

The American officer, then, must think in terms of material resources, existing but not organized in peacetime and taking much time and thought and experiment by trial and error to make available in wartime. He finds that his best peacetime plans are inadequate for one basic reason. that *any* plan that in peacetime really tried to draw adequately on American resources would have its author written off as a madman. And in wartime, it would prove to have been inadequate, pessimistic, not allowing enough for the practically limitless resources of the American people — limitless once the American people get ready to let them be used. And only war can get them ready for that.

Then, but not before, the American soldiers can draw on an experience in economic improvisation and in technical adaptation which no other country can equal. They can draw, too, on a healthily unprofessional attitude. Men will think, with their civilian and very unmilitary ways of doing things, of new and efficient ways of doing military things. They will build airfields in a week and ford rivers under fire in tractors and bulldozers as part of their new day's work — all the more efficiently because it was not their old day's work.

So they used and made and unmade railways in the Civil War, the only modern war before 1914. They improvised railway bridges like that "beanpole and cornstalk" bridge that was built in nine days over Potomac Run and took the rail traffic of an army. So they created the great rail and shipping organization in France in 1918 which would have enabled Foch, in 1919, to deliver that "blow that cannot be parried" of which he had dreamed for forty years and which the Americans gave him the means to deliver. But, like the Negro playing possum in the American story, the Germans surrendered — "Don't shoot, Colonel, I'll come down."

Wars are not won by generals or by plans alone; they are won by men. And the tradition of the American soldier is a practical, almost excessively humorously practical one. He has never had much use or perhaps any use for the virtues of the parade ground. When the victorious Northern armies paraded through the streets of the long-beleaguered city of Washington in 1865, the spectators saw with a natural special affection the much-enduring Army of the Potomac, veterans of so many unsuccessful, bloody, exhausting campaigns fought over the short hundred miles between Washington and Richmond. These were their own men, finally victorious. But the real curiosity was Sherman's Western army. They had

not driven to and fro through the Virginia Wilderness or bogged in the swamps of the James River. They had fought and marched and fought and marched down the Mississippi, across Tennessee, "from Atlanta to the sea," and up to the rear of Lee's army. And what the spectators saw was an army of boys — not boys in the modern American sense, e.g., men just short of middle age, but boys in their teens and young men in their early twenties. Grant's army was hardly more dressy than its shabby commander, but Sherman's army loping along, with open neck and hardly any standard equipment, hardened and lithe, confident and brash, this was an American army, formidable, enterprising, humane, and ribald.

Nothing could have been less like the armies of Europe than that, and the world was not to see a comparable sight again till the British Eighth Army emerged from the desert, clad as its fancy and its resources dictated, living by its own battle-learned discipline, and — as any American in Tunis with the necessary historical imagination could have seen — spiritual descendant of the American armies that in four years had fought through from the great central valley to the Atlantic Coast.

But the American troops in Tunis were like the American troops in any war, needing to learn, ready to learn — after the need had been brought home to them. As Sheridan was told in 1870 by a philosophical Prussian general who saw his troops running away under murderous French fire, all troops "need to be a little shot at." So it was in 1776 and 1812 and 1861 and 1918. The adjustment will be made, has been made, but in an American way. The heirs of Morgan's riflemen cannot be made the equivalent of the Brigade of Guards, not at any rate without great risk of losing what Morgan's riflemen had — which the Guards found was plenty. The American who in peacetime is a national figure if he is ready to walk a mile — for anything but a Camel — is in wartime fond of riding to the front in a jeep. But it was already said of eighteenth century Virginia that its poor people would walk five miles to steal a horse to ride one. In a friendly country like the United States, it is impossible to breed soldiers who will automatically forget that an officer is a human being. And in a ribald and irreverent country it is hard to get officers to insist, with British self-confidence, on their superiority to human weakness. There must be more give and take, more ignoring of unessentials, more confidence that in the hour of battle human virtues and common sense will do as much as automatic discipline of the old eighteenth century type, as exemplified at Bunker Hill and New Orleans.

V

A country has the kind of army its total ethos, its institutions, resources, habits of peaceful life, make possible to it. The American army is the army of a country which is law respecting without being law abiding.

It is the army of a country which, having lavish natural wealth provided for it and lavish artificial wealth created by its own efforts, is extravagant and wasteful. It is the army of a country in which melodramatic pessimism is often on the surface but below it is the permanent optimism of a people that has licked a more formidable enemy than Germany or Japan, primitive North America. It is the army of a country whose national motto was "Root, hog, or die." When convinced that death is the alternative, the hog roots. It is the army of an untidy country which has neither the time, the temperament, nor the need for economy. It is the army of a country in which great economic power is often piled up for sudden use, a final decisive military blow is merely a special variety of corner. It is the army of a country of gamblers who are more or less phlegmatic in taking and calculating their losses, but who feel with all their instincts that they can never go wrong over a reasonable period of time in refusing to sell America short.

So the American way of war is bound to be like the American way of life. It is bound to be mechanized like the American farm and kitchen (the farms and kitchens of a lazy people who want washing machines and bulldozers to do the job for them). It is the army of a nation of colossal business enterprises, often wastefully run in detail, but winning by their mere scale and by their ability to wait until that scale tells. It is the army of a country where less attention is paid to formal dignity, of persons or occupations, than in any other society, where results count, where being a good loser is not thought nearly as important as being a winner, good or bad. It is the country where you try anything once, *especially* if it has not been tried before. It is a country which naturally infuriates the Germans with their pedantry and their pathological conception of "honor." It is a country that irritates the English with their passion for surface fidelity to tradition and good form. It is the country of such gadget-minded originals as Jefferson and Ford. It is a country whose navy, fighting its first great battles a century and a half after it could boast of Paul Jones, recovered from a great initial disaster and taught the heirs of Togo with what speed the heirs of Decatur and Farragut could back out of their corners, fighting. The Coral Sea, Midway, these are dates for the world to remember along with the new Thermopylae of the Marines at Wake Island or the new Bloody Angle of Tarawa. It is a country — and so an army — used to long periods of incubation of great railroads and great victories. It is the army of a people that took a long time to get from the Atlantic to the Pacific and found the French and the Spaniards and the Russians before them. But they got there and stayed. The two hundred and fifty years from Virginia to California, like the four years from Washington to Richmond, must be remembered by us — and the Germans. The memory of General Washington, after six years of barely holding his own, combining with the French fleet to capture a British army as easily

as taking a rabbit in a snare — that is to be remembered too, for it was not a matter of fighting but of careful timing, of logistics.

That typical Western soldier and adventurer, Sam Houston, waiting patiently until the Mexicans had rushed on to deliver themselves into his hands at San Jacinto — he is to be remembered. It is not Custer, foolhardy and dramatic with his long hair and his beard, who is the typical Indian fighter, but great soldiers like Sherman and Sheridan planning from St. Louis or Chicago the supplying of frontier posts, the concentration of adequate force. The Indian chiefs, Joseph, Rain-in-the-Face, were often artists in war at least on a level with Rommel, but war to the American is a business, not an art. The American is not interested in moral victories but in victory, no great corporation ever successfully excused itself on moral grounds to its stockholders for being in the red. The United States is a great, a very great corporation whose stockholders expect (with all their history to justify the expectation) that it will be in the black.

Other countries, less fortunate in position and resources, more burdened with feudal and gentlemanly traditions, richer in national reverence and discipline, can and must wage war in a very different spirit. But look again at the cast-iron soldier of the Civil War memorial. A few years before, he was a civilian in an overwhelmingly civil society; a few years later, he was a civilian again in a society as civilian as ever. Such a nation cannot “get there fustest with the mostest.” It must wait and plan till it can get there with the mostest. This recipe has never yet failed; and Berlin and Tokyo realize, belatedly, that it is not going to fail this time.

Checking Your Reading

What does Mr. Brogan consider to be “the American way in war”? What American soldiers, in his estimation, exemplify it most accurately? What does he mean when he says that it is “concealed by schoolboy romanticism”? What other ways in war does he recognize? What factors have determined the American way? What is the significance of the following battle names. Thermopylae, Cannae, Sedan, Salerno, Wake Island, Tarawa?

Forming Your Opinion

What impression do you get of Mr. Brogan’s knowledge of American history? Have you encountered in your own study a “gilded version” of American history? Would your own version of the American way in war differ in any respects from Mr. Brogan’s? How acceptable do you find his estimate of the “American way of life” out of which the “American way of war” springs? Does it need revision in any respect? To what extent are these characteristics peculiarly American? If you did not know Mr. Brogan’s nationality, could you infer from the essay that he is not an American?

EDUCATION AND WORLD TRAGEDY

Howard Mumford Jones

*Howard Mumford Jones (1892–) is a native of Saginaw, Michigan. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin and went from there to teach literature at the University of Texas (1919–1925), at the University of North Carolina (1927–1930), and at the University of Michigan (1930–1936). Since 1936 he has been professor of English at Harvard. He is the author of *America and French Culture*, *The Harp That Once*, and *Ideas in America*. *Education and World Tragedy*, in which the following essay serves as the introductory chapter, is based on the Rushton Lectures delivered by Mr. Jones at Birmingham-Southern College, Birmingham, Alabama, in 1947.*

IF ANY HUMAN BEING brought up in the tradition of western civilization could, by some miracle, step outside the familiar patterns of that culture, if history could come to him with the same shock of surprise that a new and stimulating novel brings him, if, in sum, retaining the moral idealism of western civilization as a standard of measurement, he could yet discover for the first time what has happened to mankind in the last fifty years, such a person would, I think, be overwhelmed by a single tragic conviction, namely, that the history of mankind for the last half century has been a history of deepening horror.

Since 1896 the earth has scarcely known a year without warfare, armed revolt, massacre, pogrom or other ingenious form of slaughter. During the first thirty years of the present century, according to Quincy Wright's authoritative study of war, European powers alone fought seventy-four wars, which lasted a total of 297 years; roughly, the average war was four years long. One has to go back to the twelfth century to find a comparable record. In that unenlightened century the average war lasted only three years and a half.

These fifty years include two infernal conflicts – World War I and World War II. They include such disastrous struggles as the Boer War of 1899–1902, the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–05, the two bloody Balkan Wars of 1912–13, the innumerable wars, revolts, "interventions," and massacres in Finland, the Caucasus, the Ukraine, Poland, Hungary, Manchuria, Siberia, and other "border" areas, which followed the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. They include the long drawn out agony of China,

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which, beginning with the massacre of garrison troops in 1917, continues to this hour. They include the intermittent civil war in Spain. These are the major events.

But there were other episodes, tragic in their time. Who now vividly remembers the Formosa rebellion of 1896? The Cretan massacre of 1897, when Christians slaughtered the Moslem peasantry? The Boxer rebellion of 1900? The Philippine insurrection and the "water cure"? The massacre of a million Armenians between 1896 and 1919? Yet all these are soberly chronicled in any encyclopedia.

The year 1922 is as representative as any. The Irish civil war was raging, and there were Black and Tan outrages. The year opened with the slaughter of 300 Greek civilians in Samsun. By August about 100,000 Greeks had been killed or captured (I do not know the figures for the Turkish dead), some tens of thousands of civilians having been slain. The bloody climax of 1922 was reached at the taking of Smyrna, when an estimated 200,000 Christians were rendered homeless and the city was given over to pillage, rapine, massacre and fire.

Even at the risk of monotony one must chronicle other wars in this unhappy half century. There was an earlier Graeco-Turkish war in 1897-98, and an Italo-Turkish war in 1911. Between 1928 and 1935 Bolivia and Paraguay fought to exhaustion over the possession of a tropical jungle. Indeed, during many, if not most, of these fifty years there have been rebellions in Latin America, and though it is sometimes said that armed revolt is the standard form of presidential election in that distressed area, a man dead of a bullet in Caracas or Asunción will no more come to life again than a man dead of a bullet at Vimy Ridge or Bataan.

The half century has seen armed rebellion sweep through such famous capitals as Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Athens, and Rome. It has seen more or less protracted revolutionary struggles in Russia, Mexico, Spain, France, Germany, India, Egypt, Palestine, the other Arabian states, Mongolia, China, Hungary, Austria, Greece, Iran, and various other countries, besides what uncounted minor uprisings — Nicaragua, Haiti, Albania, Thailand and the like — only the *World Almanac* now tells us. Ours is a sick age.

How many human beings have been killed directly or indirectly in the course of this terrible history? It is almost impossible to find out. One man's guess is as good as another's. Statistics about death by warfare are not kept in some continents, and, moreover, by its very nature modern warfare sometimes destroys both record and statistician. For example, we do not know and probably shall never know how many hundreds of thousands have died of violence in Asia and Africa during these fifty years. How many perished during the obscure struggle for the control of Tannu-Tuwa, a country twice as large as Scotland, lying between Mongolia and Siberia? How many Koreans were slaughtered by their Japanese

overlords? How many natives died during the struggle for the control of the Belgium Congo? We do not know, just as we do not know how many hundreds of thousands died in Russia, on its borders, or in neighboring states during the terrible convulsions that swept over the future Soviet Union between 1914 and the adoption of the constitution of 1925. We do not know how many millions Hitler and his agents killed. But what we know with rough accuracy is sufficiently appalling.

Before 1900 about 25 per cent of all battle casualties died, in World War I this increased to $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. In the seventeenth century it is estimated that, out of every thousand Frenchmen, 11 died in military service, in the twentieth century, up to World War II, 63 thus perished, an increase of almost 600 per cent. Out of every thousand Europeans alive in the twelfth century it is thought that two died as battle casualties, in the first twenty-five years of the twentieth century 54 out of every thousand so died, an increase of 1700 per cent. Professor Pitrim Sorokin estimates that during the first third of this century Europe suffered 24 million war casualties. If we slaughtered or wounded every man, woman, and child in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey tomorrow, we should about equal this number.

From the eleventh to the twentieth centuries war casualties totaled about 18 million. In the first three decades of the present century we have therefore killed $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent more human beings than were killed in the previous 800 years. But these figures do not include five other continents, and they take us only to the rise of Hitler. There were, it is thought, ten million dead in World War I. Influenza, typhus, starvation, and other destroying agencies killed some ten million more. But these figures are principally for Europe, the best guess for the whole world is that 40 million died, directly or indirectly, in World War I. To equal this number of Americans we shall have to add to the slaughter of New England, New York, and New Jersey, the deaths of every man, woman and child in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia — a little less than one-third of the total population of the United States.

We do not yet know the figures for World War II or for the conflicts that preceded it like the civil war in Spain, which, however, accounted for about two and one-half million dead. One tiny state — Luxembourg — lost 4000 in battle and at least 500 others executed by the conquerors. Twenty-five thousand civilians alone were killed in Belgium. The dead in Holland were at least 200,000 (this does not include later deaths by malnutrition). In Yugoslavia during the resistance to the Germans in 1942–43 there were one million dead; a million more were killed from 1943 to 1945. The Japanese dead are reckoned at more than three million. About three and one-half million Poles were shot, murdered, gassed, starved or

tortured to death According to a correspondent writing in *The Christian Science Monitor* for November, 1945, from Poznan to Stettin the Polish plain, once a granary for Germany, is for 150 miles as "barren and neglected as a desert" and cannot support a new population for indefinite months.

The German dead up to the summer of 1945 are estimated at eight and one-half million, how many have since died of starvation or of vengeance is unknown The military dead in China from 1937 to 1944 are nearly three million; the civilian dead anything you like — ten million, twelve million, twenty million One figure for Russian losses gives 21 million casualties of all sorts. A United Press dispatch from the Vatican in November, 1945, estimated the dead, military and civilian, in World War II at over 22 million, the wounded at 34 and one-half million, or 56 million casualties in all. The population of the entire South, including Delaware and Maryland, in 1940 was 41 millions If every man, woman, and child in Alabama were butchered they would number less than half the number of Jews butchered in Europe since 1933. If the entire population of the United States were wiped out tomorrow, their number would be less than the number of human beings who have died of violence, disease or starvation in war or as a result of it during the last half century It doesn't make sense.

While this blind struggle continues, it increases its ferocity. Through the mouth of Satan in *The Mysterious Stranger* Mark Twain sardonically remarks, "No brute ever does a cruel thing — that is the monopoly of those with the Moral Sense" I turn to the formal indictment listing the criminal acts of the Nazis for illustrations of the Moral Sense of mankind This document includes only those crimes for which there is legal evidence Here is a summary of one sub-section of one indictment only — the subsection covering murders and tortures in eastern Germany and western Russia.

The figures run: at Maidanek 1,500,000 persons exterminated, at Auschwitz, 4,000,000, in Lwow and its environs, 700,000, in the Livenitz forest and environs, 133,000 Jews tortured and shot, in Ganov, 200,000 peaceful citizens exterminated by "the most refined methods of cruelty," mass shootings taking place to the accompaniment of orchestral music furnished by players who were next to be shot; in the Ozarichi region, tens of thousands interned, many dying of typhus injections, in Esthonia, on one day only, at Camp Klooga, 2,000 persons shot, in Lithuania, at Paneriai, at least 100,000 killed; in Kaunas, more than 70,000, in Alytus, about 60,000, at Prenai, about 3,000; at Ukmerge, about 8,000; in Mariampole, about 7,000; in Trakai and its environs, about 37,640, in Latvia, 577,000 murdered; at Smolensk, 135,000, near Leningrad, about 172,000, in Stravopol, tens of thousands; in Pyatigorsk, an unknown number; in Krasnodar, 6,700, at Stalingrad, 50,000, in Orel, 5,000; in Novgorod, many

thousands; near Kiev, 100,000, in and about Rovno, one million. There is another column of particulars for this part of Europe alone.

Here is one of the more bearable paragraphs describing the manner of these deaths. "After the Germans were expelled from Stalingrad more than 1000 mutilated bodies of local inhabitants were found with marks of torture. One hundred and thirty-nine women had their arms painfully bent backward and held by wires. From some, their breasts had been cut off and their ears, fingers, and toes had been amputated. The bodies bore the marks of burns. On the bodies of the men the five-pointed star was burned with an iron or cut with a knife. Some were disemboweled." The full bill of particulars may be read in *The New York Times* for October 19, 1945.

These dead are at peace. Unnumbered thousands of human beings live on in a world-wide condition of famine. Unnumbered thousands of human beings whose lives have been wrecked by war or starvation or despair or disease still exist. Regarding the long-range results of war upon our lives Professor Wright tells us:

Closely related to the racial [i.e., human] cost of war but . . . less susceptible to objective measurement are the social and cultural costs of war in the deterioration of standards. Wars of large magnitude have been followed by anti-intellectual movements in art, literature and philosophy, by waves of crime, sexual license, suicide, venereal disease, delinquent youth, by class, racial and religious intolerance, persecution, refugees, social and political revolution; by abandonment of orderly processes for settling disputes and changing law, and by a decline in respect for international law and treaties.¹

The standards of only a few, he says, are elevated by war, a minor gain which by contrast deepens the gloom of the general picture.

"Deterioration of standards" is a vague phrase. Three sets of parallel instances may make vivid what Professor Wright has in mind. In 1903 Americans were horrified to learn of an anti-Jewish pogrom in the city of Kiev. Strong denunciations of Russia were uttered by church groups and others. In this pogrom 47 Jews were killed and 700 houses destroyed — altogether an amateur affair. Yet in 1945, although the Germans are known to have massacred between six and seven million Jews by means extending from simple shooting to "the most refined methods of cruelty," foreign correspondents reported that many American soldiers were finding the Germans the most agreeable Europeans they had met and deciding that the horrors of the concentration camps were either incidental or the invention of propagandists.

Again: in 1937 Vittorio Mussolini, warring against the blameless Ethiopians, was roundly scolded by sensitive Americans for saying: "To

¹ Quincy Wright, *A Study of War*, 2 vols. (University of Chicago Press, 1942), I, 246

me war is a sport — the most glorious sport in existence. . . . I remember that one group of horsemen gave me the impression of a budding rose as the bombs fell in their midst” One supposes that if a hundred horsemen were killed as petals of the budding rose, the bomb was singularly successful. Five or six years later, American airmen were regularly cheered for their sporting prowess in bringing down Japanese planes, and the science reporter of *The New York Times* was thought in 1945 to have written a singularly effective prose masterpiece about the rare beauty of the atomic bomb upheaval over Hiroshima. This killed or mutilated, we are told, 140,000 or 150,000 human beings, 30,000 so completely that no trace of them remains

The official report of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey as printed in *The New York Times* Sunday, June 30, 1946, says that the mortality rate per square mile destroyed at Hiroshima was 15,000 and at Nagasaki, 20,000, and after discussing death by “flash burns” (“radiant heat of incredible temperatures that struck its victims with the speed of light”) remarks that other victims were bombarded with visible and invisible rays:

These victims of these rays who did not die instantly were made sterile, pregnant women suffered miscarriages, some lost their hair, suffered diseases of the mouth, pharynx and intestinal tract, or they had hemorrhages of gums, nose and skin

There is reason to believe that if the effects of blast and fire had been entirely absent from the bombing, the number of deaths among people within a radius of one-half mile . . . would have been almost as great as the actual figures and the deaths among those within one mile would have been slightly less.

The principal difference would have been in the time of the deaths. Instead of being killed outright . . . they would have survived for a few days or even three or four weeks, only to die eventually of radiation disease.

It is encouraging to read that at distances between 6,500 and 10,000 feet from “zero point” of the bomb, one-third of the pregnant women gave birth to apparently normal children

A third and final example: in 1917 one-tenth of the city of Halifax was destroyed by the accidental explosion of 3,000 tons of TNT. Immediately cities like Boston rushed food and supplies to the devastated area, asking no question about the politics of the sufferers or of the administrators of the relief work. In 1945, when the lives of millions, some of them our allies in World War II, almost literally depended upon our ability to move food into devastated Europe, the Congress of the United States haggled for months over the politics of the administrators, refusing to appropriate necessary money though hundreds of thousand starved. Such are the coarsening effects upon our finer sensibilities of an uninterrupted diet of blood.

II

It would of course be possible to add other illustrative examples. One of our chief reasons for entering World War I was that we were morally outraged by unrestricted submarine warfare, in World War II we delighted to wage successful unrestricted submarine warfare ourselves. In 1937, the destruction of men, women and children of the city of Guernica by aerial bombardment during the Spanish civil war seemed to many liberals morally outrageous. In 1945 American aviators blasted Nagasaki off the map, killing civilian men, women and children by the thousands, but there was no effective protest. So deep have we descended into the pit that Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel Prize winner, physical chemist and associate director of the General Electric Research Laboratories, solemnly warned a joint meeting of the American Philosophical Society and the National Academy of Sciences in the autumn of 1945 in Philadelphia that so-called atomic warfare, unless the release of nuclear energy is controlled by the world, may make the entire earth uninhabitable, wiping out the ignoble race of men. Dr. Langmuir is a conservative scientist. He spoke sadly and seriously. The Americans read his words in such of our irresponsible newspapers as bothered to publish them and then turned to the sports pages. We do not believe things like this because we do not wish to believe them.

Dr. Langmuir's statement suggests a second basic fact in this brutal history. It is that modern warfare is increasingly a function of education, and education is increasingly dominated by war. We do not like to think that this is so. We try desperately to deceive ourselves. One form of optimistic rationalization is the "progress" fallacy. The progress fallacy assumes that mankind always survives any conceivable weapon.

Thus, precisely as the bow and arrow rendered the club ineffective, so the invention of gunpowder made the bow and arrow obsolete. Precisely as the airplane made horsemen useless, so the atomic bomb has rendered existing weapons obsolete. But as mankind survived these earlier shifts to deadlier modes of destruction, so mankind will survive Dr. Langmuir's threat of planetary suicide. Therefore, although the problem is serious, the terms of the problem of atomic energy are the same terms as those of the bow and arrow problem. We need not worry, or at least not worry too much. The argument of course ignores the mounting tide of unnecessary destruction, the loss of potential human energy, and the setbacks to genuine development along our historic road.

Let us examine this logic. Doubtless the first club bearer wounded by a distant Bowman marvelled at the new technology before he died. Ere long, however, his tribe had been trained to manufacture bows and arrows. So, too, after gunpowder superseded bows and arrows, both sides eventually manufactured gunpowder. But there was a significant differ-

ence Fewer men in any society can manufacture rifles than can make bows and arrows, because the manufacture of rifles depends upon the possession by a minority of the population of technological skills, proper factories, power, and sufficient raw materials To insure the existence of these things requires a higher concentration of educational facilities than is required in the bow and arrow society And of course a still smaller number of persons can make or use the highly complex artillery of yesterday's warfare than can make or use rifles and shotguns, and only a few scientists and technologists and only a few industrial societies can turn out atomic bombs Therefore it is that the increasing intricacy of our lethal weapons is a function of the increasing technological skills of the human race This of course means that in modern civilizations a constantly decreasing percentage of the population is directly capable of creating the weapons of modern warfare, so that some H G Wells of the future, taking a leaf from Aristophanes, may show how a future war was stopped by a sitdown strike of scientists, technicians, and skilled laborers.

Of course our technological skills are not used solely for warfare, but in view of the increasing length, ferocity, and destruction of modern war this is not now the point, especially since, in time of war, technological skill devoted to destruction has the highest possible priority Certain it is, moreover, that the latest destroyers of humanity — the torpedo, the submarine, the airplane, the tank, poison gas, the rocket, and the A-bomb — are products of highly educated, or at least highly trained, personnel. All but one or two of these are principally or wholly the products of American technological ingenuity. We missed out on poison gas, but we made it up on the atom bomb.

However, the connection between warfare and education goes deeper than the simple but impressive connection between destruction and technical training. The training of soldiers, sailors and airmen grows increasingly complex If Hitler and Mussolini were men of no particularized education, their rise to military power was abnormal rather than typical, and for the most part, in modern times, the men who launch wars and who manage them are products of professional education at least as exhaustive and specialized as the education of a doctor, a physicist or a lawyer. Members of a modern general staff devote their lives to study, so that a traditional military leader like General Forrest or Mad Anthony Wayne would not know what to make of these studious and intellectual careers.

Indeed, during World War I, William Jennings Bryan was quaintly out of date when he said that in case of invasion the American people would spring to arms — something that the technological advance of the nineteenth century rendered ineffective and impossible Nowadays it is impossible for a nation to spring to arms in the old-fashioned sense; and if minute men leaving the plow for the musket sufficed for Lexington

and Concord, not even the Home Guard would have sufficed for the Battle of Britain if the German invasion had come. The *levée en masse* of the French Revolution is antiquated in a world in which the elementary education of a private or of a common sailor takes three months, and a year is considered essential for lasting training — a year filled with educational exercises of such rigor that the colleges cannot compete in intensity. If anarchy should settle over the globe, it is of course possible that a new and illiterate Attila or Genghis Khan might raise, equip and lead popular armies, but in the contemporary world warfare like industry depends primarily upon the continuation and advance of highly complex engineering and scientific studies.

This dependence comes by and by to affect not merely the training of the fighting man, it affects in time the life of the civilian. The difference between a war fought by the professional army of Frederick the Great and total warfare in the twentieth century is that the entire population participates in modern warfare, not merely in the sense that it may reasonably expect to get killed or wounded, but also in the sense that it shares to greater or less degree this professional training, even if it is no more than civilian street patrolling, the care of children in deep underground shelters, or assignment to an "essential" factory. One has to look back at the relative indifference of most of the population in the American Revolution, the War of 1812, or the Mexican War to see how far we have come. Even during the Civil War life in the North went on as usual, and civilian energies were so little controlled by warfare that the settlement of the West went forward, mining was developed, and shipping, agriculture, and industry increased, partly, to be sure, as a function of warfare, but mainly in a normal mode of progression which the war stimulated but which the fighting did not bend to its own purpose. Contrast the control of civilian life by Washington in World War II. Contrast the even more rigid control of national existence in the British Isles during the same period and since.

Education, then, becomes more and more involved with warfare as warfare develops. Use and wont have of course accustomed us to this strange alliance between destruction and education. Looking backward, we can see how far we have advanced along our fatal road. When in 1808 Napoleon created the University of France as a single body to direct education in his empire, he may have intended to conscript men's minds as he conscripted their bodies, but the ministry of war did not take over the University of Paris, invade its classrooms or establish a special military curriculum. On the contrary, even under despotism, the University of Paris operated as a civilian institution. So, too, when Frederick William III founded the University of Berlin in 1810, that institution, though it was meant to be "a weapon of war as well as a nursery of learning," made its martial contribution in the field of the spirit only. Its curriculum was

not dictated by Prussian generals, and *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit*, two essentially civilian concepts, were from the beginning the theoretical principles of its life. In the same epoch Britain sometimes stood alone and sometimes feared an invasion from the Continent. Yet Oxford, Cambridge, St. Andrews, Edinburgh and Dublin universities pursued the peaceful tenor of their civilian ways.

In the United States neither the War of 1812 nor the war with Mexico touched the life of our colleges significantly. During the American Civil War Northern colleges and universities, though diminished in manpower, continued to function, and Professor Theodore W. Hunt of Princeton, who lived through that period, tells us that "during the four years of war" there was "no general or protracted suspension of college work, no such nervous tension existing as that which we have noticed in these tragic days of international strife." (He is talking about World War I.) In the South, of course, colleges ceased to exist where the students enlisted or where the buildings were destroyed, but these institutions were never taken over by the Confederate War Department as institutions. Even so recent a conflict as the Spanish-American War left the American universities to themselves.

The American Civil War nevertheless had a profound effect upon our collegiate education. It is true that in the light of modern science and technology, that war was fought on lines as primitive as the wars of Xerxes. But in 1862 the Morrill Act extended federal aid to individual states which would agree to create technological and agricultural colleges. This act sprang from the growing conviction that the superior potential of the nation in transportation and industry must be preserved. The effects of this act, adopted during a period of war, have been epochal. In 1860 there were four engineering schools in the country; in 1929 there were 148 technical colleges. In 31 years ending in 1866 only 300 engineering degrees had been granted, by 1917 these degrees numbered 60,000, and the number of engineering graduates per million of our population had increased from 3 to 43. Among the institutions owing much to the Morrill Act are the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Cornell University. The law requires each college profiting by it to institute courses in military training or to offer equivalent instruction.

In 1916 the National Defense Act further enriched the alliance between war and education by creating in the colleges the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, which was for a brief period eclipsed by the Students' Army Training Corps, established in October, 1918, in more than 400 colleges and enrolling 140,000 men. The significant fact is not the success or failure of this short-lived enterprise, the significant fact is that the colleges accepted it almost without protest, as part of their duty to the nation. Drs. Capen and W. C. John averred that the Students' Army Training Corps "saved colleges from virtual extinction" in World War I.

But the War Department Committee on Education and Special Training had earlier declared that the "sole purpose . . . repeatedly stated by the War Department was to increase the military power of the country" In other words, education was made subordinate President Thwing of Western Reserve University, in his history of higher education in World War I, flatly states that "the colleges became, like the railroads, essentially government institutions," that "students pursued a course of study which was either military or colored by military conditions," that "academic standards were arbitrarily set aside, academic methods were condemned, military standards, manners, and methods were installed" and that "in the development of the Students' Army Training Corps the Federal Government approached more nearly than by any other method or measure to the German procedure of the control of higher education" To Dean Boyd of the University of Kentucky, writing in 1919, it seemed a happy thing that "our educational system" was "still virile enough to make of itself a special tool for a special purpose" But of course an educational system thus virile, when it becomes a special tool for a special purpose — in this case, technological preparation for destruction — ceases to exist except as a special tool. And albeit the colleges were returned to civilian aims, the fact had been discovered that they could be quickly converted to war.

However, the creation of soldiers, particularly of a skilled officer personnel, was not the only task of higher education in World War I The present American Council on Education grew out of a movement organized in January, 1918, to "place the resources of the educational institutions of our country more completely at the disposal of the National Government." That one of the highest purposes of an educational institution operating on *Lernfreiheit* and *Lehrfreiheit* might be to avoid commitment to governmental policies was something the statement ignored War research under the National Research Council then, as later, occupied the attention of academic research workers, to the exclusion of pure science. Commitment to governmental policies was more important in technological warfare than commitment to the increase of knowledge. The change was defended as necessary to national existence. The defense, if it be one, illumines the history of the increasing alliance between education and war.

Of the six aims set up by the National Research Council two were avowedly military: "the quickening of research in the sciences and in their application to the useful arts, in order to increase knowledge, *to strengthen national defense*, and to contribute in other ways to the public welfare" was one, and "to call the attention of scientific and technical investigators *to the importance of military and industrial problems in connection with the war*, and to the furthering of the solution of these problems by specific researches" was the other (My italics) All this was doubtless necessary,

but if the processes of history are necessary, we cannot avoid facing the implications of historical determinism. If scientists have been lately perturbed by the threat of governmental control of research, the various bills in Congress designed to safeguard the secrets of nuclear energy for military purposes or to subsidize scientists as a means of strengthening the national defense are simply the logical carrying out of the aims of the National Research Council established by the Academy of Sciences in 1916

In World War I half the college laboratories were working on war problems under conditions which had nothing to do with the search after knowledge for its own sake. Training was characteristically military. Replying to a questionnaire, the Case School of Applied Science could say that "all courses are taught more or less with war in view." The *Princeton Alumni Weekly* declared in 1917 that "every day Princeton becomes less an academic college and more a school of war." Another educational historian, Dr. Kolbe, describes World War I as "in a broad sense a college man's war," says that the "colleges practically forced their services on the Nation," and remarks that "a period of war . . . made of us a military nation and has militarized our system of higher education."

At the conclusion of hostilities war-time controls were taken off the colleges, which reverted to their civilian status. The explanation is sometimes therefore advanced that the conscription of the colleges for military purposes is a highly abnormal procedure, which must not be mistaken for national policy. The defense does not defend. Having discovered in World War I how useful the colleges could be, the nation in World War II converted them to adjuncts of its military system much more quickly and efficiently because it had the experience of World War I to go on. World War II, in sum, simply broadened and extended the relation between war and education worked out some thirty years ago, and our experience is so recent and familiar as to require no exposition here. So gradually does one become accustomed to imperceptible change that it surprised nobody to find the laboratories of great universities surrounded by armed guards and inaccessible even to officers of the institutions which owned them. One further step in the story must, however, be noted. If World War I put college men into uniform, World War II turned women's colleges into military and naval establishments, and one beheld without any amazement an institution like Smith College become a training ground for the WAVES and young women in uniform marched by platoons to classes in the Harvard Business School.

III

A final fact to be observed in this strange, eventful history is to note how nationalism increasingly invades education. The eighteenth century

was perhaps the last period when a truly international culture was the common object of study, at least among cultivated classes in the western world. But the schools of the eighteenth century were still characteristically under the control of the church, of princes who prided themselves on participating in the Enlightenment, or of private persons and corporations. As yet education was not customarily created or paid for by the state

Throughout the nineteenth century, however, and increasingly in the twentieth, the doctrine that education is a proper charge against the public purse has meant that the state, in greater and greater degree, has made education the instrument of its own support. Thus a leading element in the Chinese Revolution was the demand for state-supported schools, schools that would in fact teach doctrines acceptable to Dr Sun Yat-sen or, latterly, doctrines acceptable to the ministry of education of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Thus the Bolshevik revolution destroyed every vestige of Czarist or Greek Orthodox schools and created a system of education which is as much an arm of the state as the Russian air force or the Russian infantry. Even in a small and unmilitaristic country like Norway, government has in fact forced the abolition of private schools. In Italy, in Germany, in Japan, in Spain, the educational system has been integrated with the state to such a degree that in taking over conquered countries the Allies had to begin by abolishing the remnants of existing schools, destroying textbooks and substituting new systems of education that would mirror and support their own political doctrine. And in France it is a nice question whether the church or the state shall control the schools. Again, in a self-conscious state like Eire one finds government through the schools forcing Gaelic, a cumbersome and artificial language, upon the people as essential to a "national" culture

Nor is the New World exempt from this nationalism. In Latin American countries political revolution so frequently starts in the universities that successful dictators — Cuban history will furnish examples — either close down these institutions or control the faculties and the students by repression, censorship, "coordination" or exile. The struggle in Mexico for the control of education has been one of the spectacular elements of the cultural history of that nation in the twentieth century. The unhappiness of "liberal" Argentine intellectuals is increased under the Perón regime by government determination that education shall support the state in return for state support of education

For Thomas Jefferson it was sufficient that teachers should possess rationality and virtue; he did not envision the teachers' oath law now common among the states of the American Union. The compulsory flag salute, almost universal in American schools, is a twentieth century invention. *The New York Times* launches a campaign to make American history compulsory in high school or in college. State legislatures pass laws

forbidding state-supported institutions to employ those who are not American citizens.

Even at advanced levels it is usually difficult and sometimes impossible for experts to examine in American classrooms theories of the state, of politics or of economic development held to be "un-American," as witness the recent tempest about courses in Russian civilization at Cornell. An American historian writes a whole book in answer to the question "Are American teachers free?" and accumulates innumerable instances to show that they are not free to contradict or question national prejudices and policies, even though the teacher is convinced these are wrong.

Negatively, this perfervid nationalism is part of the xenophobia of an age in which instruments of communication have prematurely thrown cultures into collision with each other before the peoples were ready to understand one another. Positively, this nationalism, which has rallied religion, culture, technology and science itself to its support, now includes education — it is a necessary part of something called "national defense." The idea would, however, have been completely incomprehensible in the medieval university.

In connection with this nationalism the admirable "Report of the United States Education Mission to Japan" submitted to General MacArthur at Tokyo on March 30, 1946, is interesting and illuminating. This document is the product of a committee of 27 American educators called to Japan to advise the commanding general about the Japanese educational system. Again and again the report recurs to the excessive nationalism of schools in that island empire before defeat. The committee felt that "the purging of vicious elements" in the teaching profession was well along and that "the spirit of national Shintoism and military aggression" was being eradicated from the schools by "straightforward directives." It felt that educational reform must deny "ultra-nationalism." As the first step in any conceivable reform, it approved "the discontinuance, in the public schools, of partisan teaching, political or religious," and recommended the ending of centralized control of textbooks, teachers, and schools, the stopping of ceremonies that have served "the purposes of a militant nationalism" and the abolition of "Thought Control." It suggests many wise improvements. It urges that a revamped Ministry of Education should be given "veto powers concerning militaristic or ultra-nationalistic activities in the schools, such powers to be explicitly stated in the law and limited." This is certainly admirable, and one does not see, in the limited time at the disposal of the Mission, how its recommendations could have been improved.

But if a thoughtful Japanese were to inquire whether any official body in the United States possesses "veto powers concerning militaristic or ultra-nationalistic activities in the schools," limited or not, the answer would have to be no. Moreover, the Mission found itself in an insoluble

dilemma. On the one hand, it wanted to abolish "ultra-nationalism" because ultranationalism had become a menace to the world. On the other hand, it could not abolish Japanese tradition, history, or culture. Negatively, it knew what it wanted. Positively, it took refuge in phrases like these.

It should be the task of all engaged in the educational activities of Japan to analyze their cultural traditions in order to discover what is worth preserving as humane ideas and ideals that will give strength to the new plans. Here the Japanese will find a legitimate and inspiring basis for loyalty and patriotism

... freedom of teaching and of inquiry must be encouraged not only for the preservation but for the enrichment of the national culture of Japan

Boys and girls alike should ... grow up knowing their national constitution, for it is the institution under which majority rule prevails.

[Children] must be prepared to take the lead. The future of Japan rests upon their shoulders.

One has every admiration for this report, perhaps one of the most remarkable educational documents of the twentieth century. But at what point are the children, upon whose shoulders rests the future of Japan, to check their loyalty and patriotism? Suppose a majority of the Japanese under the constitution decide to reinstitute the system the Allies have just abolished? Suppose that, in their study of ways and means for the preservation and enrichment of the national culture of Japan, the Japanese decide that the Allied attempt to abolish Shintoism was a misguided venture, motivated by Occidental capitalism and cunningly designed to reduce Japan forever to the inferior status of a vassal nation? Is perfervid nationalism right in the United States and wrong in Japan? If the majority of Americans vote for flag salutes, why should the majority of Japanese be prevented from voting for a ceremonial bow in the direction of the imperial palace? If the fortunes of war had reversed themselves, would the Americans be satisfied with an "inspiring basis for loyalty and patriotism" strictly limited to Oriental notions of international comity and the exchange of teachers?

All this is said, not in disparagement of the commission, but because the report innocently throws a flood of light upon the interconnections of nationalism and education in the modern world. Our problem is the ancient problem: *Quis custodiet custodes?* When even the international comity of scientists is disrupted by an iron curtain across Europe, governmental controls of investigations into nuclear energy, passport difficulties, military interference, and the discharge of investigators, however brilliant, who are not of the right political faith, the concept of learning as an a-nationalistic body of knowledge common to educated men everywhere has suffered some severe practical limitations. In the field of the social scientists, it is commonplace; the judgments of an expert in Moscow and one at the University of Texas, for example, about the defects and

merits of free capitalistic enterprise will scarcely coincide. The cautious suggestion of the Japanese educational mission that Japan had better begin thinking about birth control was so worded as to avoid a quarrel with the Vatican, and the sociology permitted in the Turkey of Mustapha Kemal was, one suspects, not quite on all fours with the sociology taught in Brazil. As for the humanities, literary censorship in Eire seems to ban books for study that are commonplace in London or Oxford, Mr Walter Lippmann complained that there is now no common tradition of philosophy, literature and the arts to which, amid the jarring nationalisms of our time, western men can rally, and the approach in Mediterranean countries to the study of the classics differs *toto caelo* from that in the United States.

War, technology in preparation for war, and nationalism — these are, then, three great forces warping the healthy development of education in what we quaintly call the civilized world. The problems they raise are deeper and darker than those polite fictions discussed in most educational meetings, especially at the college level. In truth, one sometimes fears that our concern for the nature of education, notably at higher levels, seldom rises above the plane of the genteel tradition. Certain it is, however, that an uneasy sense of something wrong, of some radical error, haunts our schools and colleges, troubles philosophers, and leads even the common man to endless speculation about the future of his own civilization. The sense that western culture is wildly astray, western civilization in its decline, is everywhere about us as men turn once again to examine the fundamentals of what they believe. If this chapter is gloomy, one cannot alter it. We can only ask, so far as the subject of this book is concerned, what educators themselves have to say on these, the terrible problems of our time.

Face to face with the spectre of war, with technology controlled by war, and with an intense and irrational nationalism which, as in the case of the atom bomb, dreams of going to war before some other nation shall invent an even more terrible weapon — and this, in a world in which the nations have solemnly pledged themselves to unite for peace — what have American schoolmen to offer for the guiding of mankind? There is no more tremendous question before the United States.

For, as Dr. Raymond B Fosdick said on almost the last day of the victorious year of 1945,

No greater crisis was ever faced by any generation in history. Our enemies are not Alans and his Goths pouring over the frontiers of the north. The enemies that threaten us are of our own creation, they are the techniques which we have ourselves perfected and which we have allowed to be perverted to unworthy ends. How do we bring these techniques under social control? How do we keep them from making a mockery of all we have hoped or dreamed of good? That is the challenge of the present crisis, those are the insistent questions that are hurled

at our generation, and whether or not the future is to be a nightmare without end depends upon our ability to make some headway in finding the answers.

What does educational theory propose? And if, as may be the case, the proposals of educational theory shall prove not altogether satisfactory, how shall we set about finding more satisfactory answers to the problem of education and world tragedy?

Checking Your Reading

What three great forces, according to Mr. Jones, warp the healthy development of education in the civilized world? What interrelationships between war and education does he point out? How does he answer the view that "mankind always survives any conceivable weapon"? that "the conscription of the colleges for military purposes is a highly abnormal procedure, which must not be mistaken for national policy"? What evidence for the invasion of education by nationalism does Mr. Jones find in the United States? What is the "insoluble dilemma" in which the United States Education Mission to Japan found itself? Define or explain: Black and Tans, pogrom, xenophobia, perfervid, Shintoism, *toto caelo*, comity, *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit*, *quis custodiet custodes*.

Forming Your Opinion

Comment on Mr. Jones's handling of illustration in the first section. Can you add to his examples of "deterioration of standards"? What do you think of the proposition that "one of the highest purposes of an educational institution operating on *Lernfreiheit* and *Lehrfreiheit* might be to avoid commitment to governmental policies"? If you think that such a principle should operate in peacetime, do you think that it should operate equally during war? Do you believe that education is doing anything right now to combat the jarring nationalisms which make a permanent peace seemingly impossible? Can you make a start at answering the questions with which this chapter ends? Where would you begin in revamping the system of education in the United States? on what level? In what specific ways?

THE FRATERNITY OF PESSIMISTS

Arthur Koestler

When Arthur Koestler's Darkness at Noon was chosen as a Book of the Month Club selection in 1941, he was guaranteed at once a wide distribution. His present popularity in America began with this novel and continued with his autobiography of imprisonment in Camp du Vernet d'Ariège in the Pyrenees (Scum of the Earth, 1941), his excursion into psychoanalysis via Nazi brutality and emigrant Communists (Arrival and Departure, 1943), and his collected essays on the intelligentsia in Europe, French literature, and Communism (The Yogi and the Commissar, 1945) The essay that follows is taken from this latter volume and attempts to deal with the problem of the world's future and man's part in directing it, viewed from the eyes of a "homeless Leftist," one who is not merely an independent thinker but almost an isolated one As an ex-Communist, Mr. Koestler (1905-) says with enormous conviction that what we must fight is despotism under any guise, especially the guise of half-truths Born in Budapest, educated in Vienna, imprisoned in Spain during the Civil War of 1935 and in France before its fall in 1940, Mr Koestler feels he knows Europe from many sides He knows the Near East equally well, and his keen knowledge of people in all lands is evident everywhere in his writing We must keep in mind that, unlike an American, he sees these problems as one who has participated in a long battle against fascism and who feels that solutions are long in coming.

IN THIS WAR we are fighting against a total lie in the name of a half-truth. This is a more modest formulation than those currently used, but if we tentatively accept it, the present will probably appear less confused and the future less depressing.

We call Nazism's New Order a total lie because it denies the specific ethos of our species, because proclaiming that might is right reduces Civil Law to Jungle Law, and by proclaiming that race is all it reduces Sociology to Zoology With such a philosophy there can be no compromise; it must unconditionally surrender.

We, on the other hand, live in a climate of half-truths. We fight against Racism and yet racial discrimination is far from abolished in the Anglo-Saxon countries, we fight for Democracy and yet our mightiest ally is a dictatorship where at least two of the four freedoms are not operating. But such is the sticky, all-pervading influence of our climate that even to

From *The Yogi and the Commissar* by Arthur Koestler Copyright 1945 by Arthur Koestler and used with the permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

mention these facts, undeniable though they are, has the effect of a provocation.

"So why rub it in?" some will probably say. "This is a battlefield, not a public confessional" The answer is that on both sides of the Atlantic people are getting more restive the nearer victory approaches. There is a strange mood of uneasiness everywhere — the hangover seems to precede the celebration.

After Dunkirk, at a time when America was still neutral and Russia still waiting for Hitler to open a second front in the East, many of us in this country felt that only a miracle could save us. Like a patient before a desperate operation, we thought: Lord, if I survive this I'll start a new life — and what a life it will be! Well, the miracle came, the operation succeeded and the patient was discharged from the hospital — only to discover that his house is still in the slums, the letter-box still full of creditors' bills, his wife's voice still as strident and her eyes as squinting as before, and the awful child's nose still drips all day. Is he ungrateful to fate if the next morning he starts grumbling and swearing again?

Ever since the critical operation succeeded in North Africa, the bills kept coming in and the voices became more strident, the looks more squinting in the Allied family apartment. But sentimental appeals for more goodwill and co-operation between the competing partners who tomorrow will rule the world, are naive and pointless. Governments have only a narrow margin for manoeuvring within the fatal automatism of the economic and social forces behind them. For at least fifty years, it has become increasingly clear that only a vigorous international, i.e. "horizontal," organization could end the global muddle by global solutions. In the first decades of this century, and particularly between the two wars, there was an immense hope that such a horizontal force would emerge and sweep away the vertical structures of competing national egotisms. Progressive people all over the world set their hopes on the League of Nations, the Second and Third International, and even the more conservative clung, consciously or unconsciously, to "horizontal" hopes such as the Vatican, some other Church or a masonic brotherhood.

The outstanding feature of our days is the collapse of all horizontal structures. That our truths are half-truths is a direct consequence of it. And unless we overcome our reluctance to chew, swallow and digest the bitter pill, we shall be able to see clearly neither where we stand, nor whither we drift.

Seen from the melancholy angle of a Continental (or rather of that bunch of homeless Leftists to whom I belong, and whom the Stalinists call Trotskyites, the Trotskyites call Imperialists, and the Imperialists call bloody Reds), the bankruptcy of Left horizontalism is becoming increasingly apparent. The corpse of the Comintern, in an advanced stage of decomposition, has at last been officially interred; Mr. Lewis' complicated

game of stick-up chess with President Roosevelt was a memento of the state of affairs in the American Labor movement, in Russia the wheel is coming back full circle to the traditional values of the Fatherland, the Cadet Schools and the Orthodox Church, the British Labor Party dropped its last pretense of Socialist horizontalism when it adopted a Vansittarte resolution which made the German people, including the thirteen million workers who at the last free elections voted against the Nazis, collectively responsible for the Nazis' deeds.

If ever there was a chance for socialism in Britain, it was in the period from Dunkirk to the fall of Tobruk. Popular discontent against the conduct of the war seemed at its peak. In a dozen or so by-elections the Government was defeated. The Government had been invested with the power of nationalizing all individual property in the country, the transition to State Socialism could have been achieved merely by political pressure, without revolution or civil war. For, in contrast to French Big Business which when faced by the dilemma "Hitler or the Popular Front" voted for Hitler, the British ruling class, with dwindling expectations, seemed prepared to live rather in a Red Britain than under Nazi domination. (This difference in attitude between the British and French ruling class is of historical importance; it was the crucial test of Britain's fitness for survival.) However, the working class lacked the political maturity to grasp opportunity. Intelligent Tories have to this day not recovered from the surprise that capitalism survived the Dunkirk-to-Singapore crisis.

This was only a link in the chain of socialism's missed opportunities. Before, there was the Weimar Republic, the American slump, the Popular Front victories in France and Spain. What an enormous longing for a new human order there was in the air between the two wars, and what a miserable failure to live up to it! Fascism was the profiteer of this failure. Again and again the Socialist movement played the role of what the French call a *séducteur jusqu'au bord du lit* — a seducer who loses heart at the bedroom door (to put it politely). History is a capricious belle, and if the suitor goes on missing the rare chances accorded to him, the damage becomes irreparable. After a while the courtship turns into mere pretence, and nothing would embarrass the aged wooer more than if she suddenly threw herself into his arms again — imagine Mr. Atlee as Britain's Marxist premier. . . .

Political movements, it seems, have their own organic laws. They grow, and if at the time of maturity they don't attain fulfilment by seizing power, they decline and wither away. This is what happened to the horizontal movements in this century. The League of Nations died of consumption, the official Churches are politically paralysed, the Second International developed arteriosclerosis, the Third decayed. The only survivors of the age of the ascending power of the workers are the Trade Unions. I am far from underrating their enormous importance and the positive

function they fulfil. But they are an economic safeguard, not a creative political force.

The failure of "horizontalism" in our time is more than a momentary set-back, it reveals the inadequacy of a method of approach which dominated the Liberal and Socialist movements for the last century. To talk of "ups and downs" is self-deception; we are not on a mountain railway but in a blind alley. Today we are farther than twenty years ago from the realization of a truly new human climate, from thinking, feeling, acting in intercontinental terms adequate to the speed of communications. All our post-war planning has the character of designing makeshift bridges from one vertical power-centre to the other; they are half-honest, half-earnest attempts to get somehow over the next decade or two which, everybody vaguely feels, will not be an era of long-term solutions but an intermediate, transitory period, an *interregnum* of half-truths and twilight, fraught with the danger that the bridges may crack and the fatal mechanism may push the vertical giants once more on their blind march of destruction.

So far this is a pessimistic picture, but based, I believe, on objective facts. What follows is a purely subjective assessment of future trends, which some will say is crankish. But I know that many others have the same vague feelings in their bones, I am talking to those others.

Interregnums — i. e., periods of transitory chaos which follow the collapse of the traditional values of a civilization — are of limited duration. I believe that the day is not far when the present interregnum will end, and a new "horizontal" ferment will arise — not a new party or sect, but an irresistible global mood, a spiritual springtide like early Christianity or the Renaissance. It will probably mark the end of our historical era, the period which began with Galileo, Newton, and Columbus, the period of human adolescence, the age of scientific formulations and quantitative measurements, of utility values, of the ascendancy of reason over the spirit. Its achievements were gigantic; the spasms of its death struggle are terrifying. But they can't last much longer; as the frequency of the convulsions increases, the amplitude of their violence grows; the point of exhaustion has come within almost measurable range. There might be one or two more world wars but not a dozen; it is a question of decades, not of centuries.

What will the new age after the interregnum be like? One thing is certain; it will not be the Brave New World with which Huxley frightened us. It is Hitler's historic merit that he immunised us against Totalitarian utopias, as a dose of cholera vaccine immunizes against cholera. I do not mean that similar attempts will not be made in other parts of the world during the remaining decades of the interregnum. But they will be mere episodes, symptoms of the agony of the dying age.

The clue to the values of the coming new global mood is provided by historical analogy. We can discern in the past a succession of levels of social awareness, like an ascending staircase. The age of religious wars ended when secular politics began to dominate human consciousness, feudal politics ended when economic factors assumed overriding importance, the struggles of Economic Man will end by the emergence of the new ethical values of the new age. The great disputes are never settled on their own level, but on the next higher one. The Second and Third Internationals got into the blind alley because they fought capitalism in its own terms of reference, and were unable to ascend to that spiritual climate the longing for which we feel in our bones.

Seen from the perspective of the next-higher historical level, the old controversies lose interest, appear drained of their meaning, and conversely, the exact properties of the succeeding period cannot be formulated from the lower level. Such attempts lead to mystic dilettantism, like Heard's *Yogi* journal. All we can say is that the new movement will re-establish the disturbed balance between rational and spiritual values, or, in Auden's words, *rally the lost and trembling forces of the will — Gather them up and let them loose upon the earth*. But as yet we live in the interregnum.

Those who are basically optimists can afford to face facts and to be pessimistic in their short-term predictions, only basic pessimists need the dope of the half-truth. The interregnum of the next decades will be a time of distress and of gnashing of teeth. We shall live in the hollow of the historical wave. Does this mean that we should lie low and wait fatalistically until the time is ripe?

I believe the contrary. What we need is an active fraternity of pessimists (I mean short-term pessimists). They will not aim at immediate racial solutions, because they know that these cannot be achieved in the hollow of the wave; they will not brandish the surgeon's knife at the social body, because they know that their own instruments are polluted. They will watch, with open eyes and without sectarian blinkers, for the first signs of the new horizontal movement, when it comes, they will assist its birth, but if it does not come in their lifetime, they will not despair. They will not necessarily expect the new movement to arise from this or that section of the working or professional classes, but certainly from the ranks of the poor, from those who have suffered most. And meanwhile their chief aim will be to create oases in the interregnum desert.

Oases may be small or big. They may consist of only a few friends as in Silone's great book, *The Seed Beneath the Snow*, or they may embrace whole countries — the countries situated on the periphery of the great fields of force, for instance, Italy, Norway, Spain. It is quite possible that in the coming world of bellicose managerial giant-States of the Burnham

pattern such marginal oases survive, that, although submitting to the general social-economic trend, they will be able to afford a greater amount of tolerance and old-fashioned humaneness than the main competitors, Switzerland during the last three hundred years is an obvious example. And it may further be possible to create enclaves, and to a certain extent to influence the climate, within the competing giant-States themselves. During an earlier interregnum, in the so-called dark ages between the decline of Rome and the dawn of the Renaissance, such oases assured the continuity of civilization: the monasteries first, and later the Universities with their more or less extra-territorial Alma Mater on which no gendarme could set boot.

Among the great Powers, Britain, thanks to the obstinacy of her traditions and the great inertia of her body social, is probably the most capable of developing an oasis-climate. Interregnums are downward slopes of history, and at this point of our journey the brakes of the train are more important than the engine. During the last century our ethical brakes were more and more neglected, until totalitarian dynamism made the engine run amok. In plain language, that means that if I have to choose between living under a Political Commissar or a Blimp, I unhesitatingly choose Blimp. He will treat me as an annoying kind of oddity and push me about from sheer lack of imagination, the imaginative Commissar will politely shoot me because I disagree with him. In other historical situations, on the upward grade, Blimp might again become the main enemy of progress. For the next decades, his muddled decency and clinging to traditional values (even if it is partly pretence) will be a great asset, to mollify the impact.

In 1917 Utopia seemed at hand. Today it is postponed for the duration of the interregnum. Let us build oases. . . .

Checking Your Reading

How does Mr. Koestler explain the meaning of his first sentence? What does he mean by a "horizontal organization"? What evidence does he produce for his conviction that all horizontal structures have collapsed? What does he prophesy as to the nature of the next horizontal structure? Meanwhile, he says, we need *short-term pessimists* to create *oases* in the *interregnum* desert. What meaning does he attach to each of the italicized terms? Why does he consider Great Britain a promising potential oasis? Explain the references to "the corpse of the Comintern," "Mr. Lewis' complicated game of stick-up chess with President Roosevelt," the Weimar republic, Heard's Yogi journalese, Huxley's Brave New World, Silone, Burnham, "choose between living under a Political Commissar or a Blimp." Define dilettantism, arteriosclerosis, Trotskyite, enclaves, periphery, totalitarian dynamism, Renaissance, Vansittartite.

Forming Your Opinion

This essay was obviously written while the war was still being fought. To what extent has Koestler's prophecy proved true? In what respects do you think he might revise his analysis of the situation now? What would he think of the UN⁹ of United States-Soviet relations⁹ of political developments in Britain⁹ Do you agree that all horizontal structures have collapsed? Are the official Churches really paralyzed⁹ Granted the correctness of his analysis, how and where do you think the oasis-climate can best be fostered during the interregnum⁹ How would you relate the World Federalists to the "active fraternity of pessimists"⁹ What prediction would you make as to the nature of the next horizontal structure?

HIROSHIMA

John Hersey

John Richard Hersey (1914–) was born of American parents in Tientsin, China, and educated at Yale and Cambridge Universities. For a time private secretary to Sinclair Lewis, he himself soon began writing, joining the staff of Time and contributing to Life, The New Yorker, and other periodicals. A correspondent in World War II, he wrote simple but powerful accounts of the early Philippine debacle in Men on Bataan (1942), of action on Guadalcanal in Into the Valley (1934), and of Italian occupation problems in the novel A Bell for Adano (1944). The publication of "Hiroshima" in The New Yorker (August 31, 1946) brought him immediate and wide acclaim. Reprinted here in full, it is a moving reportorial account of the effects of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima as seen through the eyes of survivors. But it is far more than reporting; implicit in its scenes and impressions is the terrible urgency that men feel who seek for world peace in the atomic age born in blood and fire at Hiroshima.

I. A NOISELESS FLASH

AT EXACTLY FIFTEEN MINUTES past eight in the morning, on August 6, 1945, Japanese time, at the moment when the atomic bomb flashed above Hiroshima, Miss Toshiko Sasaki, a clerk in the personnel department of the East Asia Tin Works, had just sat down at her place in the plant office and was turning her head to speak to the girl at the next desk. At that same moment, Dr. Masakazu Fuji was settling down cross-legged to read the Osaka *Asahi* on the porch of his private hospital, overhanging one of the seven deltaic rivers which divide Hiroshima, Mrs. Hatsuyo Nakamura, a tailor's widow, stood by the window of her kitchen, watching a neighbor tearing down his house because it lay in the path of an air-raid-defense fire lane, Father Wilhelm Kleinsorge, a German priest of the Society of Jesus, reclined in his underwear on a cot on the top floor of his order's three-story mission house, reading a Jesuit magazine, *Stimmen der Zeit*, Dr. Terufumi Sasaki, a young member of the surgical staff of the city's large, modern Red Cross Hospital, walked along one of the hospital corridors with a blood specimen for a Wassermann test in his hand, and the Reverend Mr. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, pastor of the Hiroshima Methodist Church, paused at the door of a rich man's house in Koi, the city's western

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suburb, and prepared to unload a handcart full of things he had evacuated from town in fear of the massive B-29 raid which everyone expected Hiroshima to suffer. A hundred thousand people were killed by the atomic bomb, and these six were among the survivors. They still wonder why they lived when so many others died. Each of them counts many small items of chance or volition — a step taken in time, a decision to go indoors, catching one streetcar instead of the next — that spared him. And now each knows that in the act of survival he lived a dozen lives and saw more death than he ever thought he would see. At the time, none of them knew anything.

The Reverend Mr. Tanimoto got up at five o'clock that morning. He was alone in the parsonage, because for some time his wife had been commuting with their year-old baby to spend nights with a friend in Ushida, a suburb to the north. Of all the important cities of Japan, only two, Kyoto and Hiroshima, had not been visited in strength by *B-san*, or Mr. B, as the Japanese, with a mixture of respect and unhappy familiarity, called the B-29, and Mr. Tanimoto, like all his neighbors and friends, was almost sick with anxiety. He had heard uncomfortably detailed accounts of mass raids on Kure, Iwakuni, Tokuyama, and other nearby towns, he was sure Hiroshima's turn would come soon. He had slept badly the night before, because there had been several air-raid warnings. Hiroshima had been getting such warnings almost every night for weeks, for at that time the B-29s were using Lake Biwa, northeast of Hiroshima, as a rendezvous point, and no matter what city the Americans planned to hit, the Superfortresses streamed in over the coast near Hiroshima. The frequency of the warnings and the continued abstinence of Mr. B with respect to Hiroshima had made its citizens jittery, a rumor was going around that the Americans were saving something special for the city.

Mr. Tanimoto is a small man, quick to talk, laugh, and cry. He wears his black hair parted in the middle and rather long; the prominence of the frontal bones just above his eyebrows and the smallness of his mustache, mouth, and chin give him a strange, old-young look, boyish and yet wise, weak and yet fiery. He moves nervously and fast, but with a restraint which suggests that he is a cautious, thoughtful man. He showed, indeed, just those qualities in the uneasy days before the bomb fell. Besides having his wife spend the nights in Ushida, Mr. Tanimoto had been carrying all the portable things from his church, in the close-packed residential district called Nagarachawa, to a house that belonged to a rayon manufacturer in Koi, two miles from the center of town. The rayon man, a Mr. Matsui, had opened his then unoccupied estate to a large number of his friends and acquaintances, so that they might evacuate whatever they wished to a safe distance from the probable target area. Mr. Tanimoto had had no difficulty in moving chairs, hymnals, Bibles, altar gear, and church records by pushcart himself, but the organ console and an

upright piano required some aid. A friend of his named Matsuo had, the day before, helped him get the piano out to Koi, in return, he had promised this day to assist Mr. Matsuo in hauling out a daughter's belongings. That is why he had risen so early.

Mr. Tanimoto cooked his own breakfast. He felt awfully tired. The effort of moving the piano the day before, a sleepless night, weeks of worry and unbalanced diet, the cares of his parish — all combined to make him feel hardly adequate to the new day's work. There was another thing, too: Mr. Tanimoto had studied theology at Emory College, in Atlanta, Georgia, he had graduated in 1940, he spoke excellent English, he dressed in American clothes, he had corresponded with many American friends right up to the time the war began, and among a people obsessed with a fear of being spied upon — perhaps almost obsessed himself — he found himself growing increasingly uneasy. The police had questioned him several times, and just a few days before, he had heard that an influential acquaintance, a Mr. Tanaka, a retired officer of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha steamship line, an anti-Christian, a man famous in Hiroshima for his showy philanthropies and notorious for his personal tyrannies, had been telling people that Tanimoto should not be trusted. In compensation, to show himself publicly a good Japanese, Mr. Tanimoto had taken on the chairmanship of his local *tonarigumi*, or Neighborhood Association, and to his other duties and concerns this position had added the business of organizing air-raid defense for about twenty families.

Before six o'clock that morning, Mr. Tanimoto started for Mr. Matsuo's house. There he found that their burden was to be a *tansu*, a large Japanese cabinet, full of clothing and household goods. The two men set out. The morning was perfectly clear and so warm that the day promised to be uncomfortable. A few minutes after they started, the air-raid siren went off — a minute-long blast that warned of approaching planes but indicated to the people of Hiroshima only a slight degree of danger, since it sounded every morning at this time, when an American weather plane came over. The two men pulled and pushed the handcart through the city streets. Hiroshima was a fan-shaped city, lying mostly on the six islands formed by the seven estuarial rivers that branch out from the Ota River, its main commercial and residential districts, covering about four square miles in the center of the city, contained three-quarters of its population, which had been reduced by several evacuation programs from a wartime peak of 380,000 to about 245,000. Factories and other residential districts, or suburbs, lay compactly around the edges of the city. To the south were the docks, an airport, and the island-studded Inland Sea. A rim of mountains runs around the other three sides of the delta. Mr. Tanimoto and Mr. Matsuo took their way through the shopping center, already full of people, and across two of the rivers to the sloping streets of Koi, and up them to the outskirts and foothills. As they started up a valley away from

the tight-ranked houses, the all-clear sounded (The Japanese radar operators, detecting only three planes, supposed that they comprised a reconnaissance) Pushing the handcart up to the rayon man's house was tiring, and the men, after they had maneuvered their load into the driveway and to the front steps, paused to rest awhile. They stood with a wing of the house between them and the city. Like most homes in this part of Japan, the house consisted of a wooden frame and wooden walls supporting a heavy tile roof. Its front hall, packed with rolls of bedding and clothing, looked like a cool cave full of fat cushions. Opposite the house, to the right of the front door, there was a large, finicky rock garden. There was no sound of planes. The morning was still, the place was cool and pleasant.

Then a tremendous flash of light cut across the sky. Mr. Tanimoto has a distinct recollection that it travelled from east to west, from the city toward the hills. It seemed a sheet of sun. Both he and Mr. Matsuo reacted in terror — and both had time to react (for they were 3,500 yards, or two miles, from the center of the explosion) Mr. Matsuo dashed up the front steps into the house and dived among the bedrolls and buried himself there. Mr. Tanimoto took four or five steps and threw himself between two big rocks in the garden. He bellied up very hard against one of them. As his face was against the stone, he did not see what happened. He felt a sudden pressure, and then splinters and pieces of board and fragments of tile fell on him. He heard no roar. (Almost no one in Hiroshima recalls hearing any noise of the bomb. But a fisherman in his sampan on the Inland Sea near Tsuzu, the man with whom Mr. Tanimoto's mother-in-law and sister-in-law were living, saw the flash and heard a tremendous explosion, he was nearly twenty miles from Hiroshima, but the thunder was greater than when the B-29s hit Iwakuni, only five miles away.)

When he dared, Mr. Tanimoto raised his head and saw that the rayon man's house had collapsed. He thought a bomb had fallen directly on it. Such clouds of dust had risen that there was a sort of twilight around. In panic, not thinking for the moment of Mr. Matsuo under the ruins, he dashed out into the street. He noticed as he ran that the concrete wall of the estate had fallen over — toward the house rather than away from it. In the street, the first thing he saw was a squad of soldiers who had been burrowing into the hillside opposite, making one of the thousands of dugouts in which the Japanese apparently intended to resist invasion, hill by hill, life for life; the soldiers were coming out of the hole, where they should have been safe, and blood was running from their heads, chests, and backs. They were silent and dazed.

Under what seemed to be a local dust cloud, the day grew darker and darker.

At nearly midnight, the night before the bomb was dropped, an announcer on the city's radio station said that about two hundred B-29s were approaching southern Honshu and advised the population of Hiro-

shima to evacuate to their designated "safe areas." Mrs. Hatsuyo Nakamura, the tailor's widow, who lived in the section called Nobori-cho and who had long had a habit of doing as she was told, got her three children — a ten-year-old boy, Toshio, an eight-year-old girl, Yaeko, and a five-year-old girl, Myeko — out of bed and dressed them and walked with them to the military area known as the East Parade Ground, on the northeast edge of the city. There she unrolled some mats and the children lay down on them. They slept until about two, when they were awakened by the roar of the planes going over Hiroshima.

As soon as the planes had passed, Mrs. Nakamura started back with her children. They reached home a little after two-thirty and she immediately turned on the radio, which, to her distress, was just then broadcasting a fresh warning. When she looked at the children and saw how tired they were, and when she thought of the number of trips they had made in past weeks, all to no purpose, to the East Parade Ground, she decided that in spite of the instructions on the radio, she simply could not face starting out all over again. She put the children in their bedrolls on the floor, lay down herself at three o'clock, and fell asleep at once, so soundly that when planes passed over later, she did not waken to their sound.

The siren jarred her awake at about seven. She arose, dressed quickly, and hurried to the house of Mr. Nakamoto, the head of her Neighborhood Association, and asked him what she should do. He said that she should remain at home unless an urgent warning — a series of intermittent blasts of the siren — was sounded. She returned home, lit the stove in the kitchen, set some rice to cook, and sat down to read that morning's *Hiroshima Chugoku*. To her relief, the all-clear sounded at eight o'clock. She heard the children stirring, so she went and gave each of them a handful of peanuts and told them to stay on their bedrolls, because they were tired from the night's walk. She had hoped that they would go back to sleep, but the man in the house directly to the south began to make a terrible hullabaloo of hammering, wedging, ripping, and splitting. The prefectural government, convinced, as everyone in Hiroshima was, that the city would be attacked soon, had begun to press with threats and warnings for the completion of wide fire lanes, which, it was hoped, might act in conjunction with the rivers to localize any fires started by an incendiary raid, and the neighbor was reluctantly sacrificing his home to the city's safety. Just the day before, the prefecture had ordered all able-bodied girls from the secondary schools to spend a few days helping to clear these lanes, and they started work soon after the all-clear sounded.

Mrs. Nakamura went back to the kitchen, looked at the rice, and began watching the man next door. At first, she was annoyed with him for making so much noise, but then she was moved almost to tears by pity. Her emotion was specifically directed toward her neighbor, tearing

down his home, board by board, at a time when there was so much unavoidable destruction, but undoubtedly she also felt a generalized, community pity, to say nothing of self-pity. She had not had an easy time. Her husband, Isawa, had gone into the Army just after Myeko was born, and she had heard nothing from or of him for a long time, until, on March 5, 1942, she received a seven-word telegram. "Isawa died an honorable death at Singapore." She learned later that he had died on February 15th, the day Singapore fell, and that he had been a corporal. Isawa had been a not particularly prosperous tailor, and his only capital was a Sankoku sewing machine. After his death, when his allotments stopped coming, Mrs. Nakamura got out the machine and began to take in piece-work herself, and since then had supported the children, but poorly, by sewing.

As Mrs. Nakamura stood watching her neighbor, everything flashed whiter than any white she had ever seen. She did not notice what happened to the man next door, the reflex of a mother set her in motion toward her children. She had taken a single step (the house was 1,350 yards, or three-quarters of a mile, from the center of the explosion) when something picked her up and she seemed to fly into the next room over the raised sleeping platform, pursued by parts of her house.

Timbers fell around her as she landed, and a shower of tiles pommelled her, everything became dark, for she was buried. The debris did not cover her deeply. She rose up and freed herself. She heard a child cry, "Mother, help me!" and saw her youngest — Myeko, the five-year-old — buried up to her breast and unable to move. As Mrs. Nakamura started frantically to claw her way toward the baby, she could see or hear nothing of her other children.

In the days right before the bombing, Dr. Masakazu Fujii, being prosperous, hedonistic, and, at the time, not too busy, had been allowing himself the luxury of sleeping until nine or nine-thirty, but fortunately he had to get up early the morning the bomb was dropped to see a house guest off on a train. He rose at six, and half an hour later walked with his friend to the station, not far away, across two of the rivers. He was back home by seven, just as the siren sounded its sustained warning. He ate breakfast and then, because the morning was already hot, undressed down to his underwear and went out on the porch to read the paper. This porch — in fact, the whole building — was curiously constructed. Dr. Fujii was the proprietor of a peculiarly Japanese institution, a private, single-doctor hospital. This building, perched beside and over the water of the Kyo River, and next to the bridge of the same name, contained thirty rooms for thirty patients and their kinfolk — for, according to Japanese custom, when a person falls sick and goes to a hospital, one or more members of his family go and live there with him, to cook for him, bathe, massage, and read to him, and to offer incessant familiar sympathy, without which

a Japanese patient would be miserable indeed Dr Fujii had no beds — only straw mats — for his patients. He did, however, have all sorts of modern equipment. an X-ray machine, diathermy apparatus, and a fine tiled laboratory. The structure rested two-thirds on the land, one-third on piles over the tidal waters of the Kyo. This overhang, the part of the building where Dr. Fujii lived, was queer-looking, but it was cool in summer and from the porch, which faced away from the center of the city, the prospect of the river, with pleasure boats drifting up and down it, was always refreshing. Dr. Fujii had occasionally had anxious moments when the Ota and its mouth branches rose to flood, but the piling was apparently firm enough and the house had always held.

Dr. Fujii had been relatively idle for about a month because in July, as the number of untouched cities in Japan dwindled and as Hiroshima seemed more and more inevitably a target, he began turning patients away, on the ground that in case of a fire raid he would not be able to evacuate them. Now he had only two patients left — a woman from Yano, injured in the shoulder, and a young man of twenty-five recovering from burns he had suffered when the steel factory near Hiroshima in which he worked had been hit. Dr. Fujii had six nurses to tend his patients. His wife and children were safe, his wife and one son were living outside Osaka, and another son and two daughters were in the country on Kyushu. A niece was living with him, and a maid and a manservant. He had little to do and did not mind, for he had saved some money. At fifty, he was healthy, convivial, and calm, and he was pleased to pass the evenings drinking whiskey with friends, always sensibly and for the sake of conversation. Before the war, he had affected brands imported from Scotland and America, now he was perfectly satisfied with the best Japanese brand, Suntory.

Dr. Fujii sat down cross-legged in his underwear on the spotless matting of the porch, put on his glasses, and started reading the *Osaka Asahi*. He liked to read the Osaka news because his wife was there. He saw the flash. To him — faced away from the center and looking at his paper — it seemed a brilliant yellow. Startled, he began to rise to his feet. In that moment (he was 1,550 yards from the center), the hospital leaned behind his rising and, with a terrible ripping noise, toppled into the river. The Doctor, still in the act of getting to his feet, was thrown forward and around and over; he was buffeted and gripped, he lost track of everything, because things were so speeded up, he felt the water.

Dr. Fujii hardly had time to think that he was dying before he realized that he was alive, squeezed tightly by two long timbers in a V across his chest, like a morsel suspended between two huge chopsticks — held upright, so that he could not move, with his head miraculously above water and his torso and legs in it. The remains of his hospital were all around him in a mad assortment of splintered lumber and materials for

the relief of pain. His left shoulder hurt terribly. His glasses were gone.

Father Wilhelm Kleinsorge, of the Society of Jesus, was, on the morning of the explosion, in rather frail condition. The Japanese wartime diet had not sustained him, and he felt the strain of being a foreigner in an increasingly xenophobic Japan, even a German, since the defeat of the Fatherland, was unpopular. Father Kleinsorge had, at thirty-eight, the look of a boy growing too fast — thin in the face, with a prominent Adam's apple, a hollow chest, dangling hands, big feet. He walked clumsily, leaning forward a little. He was tired all the time. To make matters worse, he had suffered for two days, along with Father Cieslik, a fellow-priest, from a rather painful and urgent diarrhea, which they blamed on the beans and black ration bread they were obliged to eat. Two other priests then living in the mission compound, which was in the Nobori-cho section — Father Superior LaSalle and Father Schiffer — had happily escaped this affliction.

Father Kleinsorge woke up about six the morning the bomb was dropped, and half an hour later — he was a bit tardy because of his sickness — he began to read Mass in the mission chapel, a small Japanese-style wooden building which was without pews, since its worshippers knelt on the usual Japanese matted floor, facing an altar graced with splendid silks, brass, silver, and heavy embroideries. This morning, a Monday, the only worshippers were Mr. Takemoto, a theological student living in the mission house, Mr. Fukai, the secretary of the diocese, Mrs. Murata, the mission's devoutly Christian housekeeper; and his fellow-priests. After Mass, while Father Kleinsorge was reading the Prayers of Thanksgiving, the siren sounded. He stopped the service and the missionaries retired across the compound to the bigger building. There, in his room on the ground floor, to the right of the front door, Father Kleinsorge changed into a military uniform which he had acquired when he was teaching at the Rokko Middle School in Kobe and which he wore during air-raid alerts.

After an alarm, Father Kleinsorge always went out and scanned the sky, and this time, when he stepped outside, he was glad to see only the single weather plane that flew over Hiroshima each day about this time. Satisfied that nothing would happen, he went in and breakfasted with the other Fathers on substitute coffee and ration bread, which, under the circumstances, was especially repugnant to him. The Fathers sat and talked a while, until, at eight, they heard the all-clear. They went then to various parts of the building. Father Schiffer retired to his room to do some writing. Father Cieslik sat in his room in a straight chair with a pillow over his stomach to ease his pain, and read. Father Superior LaSalle stood at the window of his room, thinking. Father Kleinsorge went up to a room on the third floor, took off all his clothes except his underwear, and stretched out on his right side on a cot and began reading his *Stimmen der Zeit*.

After the terrible flash — which, Father Kleinsorge later realized, reminded him of something he had read as a boy about a large meteor colliding with the earth — he had time (since he was 1,400 yards from the center) for one thought. A bomb has fallen directly on us. Then, for a few seconds or minutes, he went out of his mind.

Father Kleinsorge never knew how he got out of the house. The next things he was conscious of were that he was wandering around in the mission's vegetable garden in his underwear, bleeding slightly from small cuts along his left flank; that all the buildings round about had fallen down except the Jesuit's mission house, which had long before been braced and double-braced by a priest named Gropper, who was terrified of earthquakes, that the day had turned dark, and that Murata-san, the housekeeper, was nearby, crying over and over, "*Shu Jesusu, awaremi tamai!* Our Lord Jesus, have pity on us!"

On the train on the way into Hiroshima from the country, where he lived with his mother, Dr. Terufumi Sasaki, the Red Cross Hospital surgeon, thought over an unpleasant nightmare he had had the night before. His mother's home was in Mukaihara, thirty miles from the city, and it took him two hours by train and tram to reach the hospital. He had slept uneasily all night and had wakened an hour earlier than usual, and, feeling sluggish and slightly feverish, had debated whether to go to the hospital at all, his sense of duty finally forced him to go, and he had started out on an earlier train than he took most mornings. The dream had particularly frightened him because it was so closely associated, on the surface at least, with a disturbing actuality. He was only twenty-five years old and had just completed his training at the Eastern Medical University, in Tsingtao, China. He was something of an idealist and was much distressed by the inadequacy of medical facilities in the country town where his mother lived. Quite on his own, and without a permit, he had begun visiting a few sick people out there in the evenings, after his eight hours at the hospital and four hours' commuting. He had recently learned that the penalty for practicing without a permit was severe, a fellow-doctor whom he had asked about it had given him a serious scolding. Nevertheless, he had continued to practice. In his dream, he had been at the bedside of a country patient when the police and the doctor he had consulted burst into the room, seized him, dragged him outside, and beat him up cruelly. On the train, he just about decided to give up the work in Mukaihara, since he felt it would be impossible to get a permit, because the authorities would hold that it would conflict with his duties at the Red Cross Hospital.

At the terminus, he caught a streetcar at once. (He later calculated that if he had taken his customary train that morning, and if he had had to wait a few minutes for the streetcar, as often happened, he would have been close to the center at the time of the explosion and would surely

have perished) He arrived at the hospital at seven-forty and reported to the chief surgeon. A few minutes later, he went to a room on the first floor and drew blood from the arm of a man in order to perform a Wassermann test. The laboratory containing the incubators for the test was on the third floor. With the blood specimen in his left hand, walking in a kind of distraction he had felt all morning, probably because of the dream and his restless night, he started along the main corridor on his way toward the stairs. He was one step beyond an open window when the light of the bomb was reflected, like a gigantic photographic flash, in the corridor. He ducked down on one knee and said to himself, as only a Japanese would, "*Sasaki, gambare! Be brave!*" Just then (the building was 1,650 yards from the center), the blast ripped through the hospital. The glasses he was wearing flew off his face; the bottle of blood crashed against one wall, his Japanese slippers zipped out from under his feet — but otherwise, thanks to where he stood, he was untouched.

Dr. Sasaki shouted the name of the chief surgeon and rushed around to the man's office and found him terribly cut by glass. The hospital was in horrible confusion: heavy partitions and ceilings had fallen on patients, beds had overturned, windows had blown in and cut people, blood was spattered on the walls and floors, instruments were everywhere, many of the patients were running about screaming, many more lay dead. (A colleague working in the laboratory to which Dr. Sasaki had been walking was dead, Dr. Sasaki's patient, whom he had just left and who a few moments before had been dreadfully afraid of syphilis, was also dead.) Dr. Sasaki found himself the only doctor in the hospital who was unhurt.

Dr. Sasaki, who believed that the enemy had hit only the building he was in, got bandages and began to bind the wounds of those inside the hospital, while outside, all over Hiroshima, maimed and dying citizens turned their unsteady steps toward the Red Cross Hospital to begin an invasion that was to make Dr. Sasaki forget his private nightmare for a long, long time.

Miss Toshiko Sasaki, the East Asia Tin Works clerk, who is not related to Dr. Sasaki, got up at three o'clock in the morning on the day the bomb fell. There was extra housework to do. Her eleven-month-old brother, Akio, had come down the day before with a serious stomach upset; her mother had taken him to the Tamura Pediatric Hospital and was staying there with him. Miss Sasaki, who was about twenty, had to cook breakfast for her father, a brother, a sister, and herself, and — since the hospital, because of the war, was unable to provide food — to prepare a whole day's meals for her mother and the baby, in time for her father, who worked in a factory making rubber earplugs for artillery crews, to take the food by on his way to the plant. When she had finished and had cleaned and put away the cooking things, it was nearly seven. The family lived in Koi, and she had a forty-five minute trip to the tin works, in the section of

town called Kannon-machi. She was in charge of the personnel records in the factory. She left Koi at seven, and as soon as she reached the plant, she went with some of the other girls from the personnel department to the factory auditorium. A prominent local Navy man, a former employee, had committed suicide the day before by throwing himself under a train — a death considered honorable enough to warrant a memorial service, which was to be held at the tin works at ten o'clock that morning. In the large hall, Miss Sasaki and the others made suitable preparations for the meeting. This work took about twenty minutes.

Miss Sasaki went back to her office and sat down at her desk. She was quite far from the windows, which were off to her left, and behind her were a couple of tall bookcases containing all the books of the factory library, which the personnel department had organized. She settled herself at her desk, put some things in a drawer, and shifted papers. She thought that before she began to make entries in her lists of new employees, discharges, and departures for the Army, she would chat for a moment with the girl at her right. Just as she turned her head away from windows, the room was filled with a blinding light. She was paralyzed by fear, fixed still in her chair for a long moment (the plant was 1,600 yards from the center).

Everything fell, and Miss Sasaki lost consciousness. The ceiling dropped suddenly and the wooden floor above collapsed in splinters and the people up there came down and the roof above them gave way; but principally and first of all, the bookcases right behind her swooped forward and the contents threw her down, with her left leg horribly twisted and breaking underneath her. There, in the tin factory, in the first moment of the atomic age, a human being was crushed by books.

II. THE FIRE

Immediately after the explosion, the Reverend Mr. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, having run wildly out of the Matsui estate and having looked in wonderment at the bloody soldiers at the mouth of the dugout they had been digging, attached himself sympathetically to an old lady who was walking along in a daze, holding her head with her left hand, supporting a small boy of three or four on her back with her right, and crying, "I'm hurt! I'm hurt! I'm hurt!" Mr. Tanimoto transferred the child to his own back and led the woman by the hand down the street, which was darkened by what seemed to be a local column of dust. He took the woman to a grammar school not far away that had previously been designated for use as a temporary hospital in case of emergency. By this solicitous behavior, Mr. Tanimoto at once got rid of his terror. At the school, he was much surprised to see glass all over the floor and fifty or sixty injured people already waiting to be treated. He reflected that, although the all-clear had

sounded and he had heard no planes, several bombs must have been dropped. He thought of a hillock in the rayon man's garden from which he could get a view of the whole of Koi — of the whole of Hiroshima, for that matter — and he ran back up to the estate.

From the mound, Mr. Tanimoto saw an astonishing panorama. Not just a patch of Koi, as he had expected, but as much of Hiroshima as he could see through the clouded air was giving off a thick, dreadful miasma. Clumps of smoke, near and far, had begun to push up through the general dust. He wondered how such extensive damage could have been dealt out of a silent sky, even a few planes, far up, would have been audible. Houses nearby were burning, and when huge drops of water the size of marbles began to fall, he half thought that they must be coming from the hoses of firemen fighting the blazes. (They were actually drops of condensed moisture falling from the turbulent tower of dust, heat, and fission fragments that had already risen miles into the sky above Hiroshima.)

Mr. Tanimoto turned away from the sight when he heard Mr. Matsuo call out to ask whether he was all right. Mr. Matsuo had been safely cushioned within the falling house by the bedding stored in the front hall and had worked his way out. Mr. Tanimoto scarcely answered. He had thought of his wife and baby, his church, his home, his parishioners, all of them down in that awful murk. Once more he began to run in fear — toward the city.

Mrs. Hatsuyo Nakamura, the tailor's widow, having struggled up from under the ruins of her house after the explosion, and seeing Myeko, the youngest of her three children, buried breast-deep and unable to move, crawled across the debris, hauled at timbers, and flung tiles aside, in a hurried effort to free the child. Then, from what seemed to be caverns far below, she heard two small voices crying, "*Tasukete! Tasukete! Help! Help!*"

She called the names of her ten-year-old son and eight-year-old daughter. "*Toshio! Yaeko!*"

The voices from below answered.

Mrs. Nakamura abandoned Myeko, who at least could breathe, and in a frenzy made the wreckage fly above the crying voices. The children had been sleeping nearly ten feet apart, but now their voices seemed to come from the same place. Toshio, the boy, apparently had some freedom to move, because she could feel him undermining the pile of wood and tiles as she worked from above. At last she saw his head, and she hastily pulled him out by it. A mosquito net was wound intricately, as if it had been carefully wrapped, around his feet. He said he had been blown right across the room and had been on top of his sister Yaeko under the wreckage. She now said, from underneath, that she could not move, because there was something on her legs. With a bit more digging, Mrs. Nakamura cleared a hole above the child and began to pull her arm.

"*Itai!* It hurts!" Yaeko cried. Mrs. Nakamura shouted, "There's no time now to say whether it hurts or not," and yanked her whimpering daughter up. Then she freed Myeko. The children were filthy and bruised, but none of them had a single cut or scratch.

Mrs. Nakamura took the children out into the street. They had nothing on but underpants, and although the day was very hot, she worried rather confusedly about their being cold, so she went back into the wreckage and burrowed underneath and found a bundle of clothes she had packed for an emergency, and she dressed them in pants, blouses, shoes, padded-cotton air-raid helmets called *bokuzuki*, and even, irrationally, overcoats. The children were silent, except for the five-year-old, Myeko, who kept asking questions: "Why is it night already? Why did our house fall down? What happened?" Mrs. Nakamura, who did not know what had happened (had not the all-clear sounded?), looked around and saw through the darkness that all the houses in her neighborhood had collapsed. The house next door, which its owner had been tearing down to make way for a fire lane, was now very thoroughly, if crudely, torn down, its owner, who had been sacrificing his home for the community's safety, lay dead. Mrs. Nakamoto, wife of the head of the local air-raid-defense Neighborhood Association, came across the street with her head all bloody, and said that her baby was badly cut, did Mrs. Nakamura have any bandage? Mrs. Nakamura did not, but she crawled into the remains of her house again and pulled out some white cloth that she had been using in her work as a seamstress, ripped it into strips, and gave it to Mrs. Nakamoto. While fetching the cloth, she noticed her sewing machine, she went back in for it and dragged it out. Obviously, she could not carry it with her, so she unthinkingly plunged her symbol of livelihood into the receptacle which for weeks had been her symbol of safety — the cement tank of water in front of her house, of the type every household had been ordered to construct against a possible fire raid.

A nervous neighbor, Mrs. Hataya, called to Mrs. Nakamura to run away with her to the woods in Asano Park — an estate, by the Kyo River not far off, belonging to the wealthy Asano family, who once owned the Toyo Kisen Kaisha steamship line. The park had been designated as an evacuation area for their neighborhood. Seeing fire breaking out in a nearby ruin (except at the very center, where the bomb itself ignited some fires, most of Hiroshima's citywide conflagration was caused by inflammable wreckage falling on cookstoves and live wires), Mrs. Nakamura suggested going over to fight it. Mrs. Hataya said, "Don't be foolish. What if planes come and drop more bombs?" So Mrs. Nakamura started out for Asano Park with her children and Mrs. Hataya, and she carried her rucksack of emergency clothing, a blanket, an umbrella, and a suitcase of things she had cached in her air-raid shelter. Under many ruins, as they hurried along, they heard muffled screams for help. The only build-

ing they saw standing on their way to Asano Park was the Jesuit mission house, alongside the Catholic kindergarten to which Mrs Nakamura had sent Myeko for a time. As they passed it, she saw Father Kleinsorge, in bloody underwear, running out of the house with a small suitcase in his hand

Right after the explosion, while Father Wilhelm Kleinsorge, S. J., was wandering around in his underwear in the vegetable garden, Father Superior LaSalle came around the corner of the building in the darkness. His body, especially his back, was bloody, the flash had made him twist away from his windows and tiny pieces of glass had flown at him. Father Kleinsorge, still bewildered, managed to ask, "Where are the rest?" Just then, the two other priests living in the mission house appeared — Father Cieslik, unhurt, supporting Father Schiffer, who was covered with blood that spurted from a cut above his left ear and who was very pale. Father Cieslik was rather pleased with himself, for after the flash he had dived into a doorway, which he had previously reckoned to be the safest place inside the building, and when the blast came, he was not injured. Father LaSalle told Father Cieslik to take Father Schiffer to a doctor before he bled to death, and suggested either Dr. Kanda, who lived on the next corner, or Dr. Fujii, about six blocks away. The two men went out of the compound and up the street.

The daughter of Mr. Hoshijima, the mission catechist, ran up to Father Kleinsorge and said that her mother and sister were buried under the ruins of their house, which was at the back of the Jesuit compound, and at the same time the priests noticed that the house of the Catholic-kindergarten teacher at the foot of the compound had collapsed on her. While Father LaSalle and Mrs Murata, the mission housekeeper, dug the teacher out, Father Kleinsorge went to the catechist's fallen house and began lifting things off the top of the pile. There was not a sound underneath, he was sure the Hoshijima women had been killed. At last, under what had been a corner of the kitchen, he saw Mrs Hoshijima's head. Believing her dead, he began to haul her out by the hair but suddenly she screamed, "*Itai! Itai!* It hurts! It hurts!" He dug some more and lifted her out. He managed, too, to find her daughter in the rubble and free her. Neither was badly hurt.

A public bath next door to the mission house had caught fire, but since there the wind was southerly, the priests thought their house would be spared. Nevertheless, as a precaution, Father Kleinsorge went inside to fetch some things he wanted to save. He found his room in a state of weird and illogical confusion. A first-aid kit was hanging undisturbed on a hook on the wall, but his clothes, which had been on other hooks nearby, were nowhere to be seen. His desk was in splinters all over the room, but a mere papier-mâché suitcase, which he had hidden under the desk, stood handle-side up, without a scratch on it, in the doorway of the room, where

he could not miss it. Father Kleinsorge later came to regard this as a bit of Providential interference, inasmuch as the suitcase contained his breviary, the account books for the whole diocese, and a considerable amount of paper money belonging to the mission, for which he was responsible. He ran out of the house and deposited the suitcase in the mission air-raid shelter.

At about this time Father Cieslik and Father Schiffer, who was still spurting blood, came back and said that Dr. Kanda's house was ruined and that fire blocked them from getting out of what they supposed to be the local circle of destruction to Dr. Fujii's private hospital, on the bank of the Koyo River.

Dr. Masakazu Fujii's hospital was no longer on the bank of the Kyo River, it was in the river. After the overturn, Dr. Fujii was so stupefied and so tightly squeezed by the beams gripping his chest that he was unable to move at first, and he hung there about twenty minutes in the darkened morning. Then a thought which came to him — that soon the tide would be running in through the estuaries and his head would be submerged — inspired him to fearful activity, he wriggled and turned and exerted what strength he could (though his left arm, because of the pain in his shoulder, was useless), and before long he had freed himself from the vise. After a few moments' rest, he climbed onto the pile of timbers and, finding a long one that slanted up to the riverbank, he painfully shinnied up it.

Dr. Fujii, who was in his underwear, was now soaking and dirty. His undershirt was torn, and blood ran down it from bad cuts on his chin and back. In this disarray, he walked out onto Kyo Bridge, beside which his hospital had stood. The bridge had not collapsed. He could see only fuzzily without his glasses, but he could see enough to be amazed at the number of houses that were down all around him. On the bridge, he encountered a friend, a doctor named Machii, and asked in bewilderment, "What do you think it was?"

Dr. Machii said, "It must have been a *Molotoffano hanakago*" — a Molotov flower basket, the delicate Japanese name for the "bread basket," or self-scattering cluster of bombs.

At first, Dr. Fujii could see only two fires, one across the river from his hospital site and one quite far to the south. But at the same time, he and his friend observed something that puzzled them, and which, as doctors, they discussed: although there were as yet very few fires, wounded people were hurrying across the bridge in an endless parade of misery, and many of them exhibited terrible burns on their faces and arms. "Why do you suppose it is?" Dr. Fujii asked. Even a theory was comforting that day, and Dr. Machii stuck to his "Perhaps because it was a Molotov flower basket," he said.

There had been no breeze earlier in the morning when Dr. Fujii had

walked to the railway station to see a friend off, but now brisk winds were blowing every which way, here on the bridge the wind was easterly. New fires were leaping up, and they spread quickly, and in a very short time terrible blasts of hot air and showers of cinders made it impossible to stand on the bridge any more. Dr. Machii ran to the far side of the river and along a still unkindled street. Dr. Fujii went down into the water under the bridge, where a score of people had already taken refuge, among them his servants, who had extricated themselves from the wreckage. From there, Dr. Fujii saw a nurse hanging in the timbers of his hospital by her legs, and then another painfully pinned across the breast. He enlisted the help of some of the others under the bridge and freed both of them. He thought he heard the voice of his niece for a moment, but he could not find her, he never saw her again. Four of his nurses and the two patients in the hospital died, too. Dr. Fujii went back into the water of the river and waited for the fire to subside.

The lot of Drs. Fujii, Kanda, and Machii right after the explosion — and, as these three were typical, that of the majority of the physicians and surgeons of Hiroshima — with their offices and hospitals destroyed, their equipment scattered, their own bodies incapacitated in varying degrees, explained why so many citizens who were hurt went untended and why so many who might have lived died. Of a hundred and fifty doctors in the city, sixty-five were already dead and most of the rest were wounded. Of 1,780 nurses, 1,654 were dead or too badly hurt to work. In the biggest hospital, that of the Red Cross, only six doctors out of thirty were able to function, and only ten nurses out of more than two hundred. The sole uninjured doctor on the Red Cross Hospital staff was Dr. Sasaki. After the explosion, he hurried to a storeroom to fetch bandages. This room, like everything he had seen as he ran through the hospital, was chaotic — bottles of medicines thrown off shelves and broken, salves spattered on the walls, instruments strewn everywhere. He grabbed up some bandages and an unbroken bottle of mercurochrome, hurried back to the chief surgeon, and bandaged his cuts. Then he went out into the corridor and began patching up the wounded patients and the doctors and nurses there. He blundered so without his glasses that he took a pair off the face of a wounded nurse, and although they only approximately compensated for the errors of his vision, they were better than nothing. (He was to depend on them for more than a month.)

Dr. Sasaki worked without method, taking those who were nearest him first, and he noticed soon that the corridor seemed to be getting more and more crowded. Mixed in with the abrasions and lacerations which most people in the hospital had suffered, he began to find dreadful burns. He realized then that casualties were pouring in from outdoors. There were so many that he began to pass up the lightly wounded; he decided that all he could hope to do was to stop people from bleeding to death. Before

long, patients lay and crouched on the floors of the wards and the laboratories and all the other rooms, and in the corridors, and on the stairs, and in the front hall, and under the porte-cochère, and on the stone front steps, and in the driveway and courtyard, and for blocks each way in the streets outside. Wounded people supported maimed people, disfigured families leaned together. Many people were vomiting. A tremendous number of schoolgirls — some of those who had been taken from their classrooms to work outdoors, clearing fire lanes — crept into the hospital. In a city of two hundred and forty-five thousand, nearly a hundred thousand people had been killed or doomed at one blow, a hundred thousand more were hurt. At least ten thousand of the wounded made their way to the best hospital in town, which was altogether unequal to such a trampling, since it had only six hundred beds, and they had all been occupied. The people in the suffocating crowd inside the hospital wept and cried, for Dr. Sasaki to hear, “Sensei! Doctor!,” and the less seriously wounded came and pulled at his sleeve and begged him to come to the aid of the worse wounded. Tugged here and there in his stockinged feet, bewildered by the numbers, staggered by so much raw flesh, Dr. Sasaki lost all sense of profession and stopped working as a skillful surgeon and a sympathetic man, he became an automaton, mechanically wiping, daubing, winding, wiping, daubing, winding.

Some of the wounded in Hiroshima were unable to enjoy the questionable luxury of hospitalization. In what had been the personnel office of the East Asia Tin Works, Miss Sasaski lay doubled over, unconscious, under the tremendous pile of books and plaster and wood and corrugated iron. She was wholly unconscious (she later estimated) for about three hours. Her first sensation was of dreadful pain in her left leg. It was so black under the books and debris that the borderline between awareness and unconsciousness was fine, she apparently crossed it several times, for the pain seemed to come and go. At the moments when it was sharpest, she felt that her leg had been cut off somewhere below the knee. Later, she heard someone walking on top of the wreckage above her, and anguished voices spoke up, evidently from within the mess around her: “Please help! Get us out!”

Father Kleinsorge stemmed Father Schiffer’s spurting cut as well as he could with some bandage that Dr. Fujii had given the priests a few days before. When he finished, he ran into the mission house again and found the jacket of his military uniform and an old pair of gray trousers. He put them on and went outside. A woman from next door ran up to him and shouted that her husband was buried under her house and the house was on fire, Father Kleinsorge must come and save him.

Father Kleinsorge, already growing apathetic and dazed in the presence of the cumulative distress, said, “We haven’t much time.” Houses

all around were burning, and the wind was now blowing hard. "Do you know exactly which part of the house he is under?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she said "Come quickly."

They went around to the house, the remains of which blazed violently, but when they got there, it turned out that the woman had no idea where her husband was. Father Kleinsorge shouted several times, "Is anyone there?" There was no answer. Father Kleinsorge said to the woman, "We must get away or we will all die." He went back to the Catholic compound and told the Father Superior that the fire was coming closer on the wind, which had swung around and was now from the north, it was time for everybody to go.

Just then, the kindergarten teacher pointed out to the priests Mr. Fukai, the secretary of the diocese, who was standing in his window on the second floor of the mission house, facing in the direction of the explosion, weeping. Father Cieslik, because he thought the stairs unusable, ran around to the back of the mission house to look for a ladder. There he heard people crying for help under a nearby fallen roof. He called to passersby running away in the street to help him lift it, but nobody paid any attention, and he had to leave the buried ones to die. Father Kleinsorge ran inside the mission house and scrambled up the stairs, which were awry and piled with plaster and lathing, and called to Mr. Fukai from the doorway of his room.

Mr. Fukai, a very short man of about fifty, turned around slowly, with a queer look, and said, "Leave me here."

Father Kleinsorge went into the room and took Mr. Fukai by the collar of his coat and said, "Come with me or you'll die."

Mr. Fukai said, "Leave me here to die."

Father Kleinsorge began to shove and haul Mr. Fukai out of the room. Then the theological student came up and grabbed Mr. Fukai's feet, and Father Kleinsorge took his shoulders, and together they carried him downstairs and outdoors, "I can't walk!" Mr. Fukai cried. "Leave me here!" Father Kleinsorge got his paper suitcase with the money in it and took Mr. Fukai up pickaback, and the party started for the East Parade Ground, their district's "safe area." As they went out of the gate, Mr. Fukai, quite childlike now, beat on Father Kleinsorge's shoulders and said, "I won't leave I won't leave." Irrelevantly, Father Kleinsorge turned to Father LaSalle and said, "We have lost all our possessions but not our sense of humor."

The street was cluttered with parts of houses that had slid into it, and with fallen telephone poles and wires. From every second or third house came the voices of people buried and abandoned, who invariably screamed, with formal politeness, "*Tasukete kure!* Help, if you please!" The priests recognized several ruins from which these cries came as the homes of friends, but because of the fire it was too late to help. All the

way, Mr. Fukai whimpered, "Let me stay." The party turned right when they came to a block of fallen houses that was one flame. At Sakai Bridge, which would take them across to the East Parade Ground, they saw that the whole community on the opposite side of the river was a sheet of fire, they dared not cross and decided to take refuge in Asano Park, off to their left. Father Kleinsorge, who had been weakened for a couple of days by his bad case of diarrhea, began to stagger under his protesting burden, and as he tried to climb up over the wreckage of several houses that blocked their way to the park, he stumbled, dropped Mr. Fukai, and plunged down, head over heels, to the edge of the river. When he picked himself up, he saw Mr. Fukai running away. Father Kleinsorge shouted to a dozen soldiers, who were standing by the bridge, to stop him. As Father Kleinsorge started back to get Mr. Fukai, Father LaSalle called out, "Hurry! Don't waste time!" So Father Kleinsorge just requested the soldiers to take care of Mr. Fukai. They said they would, but the little, broken man got away from them, and the last the priests could see of him, he was running back toward the fire.

Mr. Tanimoto, fearful for his family and church, at first ran toward them by the shortest route, along Koi Highway. He was the only person making his way into the city, he met hundreds and hundreds who were fleeing, and every one of them seemed to be hurt in some way. The eyebrows of some were burned off and skin hung from their faces and hands. Others, because of pain, held their arms up as if carrying something in both hands. Some were vomiting as they walked. Many were naked or in shreds of clothing. On some undressed bodies, the burns had made patterns — of undershirt straps and suspenders and, on the skin of some women (since white repelled the heat from the bomb and dark clothes absorbed it and conducted it to the skin), the shapes of flowers they had had on their kimonos. Many, although injured themselves, supported relatives who were worse off. Almost all had their heads bowed, looked straight ahead, were silent, and showed no expression whatever.

After crossing Koi Bridge and Kannon Bridge, having run the whole way, Mr. Tanimoto saw, as he approached the center, that all the houses had been crushed and many were afire. Here the trees were bare and their trunks were charred. He tried at several points to penetrate the ruins, but the flames always stopped him. Under many houses, people screamed for help, but no one helped; in general, survivors that day assisted only their relatives or immediate neighbors, for they could not comprehend or tolerate a wider circle of misery. The wounded limped past the screams, and Mr. Tanimoto ran past them. As a Christian he was filled with compassion for those who were trapped, and as a Japanese he was overwhelmed by the shame of being unhurt, and he prayed as he ran, "God help them and take them out of the fire."

He thought he would skirt the fire, to the left. He ran back to Kannon

Bridge and followed for a distance one of the rivers. He tried several cross streets, but all were blocked, so he turned far left and ran out to Yokogawa, a station on a railroad line that detoured the city in a wide semicircle, and he followed the rails until he came to a burning tram. So impressed was he by this time by the extent of the damage that he ran north two miles to Gion, a suburb in the foothills. All the way, he overtook dreadfully burned and lacerated people, and in his guilt he turned to right and left as he hurried and said to some of them, "Excuse me for having no burden like yours." Near Gion, he began to meet country people going toward the city to help, and when they saw him, several exclaimed, "Look! There is one who is not wounded." At Gion, he bore toward the right bank of the main river, the Ota, and ran down it until he reached fire again. There was no fire on the other side of the river, so he threw off his shirt and shoes and plunged into it. In midstream, where the current was fairly strong, exhaustion and fear finally caught up with him — he had run nearly seven miles — and he became limp and drifted in the water. He prayed, "Please, God, help me to cross. It would be nonsense for me to be drowned when I am the only uninjured one." He managed a few more strokes and fetched up on a spit downstream.

Mr. Tanimoto climbed up the bank and ran along it until, near a large Shinto shrine, he came to more fire, and as he turned left to get around it, he met, by incredible luck, his wife. She was carrying their infant son. Mr. Tanimoto was now so emotionally worn out that nothing could surprise him. He did not embrace his wife; he simply said, "Oh, you are safe." She told him that she had got home from her night in Ushida just in time for the explosion, she had been buried under the parsonage with the baby in her arms. She told how the wreckage had pressed down on her, how the baby had cried. She saw a chink of light, and by reaching up with a hand, she worked the hole bigger, bit by bit. After about half an hour, she heard the crackling noise of wood burning. At last the opening was big enough for her to push the baby out, and afterward she crawled out herself. She said she was now going out to Ushida again. Mr. Tanimoto said he wanted to see his church and take care of the people of his Neighborhood Association. They parted as casually — as bewildered — as they had met.

Mr. Tanimoto's way around the fire took him across the East Parade Ground, which, being an evacuation area, was now the scene of a gruesome review: rank on rank of the burned and bleeding. Those who were burned moaned, "*Mizu, mizu! Water, water!*" Mr. Tanimoto found a basin in a nearby street and located a water tap that still worked in the crushed shell of a house, and he began carrying water to the suffering strangers. When he had given drink to about thirty of them, he realized he was taking too much time. "Excuse me," he said loudly to those nearby who were reaching out their hands to him and crying their thirst. "I have many

people to take care of." Then he ran away. He went to the river again, the basin in his hand, and jumped down onto a sandpit. There he saw hundreds of people so badly wounded that they could not get up to go farther from the burning city. When they saw a man erect and unhurt, the chant began again. "*Mizu, mizu, mizu*" Mr. Tanimoto could not resist them, he carried them water from the river — a mistake, since it was tidal and brackish. Two or three small boats were ferrying hurt people across the river from Asano Park, and when one touched the spit, Mr. Tanimoto again made his loud, apologetic speech and jumped into the boat. It took him across to the park. There, in the underbrush, he found some of his charges of the Neighborhood Association, who had come there by his previous instructions, and saw many acquaintances, among them Father Kleinsorge and the other Catholics. But he missed Fukai, who had been a close friend. "Where is Fukai-san?" he asked.

"He didn't want to come with us," Father Kleinsorge said. "He ran back."

When Miss Sasaki heard the voices of the people caught along with her in the dilapidation at the tin factory, she began speaking to them. Her nearest neighbor, she discovered, was a high-school girl who had been drafted for factory work, and who said her back was broken. Miss Sasaki replied, "I am lying here and I can't move. My left leg is cut off."

Some time later, she again heard somebody walk overhead and then move off to one side, and whoever it was began burrowing. The digger released several people, and when he had uncovered the high-school girl, she found that her back was not broken, after all, and she crawled out. Miss Sasaki spoke to the rescuer, and he worked toward her. He pulled away a great number of books, until he had made a tunnel to her. She could see his perspiring face as he said, "Come out, Miss." She tried "I can't move," she said. The man excavated some more and told her to try with all her strength to get out. But books were heavy on her hips, and the man finally saw that a bookcase was leaning on the books and that a heavy beam pressed down on the bookcase. "Wait," he said. "I'll get a crowbar."

The man was gone a long time, and when he came back, he was ill-tempered, as if her plight were all her fault. "We have no men to help you!" he shouted in through the tunnel. "You'll have to get out by yourself."

"That's impossible," she said. "My left leg . . ." The man went away.

Much later, several men came and dragged Miss Sasaki out. Her left leg was not severed, but it was badly broken and cut and it hung askew below the knee. They took her out into a courtyard. It was raining. She sat on the ground in the rain. When the downpour increased, someone directed all the wounded people to take cover in the factory's air-raid shelters. "Come along," a torn-up woman said to her. "You can hop." But

Miss Sasaki could not move, and she just waited in the rain. Then a man propped up a large sheet of corrugated iron as a kind of lean-to, and took her in his arms and carried her to it. She was grateful until he brought two horribly wounded people — a woman with a whole breast sheared off and a man whose face was all raw from a burn — to share the simple shed with her. No one came back. The rain cleared and the cloudy afternoon was hot, before nightfall the three grotesques under the slanting piece of twisted iron began to smell quite bad.

The former head of the Nobori-cho Neighborhood Association, to which the Catholic priests belonged, was an energetic man named Yoshida. He had boasted, when he was in charge of the district air-raid defense, that fire might eat away all of Hiroshima but it would never come to Nobori-cho. The bomb blew down his house, and a joist pinned him by the legs, in full view of the Jesuit mission house across the way and of the people hurrying along the street. In their confusion as they hurried past, Mrs. Nakamura, with her children, and Father Kleinsorge, with Mr. Fukai on his back, hardly saw him, he was just part of the general blur of misery through which they moved. His cries for help brought no response from them, there were so many people shouting for help that they could not hear him separately. They and all the others went along. Nobori-cho became absolutely deserted, and the fire swept through it. Mr. Yoshida saw the wooden mission house — the only erect building in the area — go up in a lick of flame, and the heat was terrific on his face. Then flames came along his side of the street and entered his house. In a paroxysm of terrified strength, he freed himself and ran down the alley of Nobori-cho, hemmed in by the fire he had said would never come. He began at once to behave like an old man; two months later his hair was white.

As Dr. Fujii stood in the river up to his neck to avoid the heat of the fire, the wind grew stronger and stronger, and soon, even though the expanse of water was small, the waves grew so high that the people under the bridge could no longer keep their footing. Dr. Fujii went close to the shore, crouched down, and embraced a large stone with his usable arm. Later it became possible to wade along the very edge of the river, and Dr. Fujii and his two surviving nurses moved about two hundred yards upstream, to a sandspit near Asano Park. Many wounded were lying on the sand. Dr. Machii was there with his family; his daughter, who had been outdoors when the bomb burst, was badly burned on her hands and legs but fortunately not on her face. Although Dr. Fujii's shoulder was by now terribly painful, he examined the girl's burns curiously. Then he lay down. In spite of the misery all around, he was ashamed of his appearance, and he remarked to Dr. Machii that he looked like a beggar, dressed as he was in nothing but torn and bloody underwear. Late in the afternoon, when the fire began to subside, he decided to go to his parental

house, in the suburb of Nagatsuka. He asked Dr. Machii to join him, but the Doctor answered that he and his family were going to spend the night on the spit, because of his daughter's injuries. Dr. Fuji, together with his nurses, walked first to Ushida, where, in the partially damaged house of some relatives, he found first-aid materials he had stored there. The two nurses bandaged him and he them. They went on. Now not many people walked in the streets, but a great number sat and lay on the pavement, vomited, waited for death, and died. The number of corpses on the way to Nagatsuka was more and more puzzling. The Doctor wondered. Could a Molotov flower basket have done all this?

Dr. Fuji reached his family's house in the evening. It was five miles from the center of town, but its roof had fallen in and the windows were all broken.

All day, people poured into Asano Park. This private estate was far enough away from the explosion so that its bamboos, pines, laurel, and maples were still alive, and the green place invited refugees — partly because they believed that if the Americans came back, they would bomb only buildings; partly because the foliage seemed a center of coolness and life, and the estate's exquisitely precise rock gardens, with their quiet pools and arching bridges, were very Japanese, normal, secure, and also partly (according to some who were there) because of an irresistible, atavistic urge to hide under leaves. Mrs. Nakamura and her children were among the first to arrive, and they settled in the bamboo grove near the river. They all felt terribly thirsty, and they drank from the river. At once they were nauseated and began vomiting, and they retched the whole day. Others were also nauseated, they all thought (probably because of the strong odor of ionization, an "electric smell" given off by the bomb's fission) that they were sick from a gas the Americans had dropped. When Father Kleinsorge and the other priests came into the park, nodding to their friends as they passed, the Nakamuras were all sick and prostrate. A woman named Iwasaki, who lived in the neighborhood of the mission and who was sitting near the Nakamuras, got up and asked the priests if she should stay where she was or go with them. Father Kleinsorge said, "I hardly know where the safest place is." She stayed there, and later in the day, though she had no visible wounds or burns, she died. The priests went farther along the river and settled down in some underbrush. Father LaSalle lay down and went right to sleep. The theological student, who was wearing slippers, had carried with him a bundle of clothes, in which he had packed two pairs of leather shoes. When he sat down with the others, he found that the bundle had broken open and a couple of shoes had fallen out and now he had only two lefts. He retraced his steps and found one right. When he rejoined the priests, he said, "It's funny, but things don't matter any more. Yesterday, my shoes were my most important possessions. Today, I don't care. One pair is enough."

Father Cieslik said, "I know. I started to bring my books along, and then I thought, 'This is no time for books'."

When Mr. Tanimoto, with his basin still in his hand, reached the park, it was very crowded, and to distinguish the living from the dead was not easy, for most of the people lay still, with their eyes open. To Father Kleinsorge, an Occidental, the silence in the grove by the river, where hundreds of gruesomely wounded suffered together, was one of the most dreadful and awesome phenomena of his whole experience. The hurt ones were quiet, no one wept, much less screamed in pain, no one complained, none of the many who died did so noisily, not even the children cried, very few people even spoke. And when Father Kleinsorge gave water to some whose faces had been almost blotted out by flash burns, they took their share and then raised themselves a little and bowed to him, in thanks.

Mr. Tanimoto greeted the priests and then looked around for other friends. He saw Mrs. Matsumoto, wife of the director of the Methodist School, and asked her if she was thirsty. She was, so he went to one of the pools in the Asanos' rock gardens and got water for her in his basin. Then he decided to try to get back to his church. He went into Nobori-cho by the way the priests had taken as they escaped, but he did not get far, the fire along the streets was so fierce that he had to turn back. He walked to the riverbank and began to look for a boat in which he might carry some of the most severely injured across the river from Asano Park and away from the spreading fire. Soon he found a good-sized pleasure punt drawn up on the bank, but in and around it was an awful tableaux — five dead men, nearly naked, badly burned, who must have expired more or less all at once, for they were in attitudes which suggested that they had been working together to push the boat down into the river. Mr. Tanimoto lifted them away from the boat, and as he did so, he experienced such horror at disturbing the dead — preventing them, he momentarily felt, from launching their craft and going on their ghostly way — that he said out loud, "Please forgive me for taking this boat. I must use it for others, who are alive." The punt was heavy, but he managed to slide it into the water. There were no oars, and all he could find for propulsion was a thick bamboo pole. He worked the boat upstream to the most crowded part of the park and began to ferry the wounded. He could pack ten or twelve into the boat for each crossing, but as the river was too deep in the center to pole his way across, he had to paddle with the bamboo, and consequently each trip took a very long time. He worked several hours that way.

Early in the afternoon, the fire swept into the woods of Asano Park. The first Mr. Tanimoto knew of it was when, returning in his boat, he saw that a great number of people had moved toward the riverside. On touching the bank, he went up to investigate, and when he saw the fire,

he shouted, "All the young men who are not badly hurt come with me!" Father Kleinsorge moved Father Schiffer and Father LaSalle close to the edge of the river and asked people there to get them across if the fire came too near, and then joined Tanimoto's volunteers. Mr. Tanimoto sent some to look for buckets and basins and told others to beat the burning underbrush with their clothes, when utensils were at hand, he formed a bucket chain from one of the pools in the rock gardens. The team fought the fire for more than two hours, and gradually defeated the flames. As Mr. Tanimoto's men worked, the frightened people in the park pressed closer and closer to the river, and finally the mob began to force some of the unfortunates who were on the very bank into the water. Among those driven into the river and drowned were Mrs. Matsumoto, of the Methodist School, and her daughter.

When Father Kleinsorge got back after fighting the fire, he found Father Schiffer still bleeding and terribly pale. Some Japanese stood around and stared at him, and Father Schiffer whispered, with a weak smile, "It is as if I were already dead." "Not yet," Father Kleinsorge said. He had brought Dr. Fujii's first-aid kit with him, and he had noticed Dr. Kanda in the crowd, so he sought him out and asked him if he would dress Father Schiffer's bad cuts. Dr. Kanda had seen his wife and daughter dead in the ruins of his hospital, he sat now with his head in his hands. "I can't do anything," he said. Father Kleinsorge bound more bandage around Father Schiffer's head, moved him to a steep place, and settled him so that his head was high, and soon the bleeding diminished.

The roar of approaching planes was heard about this time. Someone in the crowd near the Nakamura family shouted, "It's some Grummans coming to strafe us!" A baker named Nakashima stood up and commanded, "Everyone who is wearing anything white, take it off!" Mrs. Nakamura took the blouses off her children, and opened her umbrella and made them get under it. A great number of people, even badly burned ones, crawled into bushes and stayed there until the hum, evidently of a reconnaissance or weather run, died away.

It began to rain. Mrs. Nakamura kept her children under the umbrella. The drops grew abnormally large, and someone shouted, "The Americans are dropping gasoline. They're going to set fire to us!" (This alarm stemmed from one of the theories being passed through the park as to why so much of Hiroshima had burned. It was that a single plane had sprayed gasoline on the city and then somehow set fire to it in one flashing moment.) But the drops were palpably water, and as they fell, the wind grew stronger and stronger, and suddenly—probably because of the tremendous convection set up by the blazing city—a whirlwind ripped through the park. Huge trees crashed down, small ones were uprooted and flew into the air. Higher, a wild array of flat things revolved in the twisting funnel—pieces of iron roofing, papers, doors, strips of

matting Father Kleinsorge put a piece of cloth over Father Schiffer's eyes, so that the feeble man would not think he was going crazy. The gale blew Mrs. Murata, the mission housekeeper, who was sitting close by the river, down the embankment at a shallow, rocky place, and she came out with her bare feet bloody. The vortex moved out onto the river, where it sucked up a waterspout and eventually spent itself.

After the storm, Mr. Tanimoto began ferrying people again, and Father Kleinsorge asked the theological student to go across and make his way out to the Jesuit Novitiate at Nagatsuka, about three miles from the center of town, and to request the priests there to come with help for Fathers Schiffer and LaSalle. The student got into Mr. Tanimoto's boat and went off with him. Father Kleinsorge asked Mrs. Nakamura if she would like to go out to Nagatsuka with the priests when they came. She said she had some luggage and her children were sick — they were still vomiting from time to time, and so, for that matter, was she — and therefore she feared she could not. He said he thought the fathers from the Novitiate could come back the next day with a pushcart to get her.

Late in the afternoon, when he went ashore for a while, Mr. Tanimoto, upon whose energy and initiative many had come to depend, heard people begging for food. He consulted Father Kleinsorge, and they decided to go back into town to get some rice from Mr. Tanimoto's Neighborhood Association shelter and from the mission shelter. Father Cieslik and two or three others went with them. At first, when they got among the rows of prostrate houses, they did not know where they were, the change was too sudden, from a busy city of two hundred and forty-five thousand that morning to a mere pattern of residue in the afternoon. The asphalt of the streets was still so soft and hot from the fires that walking was uncomfortable. They encountered only one person, a woman, who said to them as they passed, "My husband is in those ashes." At the mission, where Mr. Tanimoto left the party, Father Kleinsorge was dismayed to see the building razed. In the garden, on the way to the shelter, he noticed a pumpkin roasted on the vine. He and Father Cieslik tasted it and it was good. They were surprised at their hunger, and they ate quite a bit. They got out several bags of rice and gathered up several other cooked pumpkins and dug up some potatoes that were nicely baked under the ground, and started back. Mr. Tanimoto rejoined them on the way. One of the people with him had some cooking utensils. In the park, Mr. Tanimoto organized the lightly wounded women of his neighborhood to cook. Father Kleinsorge offered the Nakamura family some pumpkin, and they tried it, but they could not keep it on their stomachs. Altogether, the rice was enough to feed nearly a hundred people.

Just before dark, Mr. Tanimoto came across a twenty-year-old girl, Mrs. Kamai, the Tanimotos' next-door neighbor. She was crouching on the ground with the body of her infant daughter in her arms. The baby had

evidently been dead all day. Mrs. Kamai jumped up when she saw Mr. Tanimoto and said, "Would you please try to locate my husband?"

Mr Tanimoto knew that her husband had been inducted into the Army just the day before, he and Mrs Tanimoto had entertained Mrs Kamai in the afternoon, to make her forget Kamai had reported to the Chugoku Regional Army Headquarters — near the ancient castle in the middle of town — where some four thousand troops were stationed. Judging by the many maimed soldiers Mr Tanimoto had seen during the day, he surmised that the barracks had been badly damaged by whatever it was that hit Hiroshima. He knew he hadn't a chance of finding Mrs Kamai's husband, even if he searched, but he wanted to humor her. "I'll try," he said.

"You've got to find him," she said. "He loved our baby so much. I want him to see her once more."

III. DETAILS ARE BEING INVESTIGATED

Early in the evening of the day the bomb exploded, a Japanese naval launch moved slowly up and down the seven rivers of Hiroshima. It stopped here and there to make an announcement — alongside the crowded sandspits, on which hundreds of wounded lay, at the bridges, on which others were crowded, and eventually, as twilight fell, opposite Asano Park. A young officer stood up in the launch and shouted through a megaphone, "Be patient! A naval hospital ship is coming to take care of you!" The sight of the shipshape launch against the background of the havoc across the river, the unruffled young man in his neat uniform; above all, the promise of medical help — the first word of possible succor anyone had heard in nearly twelve awful hours — cheered the people in the park tremendously. Mrs. Nakamura settled her family for the night with the assurance that a doctor would come and stop their retching. Mr Tanimoto resumed ferrying the wounded across the river. Father Kleinsorge lay down and said the Lord's Prayer and a Hail Mary to himself, and fell right asleep, but no sooner had he dropped off than Mrs Murata, the conscientious mission housekeeper, shook him and said, "Father Kleinsorge! Did you remember to repeat your evening prayers?" He answered rather grumpily, "Of course," and he tried to go back to sleep but could not. This, apparently, was just what Mrs Murata wanted. She began to chat with the exhausted priest. One of the questions she raised was when he thought the priests from the Novitiate, for whom he had sent a messenger in midafternoon, would arrive to evacuate Father Superior LaSalle and Father Schiffer.

The messenger Father Kleinsorge had sent — the theological student who had been living at the mission house — had arrived at the Novitiate, in the hills about three miles out, at half past four. The sixteen priests

there had been doing rescue work in the outskirts, they had worried about their colleagues in the city but had not known how or where to look for them. Now they hastily made two litters out of poles and boards, and the student led half a dozen of them back into the devastated area. They worked their way along the Ota above the city, twice the heat of the fire forced them into the river. At Misasa Bridge, they encountered a long line of soldiers making a bizarre forced march away from the Chugoku Regional Army Headquarters in the center of the town. All were grotesquely burned, and they supported themselves with staves or leaned on one another. Sick, burned horses, hanging their heads, stood on the bridge. When the rescue party reached the park, it was after dark, and progress was made extremely difficult by the tangle of fallen trees of all sizes that had been knocked down by the whirlwind that afternoon. At last — not long after Mrs. Murata asked her question — they reached their friends, and gave them wine and strong tea.

The priests discussed how to get Father Schiffer and Father LaSalle out to the Novitiate. They were afraid that blundering through the park with them would jar them too much on the wooden litters, and that the wounded men would lose too much blood. Father Kleinsorge thought of Mr. Tanimoto and his boat, and called out to him on the river. When Mr. Tanimoto reached the bank, he said he would be glad to take the injured priests and their bearers upstream to where they could find a clear roadway. The rescuers put Father Schiffer onto one of the stretchers and lowered it into the boat, and two of them went aboard with it. Mr. Tanimoto, who still had no oars, poled the punt upstream.

About half an hour later, Mr. Tanimoto came back and excitedly asked the remaining priests to help him rescue two children he had seen standing up to their shoulders in the river. A group went out and picked them up — two young girls who had lost their family and were both badly burned. The priests stretched them on the ground next to Father Kleinsorge and then embarked Father LaSalle. Father Cieslik thought he could make it out to the Novitiate on foot, so he went aboard with the others. Father Kleinsorge was too feeble, he decided to wait in the park until the next day. He asked the men to come back with a handcart, so that they could take Mrs. Nakamura and her sick children to the Novitiate.

Mr. Tanimoto shoved off again. As the boatload of priests moved slowly upstream, they heard weak cries for help. A woman's voice stood out especially: "There are people here about to be drowned! Help us! The water is rising!" The sounds came from one of the sandspits, and those in the punt could see, in the reflected light of the still-burning fires, a number of wounded people lying at the edge of the river, already partly covered by the flooding tide. Mr. Tanimoto wanted to help them, but the priests were afraid that Father Schiffer would die if they didn't hurry, and they urged their ferryman along. He dropped them where he had put

Father Schiffer down and then started back alone toward the sandspit.

The night was hot, and it seemed even hotter because of the fires against the sky, but the younger of the two girls Mr. Tanimoto and the priests had rescued complained to Father Kleinsorge that she was cold. He covered her with his jacket. She and her older sister had been in the salt water of the river for a couple of hours before being rescued. The younger one had huge, raw flash burns on her body; the salt water must have been excruciatingly painful to her. She began to shiver heavily, and again said it was cold. Father Kleinsorge borrowed a blanket from someone nearby and wrapped her up, but she shook more and more, and said again, "I am so cold," and then she suddenly stopped shivering and was dead.

Mr. Tanimoto found about twenty men and women on the sandspit. He drove the boat onto the bank and urged them to get aboard. They did not move and he realized that they were too weak to lift themselves. He reached down and took a woman by the hands, but her skin slipped off in huge, glove-like pieces. He was so sickened by this that he had to sit down for a moment. Then he got out into the water and, though a small man, lifted several of the men and women, who were naked, into his boat. Their backs and breasts were clammy, and he remembered uneasily what the great burns he had seen during the day had been like: yellow at first, then red and swollen with the skin sloughed off, and finally, in the evening, suppurated and smelly. With the tide risen, his bamboo pole was now too short and he had to paddle most of the way across with it. On the other side, at a higher spit, he lifted the slimy living bodies out and carried them up the slope away from the tide. He had to keep consciously repeating to himself, "These are human beings." It took him three trips to get them all across the river. When he had finished, he decided he had to have a rest, and he went back to the park.

As Mr. Tanimoto stepped up the dark bank, he tripped over someone, and someone else said angrily, "Look out! That's my hand." Mr. Tanimoto, ashamed of hurting wounded people, embarrassed at being able to walk upright, suddenly thought of the naval hospital ship, which had not come (it never did), and he had for a moment a feeling of blind, murderous rage at the crew of the ship, and then at all doctors. Why didn't they come to help these people?

Dr. Fujii lay in dreadful pain throughout the night on the floor of his family's roofless house on the edge of the city. By the light of a lantern, he had examined himself and found: left clavicle fractured; multiple abrasions and lacerations of face and body, including deep cuts on the chin, back, and legs; extensive contusions on chest and trunk; a couple of ribs possibly fractured. Had he not been so badly hurt, he might have been at Asano Park, assisting the wounded.

By nightfall, ten thousand victims of the explosion had invaded the

Red Cross Hospital, and Dr. Sasaki, worn out, was moving aimlessly and dully up and down the stinking corridors with wads of bandage and bottles of mercurochrome, still wearing the glasses he had taken from the wounded nurse, binding up the worst cuts as he came to them. Other doctors were putting compresses of saline solution on the worst burns. That was all they could do. After dark, they worked by the light of the city's fires and by candles the ten remaining nurses held for them. Dr. Sasaki had not looked outside the hospital all day, the scene inside was so terrible and so compelling that it had not occurred to him to ask any questions about what had happened beyond the windows and doors. Ceilings and partitions had fallen, plaster, dust, blood, and vomit were everywhere. Patients were dying by the hundreds, but there was nobody to carry away the corpses. Some of the hospital staff distributed biscuits and rice balls, but the charnel-house smell was so strong that few were hungry. By three o'clock the next morning, after nineteen straight hours of his gruesome work, Dr. Sasaki was incapable of dressing another wound. He and some other survivors of the hospital staff got straw mats and went outdoors — thousands of patients and hundreds of dead were in the yard and on the driveway — and hurried around behind the hospital and lay down in hiding to snatch some sleep. But within an hour wounded people had found them; a complaining circle formed around them. "Doctors! Help us! How can you sleep?" Dr. Sasaki got up again and went back to work. Early in the day, he thought for the first time of his mother at their country home in Mukaihara, thirty miles from town. He usually went home every night. He was afraid she would think he was dead.

Near the spot upriver to which Mr. Tanimoto had transported the priests, there sat a large case of rice cakes which a rescue party had evidently brought for the wounded lying thereabouts but hadn't distributed. Before evacuating the wounded priests, the others passed the cakes around and helped themselves. A few minutes later, a band of soldiers came up, and an officer, hearing the priests speaking a foreign language, drew his sword and hysterically asked who they were. One of the priests calmed him down and explained that they were Germans — allies. The officer apologized and said that there were reports going around that American parachutists had landed.

The priests decided that they should take Father Schiffer first. As they prepared to leave, Father Superior LaSalle said he felt awfully cold. One of the Jesuits gave up his coat, another his shirt; they were glad to wear less in the muggy night. The stretcher bearers started out. The theological student led the way and tried to warn the others of obstacles, but one of the priests got a foot tangled in some telephone wire and tripped and dropped his corner of the litter. Father Schiffer rolled off, lost consciousness, came to, and then vomited. The bearer picked him up and went on with him to the edge of the city, where they had arranged to meet a relay

of other priests, left him with them, and turned back and got the Father Superior.

The wooden litter must have been terribly painful for Father LaSalle, in whose back scores of tiny particles of window glass were embedded. Near the edge of town, the group had to walk around an automobile burned and squatting on the narrow road, and the bearers on one side, unable to see their way in the darkness, fell into a deep ditch. Father LaSalle was thrown onto the ground and the litter broke in two. One priest went ahead to get a handcart from the Novitiate, but he soon found one beside an empty house and wheeled it back. The priests lifted Father LaSalle into the cart and pushed him over the bumpy road the rest of the way. The rector of the Novitiate, who had been a doctor before he entered the religious order, cleaned the wounds of the two priests and put them to bed between clean sheets, and they thanked God for the care they had received.

Thousands of people had nobody to help them. Miss Sasaki was one of them. Abandoned and helpless, under the crude lean-to in the courtyard of the tin factory, beside the woman who had lost a breast and the man whose burned face was scarcely a face any more, she suffered awfully that night from the pain in her broken leg. She did not sleep at all, neither did she converse with her sleepless companions.

In the park, Mrs. Murata kept Father Kleinsorge awake all night by talking to him. None of the Nakamura family were able to sleep, either, the children, in spite of being very sick, were interested in everything that happened. They were delighted when one of the city's gas-storage tanks went up in a tremendous burst of flame. Toshio, the boy, shouted to the others to look at the reflection in the river. Mr. Tanimoto, after his long run and his many hours of rescue work, dozed uneasily. When he awoke, in the first light of dawn, he looked across the river and saw that he had not carried the festered, limp bodies high enough on the sandspit the night before. The tide had risen above where he had put them; they had not had the strength to move; they must have drowned. He saw a number of bodies floating in the river.

Early that day, August 7th, the Japanese radio broadcast for the first time a succinct announcement that very few, if any, of the people most concerned with its content, the survivors in Hiroshima, happened to hear: "Hiroshima suffered considerable damage as the result of an attack by a few B-29s. It is believed that a new type of bomb was used. The details are being investigated." Nor is it probable that any of the survivors happened to be tuned in on a short-wave rebroadcast of an extraordinary announcement by the President of the United States, which identified the new bomb as atomic: "That bomb had more power than twenty thousand tons of TNT. It had more than two thousand times the blast power of the British Grand Slam, which is the largest bomb ever yet used in the history

of warfare" Those victims who were able to worry at all about what had happened thought of it and discussed it in more primitive, childish terms — gasoline sprinkled from an airplane, maybe, or some combustible gas, or a big cluster of incendiaries, or the work of parachutists, but, even if they had known the truth, most of them were too busy or too weary or too badly hurt to care that they were the objects of the first great experiment in the use of atomic power, which (as the voices on the short wave shouted) no country except the United States, with its industrial know-how, its willingness to throw two billion gold dollars into an important wartime gamble, could possibly have developed.

Mr Tanimoto was still angry at doctors. He decided that he would personally bring one to Asano Park — by the scruff of the neck, if necessary. He crossed the river, went past the Shinto shrine where he had met his wife for a brief moment the day before, and walked to the East Parade Ground. Since this had long before been designated as an evacuation area, he thought he would find an aid station there. He did find one, operated by an Army medical unit, but he also saw that its doctors were hopelessly overburdened, with thousands of patients sprawled among corpses across the field in front of it. Nevertheless, he went up to one of the Army doctors and said, as reproachfully as he could, "Why have you not come to Asano Park? You are badly needed there"

Without even looking up from his work, the doctor said in a tired voice, "This is my station"

"But there are many dying on the riverbank over there."

"The first duty," the doctor said, "is to take care of the slightly wounded"

"Why — when there are many who are heavily wounded on the riverbank?"

The doctor moved to another patient. "In an emergency like this," he said, as if he were reciting from a manual, "the first task is to help as many as possible — to save as many lives as possible. There is no hope for the heavily wounded. They will die. We can't bother with them."

"That may be right from a medical standpoint —" Mr Tanimoto began, but then he looked out across the field, where the many dead lay close and intimate with those who were still living, and he turned away without finishing his sentence, angry now with himself. He didn't know what to do; he had promised some of the dying people in the park that he would bring them medical aid. They might die feeling cheated. He saw a ration stand at one side of the field, and he went to it and begged some rice cakes and biscuits, and he took them back, in lieu of doctors, to the people in the park.

The morning, again, was hot. Father Kleinsorge went to fetch water for the wounded in a bottle and a teapot he had borrowed. He had heard that it was possible to get fresh tap water outside Asano Park. Going

through the rock gardens, he had to climb over and crawl under the trunks of fallen pine trees, he found he was weak. There were many dead in the gardens. At a beautiful moon bridge, he passed a naked, living woman who seemed to have been burned from head to toe and was red all over. Near the entrance to the park, an Army doctor was working, but the only medicine he had was iodine, which he painted over cuts, bruises, slimy burns, everything — and by now everything that he painted had pus on it. Outside the gate of the park, Father Kleinsorge found a faucet that still worked — part of the plumbing of a vanished house — and he filled his vessels and returned. When he had given the wounded the water, he made a second trip. This time, the woman by the bridge was dead. On his way back with the water, he got lost on a detour around a fallen tree, and as he looked for his way through the woods, he heard a voice ask from the underbrush, "Have you anything to drink?" He saw a uniform. Thinking there was just one soldier, he approached with the water. When he had penetrated the bushes, he saw there were about twenty men, and they were all in exactly the same nightmarish state. Their faces were wholly burned, their eyesockets were hollow, the fluid from their melted eyes had run down their cheeks. (They must have had their faces upturned when the bomb went off, perhaps they were anti-aircraft personnel.) Their mouths were mere swollen, pus-covered wounds, which they could not bear to stretch enough to admit the spout of the teapot. So Father Kleinsorge got a large piece of grass and drew out the stem so as to make a straw, and gave them all water to drink that way. One of them said, "I can't see anything." Father Kleinsorge answered, as cheerful as he could, "There's a doctor at the entrance to the park. He's busy now, but he'll come soon and fix your eyes, I hope."

Since that day, Father Kleinsorge has thought back to how queasy he had once been at the sight of pain, how someone else's cut finger used to make him turn faint. Yet there in the park he was so benumbed that immediately after leaving this horrible sight he stopped on a path by one of the pools and discussed with a lightly wounded man whether it would be safe to eat the fat, two-foot carp that floated dead on the surface of the water. They decided, after some consideration, that it would be unwise.

Father Kleinsorge filled the containers a third time and went back to the riverbank. There, amid the dead and dying, he saw a young woman with a needle and thread mending her kimono, which had been slightly torn. Father Kleinsorge joshed her. "My, but you're a dandy!" he said. She laughed.

He felt tired and lay down. He began to talk with two engaging children whose acquaintance he had made the afternoon before. He learned that their name was Kataoka; the girl was thirteen, the boy five. The girl had been just about to set out for a barbershop when the bomb

fell As the family started for Asano Park, their mother decided to turn back for some food and extra clothing, they became separated from her in the crowd of fleeing people, and they had not seen her since. Occasionally they stopped suddenly in their perfectly cheerful playing and began to cry for their mother.

It was difficult for all the children in the park to sustain the sense of tragedy Toshio Nakamura got quite excited when he saw his friend Seichi Sato riding up the river in a boat with his family, and he ran to the bank and waved and shouted, "Sato! Sato!"

The boy turned his head and shouted, "Who's that?"

"Nakamura "

"Hello, Toshiol"

"Are you all safe?"

"Yes. What about you?"

"Yes, we're all right My sisters are vomiting, but I'm fine."

Father Kleinsorge began to be thirsty in the dreadful heat, and he did not feel strong enough to go for water again. A little before noon, he saw a Japanese woman handing something out Soon she came to him and said in a kindly voice, "These are tea leaves Chew them, young man, and you won't feel thirsty " The woman's gentleness made Father Kleinsorge suddenly want to cry For weeks, he had been feeling oppressed by the hatred of foreigners that the Japanese seemed increasingly to show, and he had been uneasy even with his Japanese friends This stranger's gesture made him a little hysterical

Around noon, the priests arrived from the Novitiate with the handcart They had been to the site of the mission house in the city and had retrieved some suitcases that had been stored in the air-raid shelter and had also picked up the remains of melted holy vessels in the ashes of the chapel. They now packed Father Kleinsorge's papier-mâché suitcase and the things belonging to Mrs. Murata and the Nakamuras into the cart, put the two Nakamura girls aboard, and prepared to start out. Then one of the Jesuits who had a practical turn of mind remembered that they had been notified some time before that if they suffered property damage at the hands of the enemy, they could enter a claim for compensation with the prefectural police. The holy men discussed this matter there in the park, with the wounded as silent as the dead around them, and decided that Father Kleinsorge, as a former resident of the destroyed mission, was the one to enter the claim. So, as the others went off with the handcart, Father Kleinsorge said goodbye to the Kataoka children and trudged to a police station. Fresh, clean-uniformed policemen from another town were in charge, and a crowd of dirty and disarrayed citizens crowded around them, mostly asking after lost relatives. Father Kleinsorge filled out a claim form and started walking through the center of town on his way to Nagatsuka. It was then that he first realized the extent of the

damage; he passed block after block of ruins, and even after all he had seen in the park, his breath was taken away. By the time he reached the Novitiate, he was sick with exhaustion. The last thing he did as he fell into bed was request that someone go back for the motherless Kataoka children.

Altogether, Miss Sasaki was left two days and two nights under the piece of propped-up roofing with her crushed leg and her two unpleasant comrades. Her only diversion was when men came to the factory-air-raid shelters, which she could see from under one corner of her shelter, and hauled corpses up out of them with ropes. Her leg became discolored, swollen, and putrid. All that time, she went without food and water. On the third day, August 8th, some friends who supposed she was dead came to look for her body and found her. They told her that her mother, father, and baby brother, who at the time of the explosion were in the Tamura Pediatric Hospital, where the baby was a patient, had all been given up as certainly dead, since the hospital was totally destroyed. Her friends then left her to think that piece of news over. Later, some men picked her up by the arms and legs and carried her quite a distance to a truck. For about an hour, the truck moved over a bumpy road, and Miss Sasaki, who had become convinced that she was dulled to pain, discovered that she was not. The men lifted her out at a relief station in the section of Inokuchi, where two Army doctors looked at her. The moment one of them touched her wound, she fainted. She came to in time to hear them discuss whether or not to cut off her leg, one said there was gas gangrene in the lips of the wound and predicted she would die unless they amputated, and the other said that was too bad, because they had no equipment with which to do the job. She fainted again. When she recovered consciousness, she was being carried somewhere on a stretcher. She was put aboard a launch, which went to the nearby island of Ninoshima, and she was taken to a military hospital there. Another doctor examined her and said that she did not have gas gangrene, though she did have a fairly ugly compound fracture. He said quite coldly that he was sorry, but this was a hospital for operative surgical cases only, and because she had no gangrene, she would have to return to Hiroshima that night. But then the doctor took her temperature, and what he saw on the thermometer made him decide to let her stay.

That day, August 8th, Father Cieslik went into the city to look for Mr Fukai, the Japanese secretary of the diocese, who had ridden unwillingly out of the flaming city on Father Kleinsorge's back and then had run back crazily into it. Father Cieslik started hunting in the neighborhood of Sakai Bridge, where the Jesuits had last seen Mr Fukai, he went to the East Parade Ground, the evacuation area to which the secretary might have gone, and looked for him among the wounded and dead there; he went to the prefectural police and made inquiries. He could not find any trace

of the man Back at the Novitiate that evening, the theological student, who had been rooming with Mr Fukai at the mission house, told the priests that the secretary had remarked to him, during an air-raid alarm one day not long before the bombing, "Japan is dying If there is a real air raid here in Hiroshima, I want to die with our country" The priests concluded that Mr Fukai had run back to immolate himself in the flames. They never saw him again

At the Red Cross Hospital, Dr. Sasaki worked for three straight days with only one hour's sleep On the second day, he began to sew up the worst cuts, and right through the following night and all the next day he stitched Many of the wounds were festered Fortunately, someone had found intact a supply of *narucopon*, a Japanese sedative, and he gave it to many who were in pain. Word went around among the staff that there must have been something peculiar about the great bomb, because on the second day the vice-chief of the hospital went down in the basement to the vault where the X-ray plates were stored and found the whole stock exposed as they lay That day, a fresh doctor and ten nurses came in from the city of Yamaguchi with extra bandages and antiseptics, and the third day another physician and a dozen more nurses arrived from Matsue — yet there were still only eight doctors for ten thousand patients. In the afternoon of the third day, exhausted from his foul tailoring, Dr Sasaki became obsessed with the idea that his mother thought he was dead. He got permission to go to Mukaihara. He walked out to the first suburbs, beyond which the electric train service was still functioning, and reached home late in the evening. His mother said she had known he was all right all along, a wounded nurse had stopped by to tell her He went to bed and slept for seventeen hours

Before dawn on August 8th, someone entered the room at the Novitiate where Father Kleinsorge was in bed, reached up to the hanging light bulb, and switched it on. The sudden flood of light, pouring in on Father Kleinsorge's half sleep, brought him leaping out of bed, braced for a new concussion. When he realized what had happened, he laughed confusedly and went back to bed He stayed there all day

On August 9th, Father Kleinsorge was still tired. The rector looked at his cuts and said they were not even worth dressing, and if Father Kleinsorge kept them clean, they would heal in three or four days. Father Kleinsorge felt uneasy; he could not yet comprehend what he had been through; as if he were guilty of something awful, he felt he had to go back to the scene of the violence he had experienced. He got up out of bed and walked into the city. He scratched for a while in the ruins of the mission house, but he found nothing. He went to the sites of a couple of schools and asked after people he knew. He looked for some of the city's Japanese Catholics, but he found only fallen houses. He walked back to the Novitiate, stupefied and without any new understanding

At two minutes after eleven o'clock on the morning of August 9th, the second atomic bomb was dropped, on Nagasaki. It was several days before the survivors of Hiroshima knew they had company, because the Japanese radio and newspapers were being extremely cautious on the subject of the strange weapon

On August 9th, Mr Tanimoto was still working in the park. He went to the suburb of Ushida, where his wife was staying with friends, and got a tent which he had stored there before the bombing. He now took it to the park and set it up as a shelter for some of the wounded who could not move or be moved. Whatever he did in the park, he felt he was being watched by the twenty-year-old girl, Mrs Kamai, his former neighbor, whom he had seen on the day the bomb exploded, with her dead baby daughter in her arms. She kept the small corpse in her arms for four days, even though it began smelling bad on the second day. Once, Mr. Tanimoto sat with her for a while, and she told him that the bomb had buried her under their house with the baby strapped to her back, and that when she had dug herself free, she had discovered that the baby was choking, its mouth full of dirt. With her little finger, she had carefully cleaned out the infant's mouth, and for a time the child had breathed normally and seemed all right, then suddenly it had died. Mrs Kamai also talked about what a fine man her husband was, and again urged Mr Tanimoto to search for him. Since Mr Tanimoto had been all through the city the first day and had seen terribly burned soldiers from Kamai's post, the Chugoku Regional Army Headquarters, everywhere, he knew it would be impossible to find Kamai, even if he were living, but of course he didn't tell her that. Every time she saw Mr Tanimoto, she asked whether he had found her husband. Once, he tried to suggest that perhaps it was time to cremate the baby, but Mrs Kamai only held it tighter. He began to keep away from her, but whenever he looked at her, she was staring at him and her eyes asked the same question. He tried to escape her glance by keeping his back turned to her as much as possible.

The Jesuits took about fifty refugees into the exquisite chapel of the Novitiate. The rector gave them what medical care he could — mostly just the cleaning away of pus. Each of the Nakamuras was provided with a blanket and a mosquito net. Mrs. Nakamura and her younger daughter had no appetite and ate nothing, her son and other daughter ate, and lost, each meal they were offered. On August 10th, a friend, Mrs. Osaka, came to see them and told them that her son Hideo had been burned alive in the factory where he worked. This Hideo had been a kind of hero to Toshio, who had often gone to the plant to watch him run his machine. That night, Toshio woke up screaming. He had dreamed that he had seen Mrs. Osaka coming out of an opening in the ground with her family, and then he saw Hideo at his machine, a big one with a revolving belt, and

he himself was standing beside Hideo, and for some reason this was terrifying.

On August 10th, Father Kleinsorge, having heard from someone that Dr. Fujii had been injured and that he had eventually gone to the summer house of a friend of his named Okuma, in the village of Fukawa, asked Father Cieslik if he would go and see how Dr. Fujii was. Father Cieslik went to Misasa station, outside Hiroshima, rode for twenty minutes on an electric train, and then walked for an hour and a half in a terribly hot sun to Mr. Okuma's house, which was beside the Ota River at the foot of a mountain. He found Dr. Fujii sitting in a chair in a kimono, applying compresses to his broken collarbone. The Doctor told Father Cieslik about having lost his glasses and said that his eyes bothered him. He showed the priest huge blue and green stripes where beams had bruised him. He offered the Jesuit first a cigarette and then whiskey, though it was only eleven in the morning. Father Cieslik thought it would please Dr. Fujii if he took a little, so he said yes. A servant brought some Suntory whiskey, and the Jesuit, the Doctor, and the host had a very pleasant chat. Mr. Okuma had lived in Hawaii, and he told some things about Americans. Dr. Fujii talked a bit about the disaster. He said that Mr. Okuma and a nurse had gone into the ruins of his hospital and brought back a small safe which he had moved into his air-raid shelter. This contained some surgical instruments, and Dr. Fujii gave Father Cieslik a few pairs of scissors and tweezers for the rector at the Novitiate. Father Cieslik was bursting with some inside dope he had, but he waited until the conversation turned naturally to the mystery of the bomb. Then he said he knew what kind of bomb it was, he had the secret on the best authority — that of a Japanese newspaperman who had dropped in at the Novitiate. The bomb was not a bomb at all, it was a kind of fine magnesium powder sprayed over the whole city by a single plane, and it exploded when it came into contact with the live wires of the city power system. "That means," said Dr. Fujii, perfectly satisfied, since after all the information came from a newspaperman, "that it can only be dropped on big cities and only in the daytime, when the tram lines and so forth are in operation."

After five days of ministering to the wounded in the park, Mr. Tanimoto returned, on August 11th, to his parsonage and dug around in the ruins. He retrieved some diaries and church records that had been kept in books and were only charred around the edges, as well as some cooking utensils and pottery. While he was at work, a Miss Tanaka came and said that her father had been asking for him. Mr. Tanimoto had reason to hate her father, the retired shipping-company official who, though he made a great show of his charity, was notoriously selfish and cruel, and who, just a few days before the bombing, had said openly to several people that Mr. Tanimoto was a spy for the Americans. Several times he had derided

Christianity and called it un-Japanese. At the moment of the bombing, Mr. Tanaka had been walking in the street in front of the city's radio station. He received serious flash burns, but he was able to walk home. He took refuge in his Neighborhood Association shelter and from there tried hard to get medical aid. He expected all the doctors of Hiroshima to come to him, because he was so rich and so famous for giving his money away. When none of them came, he angrily set out to look for them, leaning on his daughter's arm, he walked from private hospital to private hospital, but all were in ruins, and he went back and lay down in the shelter again. Now he was very weak and knew he was going to die. He was willing to be comforted by any religion.

Mr. Tanimoto went to help him. He descended into the tomblike shelter and, when his eyes were adjusted to the darkness, saw Mr. Tanaka, his face and arms puffed up and covered with pus and blood, and his eyes swollen shut. The old man smelled very bad, and he moaned constantly. He seemed to recognize Mr. Tanimoto's voice. Standing at the shelter stairway to get light, Mr. Tanimoto read loudly from a Japanese-language pocket Bible: "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest the children of men away as with a flood, they are as a sleep, in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by Thine anger and by Thy wrath are we troubled. Thou has set our iniquities before Thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in Thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told."

Mr. Tanaka died as Mr. Tanimoto read the psalm.

On August 11th, word came to the Ninoshima Military Hospital that a large number of military casualties from the Chugoku Regional Army Headquarters were to arrive on the island that day, and it was deemed necessary to evacuate all civilian patients. Miss Sasaki, still running an alarmingly high fever, was put on a large ship. She lay out on deck, with a pillow under her leg. There were awnings over the deck, but the vessel's course put her in the sunlight. She felt as if she were under a magnifying glass in the sun. Pus oozed out of her wound, and soon the whole pillow was covered with it. She was taken ashore at Hatsukaichi, a town several miles to the southwest of Hiroshima, and put in the Goddess of Mercy Primary School, which had been turned into a hospital. She lay there for several days before a specialist on fractures came from Kobe. By then her leg was red and swollen up to her hip. The doctor decided he could not set the breaks. He made an incision and put in a rubber pipe to drain off the putrescence.

At the Novitiate, the motherless Kataoka children were inconsolable. Father Cieslik worked hard to keep them distracted. He put riddles to

them. He asked, "What is the cleverest animal in the world?" and after the thirteen-year-old girl had guessed the ape, the elephant, the horse, he said, "No, it must be the hippopotamus," because in Japanese that animal is *kaba*, the reverse of *baka*, stupid. He told Bible stories, beginning, in the order of things, with the Creation. He showed them a scrapbook of snapshots taken in Europe. Nevertheless, they cried most of the time for their mother.

Several days later, Father Cieslik started hunting for the children's family. First, he learned through the police that an uncle had been to the authorities in Kure, a city not far away, to inquire for the children. After that, he heard that an older brother had been trying to trace them through the post office in Ujina, a suburb of Hiroshima. Still later, he heard that the mother was alive and was on Goto Island, off Nagasaki. And at last, by keeping a check on the Ujina post office, he got in touch with the brother and returned the children to their mother.

About a week after the bomb dropped, a vague, incomprehensible rumor reached Hiroshima—that the city had been destroyed by the energy released when atoms were somehow split in two. The weapon was referred to in this word-of-mouth report as *genshi bakudan*—the root characters of which can be translated as "original child bomb." No one understood the idea or put any more credence in it than in the powdered magnesium and such things. Newspapers were being brought in from other cities, but they were still confining themselves to extremely general statements, such as Domei's assertion on August 12th "There is nothing to do but admit the tremendous power of this inhuman bomb." Already, Japanese physicists had entered the city with Lauritsen electrosopes and Neher electrometers, they understood the idea all too well.

On August 12th, the Nakamuras, all of them still rather sick, went to the nearby town of Kabe and moved in with Mrs. Nakamura's sister-in-law. The next day, Mrs. Nakamura, although she was too ill to walk much, returned to Hiroshima alone, by electric car to the outskirts, by foot from there. All week, at the Novitiate, she had worried about her mother, brother, and older sister, who had lived in the part of town called Fukuro, and besides, she felt drawn by some fascination, just as Father Klemsorge had been. She discovered that her family were all dead. She went back to Kabe so amazed and depressed by what she had seen and learned in the city that she could not speak that evening.

A comparative orderliness, at least, began to be established at the Red Cross Hospital. Dr. Sasaki, back from his rest, undertook to classify his patients (who were still scattered everywhere, even on the stairways). The staff gradually swept up the debris. Best of all, the nurses and attendants started to remove the corpses. Disposal of the dead, by decent cremation and enshrinement, is a greater moral responsibility to the Japanese than adequate care of the living. Relatives identified most of the first day's

dead in and around the hospital. Beginning on the second day, whenever a patient appeared to be moribund, a piece of paper with his name on it was fastened to his clothing. The corpse detail carried the bodies to a clearing outside, placed them on pyres of wood from ruined houses, burned them, put some of the ashes in envelopes intended for exposed X-ray plates, marked the envelopes with the names of the deceased, and piled them, neatly and respectfully, in stacks in the main office. In a few days, the envelopes filled one whole side of the impromptu shrine.

In Kabe, on the morning of August 15th, ten-year-old Toshio Nakamura heard an airplane overhead. He ran outdoors and identified it with a professional eye as a B-29. "There goes Mr. B!" he shouted.

One of his relatives called out to him, "Haven't you had enough of Mr. B?"

The question had a kind of symbolism. At almost that very moment, the dull, dispirited voice of Hirohito, the Emperor Tenno, was speaking for the first time in history over the radio. "After pondering deeply the general trends of the world and the actual conditions obtaining in Our Empire today, We have decided to effect a settlement of the present situation by resorting to an extraordinary measure. . . ."

Mrs. Nakamura had gone to the city again, to dig up some rice she had buried in her Neighborhood Association air-raid shelter. She got it and started back for Kabe. On the electric car, quite by chance, she ran into her younger sister, who had not been in Hiroshima the day of the bombing. "Have you heard the news?" her sister asked.

"What news?"

"The war is over."

"Don't say such a foolish thing, sister."

"But I heard it over the radio myself." And then, in a whisper, "It was the Emperor's voice."

"Oh," Mrs. Nakamura said (she needed nothing more to make her give up thinking, in spite of the atomic bomb, that Japan still had a chance to win the war), "in that case. . . ."

Some time later, in a letter to an American, Mr. Tanimoto described the events of that morning. "At the time of the Post-War, the marvelous thing in our history happened. Our Emperor broadcasted his own voice through radio directly to us, common people of Japan. Aug. 15th we were told that some news of great importance could be heard & all of us should hear it. So I went to Hiroshima railway station. There set a loud-speaker in the ruins of the station. Many civilians, all of them were in bondage, some being helped by shoulder of their daughters, some sustaining their injured feet by sticks, they listened to the broadcast and when they came to realize the fact that it was the Emperor, they cried with full tears in their eyes, 'What a wonderful blessing it is that Tenno himself call on us and we can hear his own voice in person. We are thor-

oughly satisfied in such a great sacrifice.' When they came to know the war was ended — that is, Japan was defeated, they, of course, were deeply disappointed, but followed after their Emperor's commandment in calm spirit, making whole-hearted sacrifice for the everlasting peace of the world — and Japan started her new way."

IV. PANIC GRASS AND FEVERFEW

On August 18th, twelve days after the bomb burst, Father Kleinsorge set out on foot for Hiroshima from the Novitiate with his papier-mâché suitcase in his hand. He had begun to think that this bag, in which he kept his valuables, had a talismanic quality, because of the way he had found it after the explosion, standing handle-side up in the doorway of his room, while the desk under which he had previously hidden it was in splinters all over the floor. Now he was using it to carry the yen belonging to the Society of Jesus to the Hiroshima branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank, already reopened in its half-ruined building. On the whole, he felt quite well that morning. It is true that the minor cuts he had received had not healed in three or four days, as the rector of the Novitiate, who had examined them, had positively promised they would, but Father Kleinsorge had rested well for a week and considered that he was again ready for hard work. By now he was accustomed to the terrible scene through which he walked on his way into the city: the large rice field near the Novitiate, streaked with brown, the houses on the outskirts of the city, standing but decrepit, with broken windows and dishevelled tiles, and then, quite suddenly, the beginning of the four square miles of reddish-brown scar, where nearly everything had been buffeted down and burned; range on range of collapsed city blocks, with here and there a crude sign erected on a pile of ashes and tiles ("Sister, where are you?" or "All safe and we live at Toyosaka"); naked trees and canted telephone poles; the few standing, gutted buildings only accentuating the horizontality of everything else (the Museum of Science and Industry, with its dome stripped to its steel frame, as if for an autopsy; the modern Chamber of Commerce Building, its tower as cold, rigid, and unassailable after the blow as before, the huge, low-lying, camouflaged city hall; the row of dowdy banks, caricaturing a shaken economic system); and in the streets a macabre traffic — hundreds of crumpled bicycles, shells of streetcars and automobiles, all halted in mid-motion. The whole way, Father Kleinsorge was oppressed by the thought that all the damage he saw had been done in one instant by one bomb. By the time he reached the center of town, the day had become very hot. He walked to the Yokohama Bank, which was doing business in a temporary wooden stall on the ground floor of its building, deposited the money, went by the mission compound just to have another look at the wreckage, and then started back to the Novitiate.

About halfway there, he began to have peculiar sensations. The more or less magical suitcase, now empty, suddenly seemed terribly heavy. His knees grew weak. He felt excruciatingly tired. With a considerable expenditure of spirit, he managed to reach the Novitiate. He did not think his weakness was worth mentioning to the other Jesuits. But a couple of days later, while attempting to say Mass, he had an onset of faintness and even after three attempts was unable to go through with the service, and the next morning the rector, who had examined Father Kleinsorge's apparently negligible but unhealed cuts daily, asked in surprise, "What have you done to your wounds?" They had suddenly opened wider and were swollen and inflamed.

As she dressed on the morning of August 20th, in the home of her sister-in-law in Kabe, not far from Nagatsuka, Mrs. Nakamura, who had suffered no cuts or burns at all, though she had been rather nauseated all through the week she and her children had spent as guests of Father Kleinsorge and the other Catholics at the Novitiate, began fixing her hair and noticed, after one stroke, that her comb carried with it a whole handful of hair, the second time, the same thing happened, so she stopped combing at once. But in the next three or four days, her hair kept falling out of its own accord, until she was quite bald. She began living indoors, practically in hiding. On August 26th, both she and her younger daughter, Myeko, woke up feeling extremely weak and tired, and they stayed on their bedrolls. Her son and other daughter, who had shared every experience with her during and after the bombing, felt fine.

At about the same time — he lost track of the days, so hard was he working to set up a temporary place of worship in a private house he had rented in the outskirts — Mr. Tanimoto fell suddenly ill with a general malaise, weariness, and feverishness, and he, too, took to his bedroll on the floor of the half-wrecked house of a friend in the suburb of Ushida.

These four did not realize it, but they were coming down with the strange, capricious disease which came later to be known as radiation sickness.

Miss Sasaki lay in steady pain in the Goddess of Mercy Primary School, at Hatsuokaichi, the fourth station to the southwest of Hiroshima on the electric tram. An internal infection still prevented the proper setting of the compound fracture of her lower left leg. A young man who was in the same hospital and who seemed to have grown fond of her in spite of her unremitting preoccupation with her suffering, or else just pitied her because of it, lent her a Japanese translation of de Maupassant, and she tried to read the stories, but she could concentrate for only four or five minutes at a time.

The hospitals and aid stations around Hiroshima were so crowded in the first weeks after the bombing, and their staffs were so variable, depending on their health and on the unpredictable arrival of outside

help, that patients had to be constantly shifted from place to place. Miss Sasaki, who had already been moved three times, twice by ship, was taken at the end of August to an engineering school, also at Hatsuokaichi. Because her leg did not improve but swelled more and more, the doctors at the school bound it with crude splints and took her by car, on September 9th, to the Red Cross Hospital in Hiroshima. This was the first chance she had had to look at the ruins of Hiroshima, the last time she had been carried through the city's streets, she had been hovering on the edge of unconsciousness. Even though the wreckage had been described to her, and though she was still in pain, the sight horrified and amazed her, and there was something she noticed about it that particularly gave her the creeps. Over everything — up through the wreckage of the city, in gutters, along the riverbanks, tangled among tiles and tin roofing, climbing on charred tree trunks — was a blanket of fresh, vivid, lush, optimistic green, the verdancy rose even from the foundations of ruined houses. Weeds already hid the ashes, and wild flowers were in bloom among the city's bones. The bomb had not only left the underground organs of plants intact, it had stimulated them. Everywhere were bluets and Spanish bayonets, goosefoot, morning glories and day lilies, the hairy-fruited bean, purslane and clotbur and sesame and panic grass and feverfew. Especially in a circle at the center, sickle senna grew in extraordinary regeneration, not only standing among the charred remnants of the same plant but pushing up in new places, among bricks and through cracks in the asphalt. It actually seemed as if a load of sickle-senna seed had been dropped along with the bomb.

At the Red Cross Hospital, Miss Sasaki was put under the care of Dr. Sasaki. Now, a month after the explosion, something like order had been reestablished in the hospital; which is to say that the patients who still lay in the corridors at least had mats to sleep on and that the supply of medicines, which had given out in the first few days, had been replaced, though inadequately, by contributions from other cities. Dr. Sasaki, who had had one seventeen-hour sleep at his home on the third night, had ever since then rested only about six hours a night, on a mat at the hospital, he had lost twenty pounds from his very small body; he still wore the ill-fitting glasses he had borrowed from an injured nurse.

Since Miss Sasaki was a woman and was so sick (and perhaps, he afterward admitted, just a little bit because she was named Sasaki), Dr. Sasaki put her on a mat in a semi-private room, which at that time had only eight people in it. He questioned her and put down on her record card, in the correct, scrunched-up German in which he wrote all his records: "*Mittel-grosse Patientin in gutem Ernährungszustand. Fraktur am linken Unterschenkelknochen mit Wunde, Anschwellung in der linken Unterschenkel-gegend. Haut und sichtbare Schleimhaute massig durchblutet und kein Oedema,*" noting that she was a medium-sized female patient in good

general health, that she had a compound fracture of the left tibia, with swelling of the left lower leg, that her skin and visible mucous membranes were heavily spotted with *petechiae*, which are hemorrhages about the size of grains of rice, or even as big as soybeans, and, in addition, that her head, eyes, throat, lungs, and heart were apparently normal, and that she had a fever. He wanted to set her fracture and put her leg in a cast, but he had run out of plaster of Paris long since, so he just stretched her out on a mat and prescribed aspirin for her fever, and glucose intravenously and diastase orally for her undernourishment (which he had not entered on her record because everyone suffered from it). She exhibited only one of the queer symptoms so many of his patients were just then beginning to show — the spot hemorrhages

Dr Fujii was still pursued by bad luck, which still was connected with rivers. Now he was living in the summer house of Mr Okuma, in Fukawa. This house clung to the steep banks of the Ota River. Here his injuries seemed to make good progress, and he even began to treat refugees who came to him from the neighborhood, using medical supplies he had retrieved from a cache in the suburbs. He noticed in some of his patients a curious syndrome of symptoms that cropped out in the third and fourth weeks, but he was not able to do much more than swathe cuts and burns. Early in September, it began to rain, steadily and heavily. The river rose. On September 17th, there came a cloudburst and then a typhoon, and the water crept higher and higher up the bank. Mr Okuma and Dr Fujii became alarmed and scrambled up the mountain to a peasant's house. (Down in Hiroshima, the flood took up where the bomb had left off — swept away bridges that had survived the blast, washed out streets, undermined foundations of buildings that still stood — and ten miles to the west, the Ono Army Hospital, where a team of experts from Kyoto Imperial University was studying the delayed affliction of the patients, suddenly slid down a beautiful, pine-dark mountainside into the Inland Sea and drowned most of the investigators and their mysteriously diseased patients alike.) After the storm, Dr. Fujii and Mr. Okuma went down to the river and found that the Okuma house had been washed altogether away.

Because so many people were suddenly feeling sick nearly a month after the atomic bomb was dropped, an unpleasant rumor began to move around, and eventually it made its way to the house in Kabe where Mrs. Nakamura lay bald and ill. It was that the atomic bomb had deposited some sort of poison on Hiroshima which would give off deadly emanations for seven years, nobody could go there all that time. This especially upset Mrs. Nakamura, who remembered that in a moment of confusion on the morning of the explosion she had literally sunk her entire means of livelihood, her Sankoku sewing machine, in the small cement water tank in front of what was left of her house, now no one would be able to go and

fish it out. Up to this time, Mrs Nakamura and her relatives had been quite resigned and passive about the moral issue of the atomic bomb, but this rumor suddenly aroused them to more hatred and resentment of America than they had felt all through the war.

Japanese physicists, who knew a great deal about atomic fission (one of them owned a cyclotron), worried about lingering radiation at Hiroshima, and in mid-August, not many days after President Truman's disclosure of the type of bomb that had been dropped, they entered the city to make investigations. The first thing they did was roughly to determine a center by observing the side on which telephone poles all around the heart of the town were scorched, they settled on the torii gateway of the Gokoku Shrine, right next to the parade ground of the Chugoku Regional Army Headquarters. From there, they worked north and south with Lauritsen electrosopes, which are sensitive to both beta rays and gamma rays. These indicated that the highest intensity of radioactivity, near the torii, was 4.2 times the average natural "leak" of ultra-short waves for the earth of that area. The scientists noticed that the flash of the bomb had discolored concrete to a light reddish tint, had scaled off the surface of granite, and had scorched certain other types of building material, and that consequently the bomb had, in some places, left prints of the shadows that had been cast by its light. The experts found, for instance, a permanent shadow thrown on the roof of the Chamber of Commerce Building (220 yards from the rough center) by the structure's rectangular tower, several others in the lookout post on top of the Hypothec Bank (2,050 yards), another in the tower of the Chugoku Electric Supply Building (800 yards), another projected by the handle of a gas pump (2,630 yards), and several on granite tombstones in the Gokoku Shrine (385 yards). By triangulating these and other such shadows with the objects that formed them, the scientists determined that the exact center was a spot a hundred and fifty yards south of the torii and a few yards southeast of the pile of ruins that had once been the Shima Hospital. (A few vague human silhouettes were found, and these gave rise to stories that eventually included fancy and precise details. One story told how a painter on a ladder was monumentalized in a kind of bas-relief on the stone façade of a bank building on which he was at work, in the act of dipping his brush into his paint can; another, how a man and his cart on the bridge near the Museum of Science and Industry, almost under the center of the explosion, were cast down in an embossed shadow which made it clear that the man was about to whip his horse.) Starting east and west from the actual center, the scientists, in early September, made new measurements, and the highest radiation they found this time was 3.9 times the natural "leak." Since radiation of at least a thousand times the natural "leak" would be required to cause serious effects on the human body, the scientists announced that people could enter Hiroshima without any peril at all.

As soon as this reassurance reached the household in which Mrs Nakamura was concealing herself — or, at any rate, within a short time after her hair had started growing back again — her whole family relaxed their extreme hatred of America, and Mrs Nakamura sent her brother-in-law to look for the sewing machine. It was still submerged in the water tank, and when he brought it home, she saw, to her dismay, that it was all rusted and useless.

By the end of the first week in September, Father Kleinsorge was in bed at the Novitiate with a fever of 102.2, and since he seemed to be getting worse, his colleagues decided to send him to the Catholic International Hospital in Tokyo. Father Cieslik and the rector took him as far as Kobe and a Jesuit from that city took him the rest of the way, with a message from a Kobe doctor to the Mother Superior of the International Hospital. "Think twice before you give this man blood transfusions, because with atomic-bomb patients we aren't at all sure that if you stick needles in them, they'll stop bleeding"

When Father Kleinsorge arrived at the hospital, he was terribly pale and very shaky. He complained that the bomb had upset his digestion and given him abdominal pains. His white blood count was three thousand (five to seven thousand is normal), he was seriously anemic, and his temperature was 104. A doctor who did not know much about these strange manifestations — Father Kleinsorge was one of a handful of atomic patients who had reached Tokyo — came to see him, and to the patient's face he was most encouraging. "You'll be out of here in two weeks," he said. But when the doctor got out in the corridor, he said to the Mother Superior, "He'll die. All these bomb people die — you'll see. They go along for a couple of weeks and then they die"

The doctor prescribed suralimentation for Father Kleinsorge. Every three hours, they forced some eggs or beef juice into him, and they fed him all the sugar he could stand. They gave him vitamins, and iron pills and arsenic (in Fowler's solution) for his anemia. He confounded both the doctor's predictions; he neither died nor got up in a fortnight. Despite the fact that the message from the Kobe doctor deprived him of transfusions, which would have been the most useful therapy of all, his fever and his digestive troubles cleared up fairly quickly. His white count went up for a while, but early in October it dropped again, to 3,600, then, in ten days, it suddenly climbed above normal, to 8,800; and it finally settled at 5,800. His ridiculous scratches puzzled everyone. For a few days, they would mend, and then, when he moved around, they would open up again. As soon as he began to feel well, he enjoyed himself tremendously. In Hiroshima he had been one of thousands of sufferers, in Tokyo he was a curiosity. Young American Army doctors came by the dozen to observe him. Japanese experts questioned him. A newspaper interviewed him.

And once, the confused doctor came and shook his head and said, "Baffling cases, these atomic-bomb people"

Mrs Nakamura lay indoors with Myeko. They both continued sick, and though Mrs Nakamura vaguely sensed that their trouble was caused by the bomb, she was too poor to see a doctor and so never knew exactly what the matter was. Without any treatment at all, but merely resting, they began gradually to feel better. Some of Myeko's hair fell out, and she had a tiny burn on her arm which took months to heal. The boy, Toshio, and the older girl, Yaeko, seemed well enough, though they, too, lost some hair and occasionally had bad headaches. Toshio was still having nightmares, always about the nineteen-year-old mechanic, Hideo Osaki, his hero, who had been killed by the bomb.

On his back with a fever of 104, Mr Tanimoto worried about all the funerals he ought to be conducting for the deceased of his church. He thought he was just overtired from the hard work he had done since the bombing, but after the fever had persisted for a few days, he sent for a doctor. The doctor was too busy to visit him in Ushida, but he dispatched a nurse, who recognized his symptoms as those of mild radiation disease and came back from time to time to give him injections of Vitamin B₁. A Buddhist priest with whom Mr Tanimoto was acquainted called on him and suggested that moxibustion might give him relief, the priest showed the pastor how to give himself the ancient Japanese treatment, by setting fire to a twist of the stimulant herb moxa placed on the wrist pulse. Mr. Tanimoto found that each moxa treatment temporarily reduced his fever one degree. The nurse had told him to eat as much as possible, and every few days his mother-in-law brought him vegetables and fish from Tsuzu, twenty miles away, where she lived. He spent a month in bed, and then went ten hours by train to his father's home in Shikoku. There he rested another month.

Dr Sasaki and his colleagues at the Red Cross Hospital watched the unprecedented disease unfold and at last evolved a theory about its nature. It had, they decided, three stages. The first stage had been all over before the doctors even knew they were dealing with a new sickness, it was the direct reaction to the bombardment of the body, at the moment when the bomb went off, by neutrons, beta particles, and gamma rays. The apparently uninjured people who had died so mysteriously in the first few hours or days had succumbed in this first stage. It killed ninety-five per cent of the people within a half mile of the center, and many thousands who were farther away. The doctors realized in retrospect that even though most of these dead had also suffered from burns and blast effects, they had absorbed enough radiation to kill them. The rays simply destroyed body cells — caused their nuclei to degenerate and broke their walls. Many people who did not die right away came down with nausea, headache, diarrhea, malaise, and fever, which lasted several days. Doctors

could not be certain whether some of these symptoms were the result of radiation or nervous shock. The second stage set in ten or fifteen days after the bombing. The main symptom was falling hair. Diarrhea and fever, which in some cases went as high as 106, came next. Twenty-five to thirty days after the explosion, blood disorders appeared. gums bled, the white-blood-cell count dropped sharply, and *petechiae* appeared on the skin and mucous membranes. The drop in the number of white blood corpuscles reduced the patient's capacity to resist infection, so open wounds were unusually slow in healing and many of the sick developed sore throats and mouths. The two key symptoms, on which the doctors came to base their prognosis, were fever and the lowered white-corpuscle count. If fever remained steady and high, the patient's chances for survival were poor. The white count almost always dropped below four thousand, a patient whose count fell below one thousand had little hope of living. Toward the end of the second stage, if the patient survived, anemia, or a drop in the red blood count, also set in. The third stage was the reaction that came when the body struggled to compensate for its ills — when, for instance, the white count not only returned to normal but increased to much higher than normal levels. In this stage, many patients died of complications, such as infections in the chest cavity. Most burns healed with deep layers of pink, rubbery scar tissue, known as keloid tumors. The duration of the disease varied, depending on the patient's constitution and the amount of radiation he had received. Some victims recovered in a week, with others the disease dragged on for months.

As the symptoms revealed themselves, it became clear that many of them resembled the effects of overdoses of X-ray, and the doctors based their therapy on that likeness. They gave victims liver extract, blood transfusions, and vitamins, especially B₁. The shortage of supplies and instruments hampered them. Allied doctors who came in after the surrender found plasma and penicillin very effective. Since the blood disorders were, in the long run, the predominant factor in the disease, some of the Japanese doctors evolved a theory as to the seat of the delayed sickness. They thought that perhaps gamma rays, entering the body at the time of the explosion, made the phosphorus in the victims' bones radioactive, and that they in turn emitted beta particles, which, though they could not penetrate far through flesh, could enter the bone marrow, where blood is manufactured, and gradually tear it down. Whatever its source, the disease had some baffling quirks. Not all the patients exhibited all the main symptoms. People who suffered flash burns were protected, to a considerable extent, from radiation sickness. Those who had lain quietly for days or even hours after the bombing were much less liable to get sick than those who had been active. Gray hair seldom fell out. And, as if nature were protecting man against his own ingenuity, the reproductive

processes were affected for a time, men became sterile, women had miscarriages, menstruation stopped

For ten days after the flood, Dr. Fujii lived in the peasant's house on the mountain above the Ota. Then he heard about a vacant private clinic in Kaitaichi, a suburb to the east of Hiroshima. He bought it at once, moved there, and hung out a sign inscribed in English, in honor of the conquerors:

M FUJII, M.D.
MEDICAL & VENEREAL

Quite recovered from his wounds, he soon built up a strong practice, and he was delighted, in the evenings, to receive members of the occupying forces, on whom he lavished whiskey and practiced English.

Giving Miss Sasaki a local anaesthetic of procaine, Dr. Sasaki made an incision in her leg on October 23rd, to drain the infection, which still lingered on eleven weeks after the injury. In the following days, so much pus formed that he had to dress the opening each morning and evening. A week later, she complained of great pain, so he made another incision, he cut still a third, on November 9th, and enlarged it on the twenty-sixth. All this time, Miss Sasaki grew weaker and weaker, and her spirits fell low. One day, the young man who had lent her his translation of de Maupassant at Hatsukaichi came to visit her, he told her that he was going to Kyushu but that when he came back, he would like to see her again. She didn't care. Her leg had been so swollen and painful all along that the doctor had not even tried to set the fractures, and though an X-ray taken in November showed that the bones were mending, she could see under the sheet that her left leg was nearly three inches shorter than her right and that her left foot was turning inward. She thought often of the man to whom she had been engaged. Someone told her he was back from overseas. She wondered what he had heard about her injuries that made him stay away.

Father Kleinsorge was discharged from the hospital in Tokyo on December 19th and took a train home. On the way, two days later, at Yokogawa, a stop just before Hiroshima, Dr. Fujii boarded the train. It was the first time the two men had met since before the bombing. They sat together. Dr. Fujii said he was going to the annual gathering of his family, on the anniversary of his father's death. When they started talking about their experiences, the Doctor was quite entertaining as he told how his places of residence kept falling into rivers. Then he asked Father Kleinsorge how he was, and the Jesuit talked about his stay in the hospital. "The doctors told me to be cautious," he said. "They ordered me to have a two-hour nap every afternoon."

Dr. Fujii said, "It's hard to be cautious in Hiroshima these days. Everybody seems to be so busy."

A new municipal government, set up under Allied Military Government direction, had gone to work at last in the city hall. Citizens who had recovered from various degrees of radiation sickness were coming back by the thousand — by November 1st, the population, mostly crowded into the outskirts, was already 137,000, more than a third of the wartime peak — and the government set in motion all kinds of projects to put them to work rebuilding the city. It hired men to clear the streets, and others to gather scrap iron, which they sorted and piled in mountains opposite the city hall. Some returning residents were putting up their own shanties and huts, and planting small squares of winter wheat beside them, but the city also authorized and built four hundred one-family “barracks.” Utilities were repaired — electric lights shone again, trams started running, and employees of the waterworks fixed seventy thousand leaks in mains and plumbing. A Planning Conference, with an enthusiastic young Military Government officer, Lieutenant John D. Montgomery, of Kalamazoo, as its adviser, began to consider what sort of city the new Hiroshima should be. The ruined city had flourished — and had been an inviting target — mainly because it had been one of the most important military-command and communications centers in Japan, and would have become the Imperial headquarters had the islands been invaded and Tokyo been captured. Now there would be no huge military establishments to help revive the city. The Planning Conference, at a loss as to just what importance Hiroshima could have, fell back on rather vague cultural and paving projects. It drew maps and avenues a hundred yards wide and thought seriously of preserving the half-ruined Museum of Science and Industry more or less as it was, as a monument to the disaster, and naming it the Institute of International Amity. Statistical workers gathered what figures they could on the effects of the bomb. They reported that 78,150 people had been killed, 13,983 were missing, and 37,425 had been injured. No one in the city government pretended that these figures were accurate — though the Americans accepted them as official — and as the months went by and more and more hundreds of corpses were dug up from the ruins, and as the number of unclaimed urns of ashes at the Zempoji Temple in Koi rose into the thousands, the statisticians began to say that at least a hundred thousand people had lost their lives in the bombing. Since many people died of a combination of causes, it was impossible to figure exactly how many were killed by each cause, but the statisticians calculated that about twenty-five per cent had died of direct burns from the bomb, about fifty per cent from other injuries, and about twenty per cent as a result of radiation effects. The statisticians’ figures on property damage were more reliable. sixty-two thousand out of ninety thousand buildings destroyed, and six thousand more damaged beyond repair. In the heart of the city, they found only five modern buildings that could be used again without major repairs. This small number was by no means the fault of

flimsy Japanese construction. In fact, since the 1923 earthquake, Japanese building regulations had required that the roof of each large building be able to bear a minimum load of seventy pounds per square foot, whereas American regulations do not normally specify more than forty pounds per square foot.

Scientists swarmed into the city. Some of them measured the force that had been necessary to shift marble gravestones in the cemeteries, to knock over twenty-two of the forty-seven railroad cars in the yards at Hiroshima station, to lift and move the concrete roadway on one of the bridges, and to perform other noteworthy acts of strength, and concluded that the pressure exerted by the explosion varied from 53 to 80 tons per square yard. Others found that mica, of which the melting point is 900°C , had fused on granite gravestones three hundred and eighty yards from the center, that telephone poles of *Cryptomeria japonica*, whose carbonization temperature is 240°C , had been charred at forty-four hundred yards from the center, and that the surface of gray clay tiles of the type used in Hiroshima, whose melting point is $1,300^{\circ}\text{C}$, had dissolved at six hundred yards, and, after examining other significant ashes and melted bits, they concluded that the bomb's heat on the ground at the center must have been $6,000^{\circ}\text{C}$. And from further measurements of radiation, which involved, among other things, the scraping up of fission fragments from roof troughs and drainpipes as far away as the suburb of Takasu, thirty-three hundred yards from the center, they learned some far more important facts about the nature of the bomb. General MacArthur's headquarters systematically censored all mention of the bomb in Japanese scientific publications, but soon the fruit of the scientists' calculations became common knowledge among Japanese physicists, doctors, chemists, journalists, professors, and, no doubt, those statesmen and military men who were still in circulation. Long before the American public had been told, most of the scientists and lots of non-scientists in Japan knew — from the calculations of Japanese nuclear physicists — that a uranium bomb had exploded at Hiroshima and a more powerful one, of plutonium, at Nagasaki. They also knew that theoretically one ten times as powerful — or twenty — could be developed. The Japanese scientists thought they knew the exact height at which the bomb at Hiroshima was exploded and the approximate weight of the uranium used. They estimated that, even with the primitive bomb used at Hiroshima, it would require a shelter of concrete fifty inches thick to protect a human being entirely from radiation sickness. The scientists had these and other details which remained subject to security in the United States printed and mimeographed and bound into little books. The Americans knew of the existence of these, but tracing them and seeing that they did not fall into the wrong hands would have obliged the occupying authorities to set up, for this one purpose alone, an enormous police system in Japan. Altogether, the Japanese scientists were

somewhat amused at the efforts of their conquerors to keep security on atomic fission

Late in February, 1946, a friend of Miss Sasaki's called on Father Kleinsorge and asked him to visit her in the hospital. She had been growing more and more depressed and morbid, she seemed little interested in living. Father Kleinsorge went to see her several times. On his first visit, he kept the conversation general, formal, and yet vaguely sympathetic, and did not mention religion. Miss Sasaki herself brought it up the second time he dropped in on her. Evidently she had had some talks with a Catholic. She asked bluntly, "If your God is so good and kind, how can he let people suffer like this?" She made a gesture which took in her shrunken leg, the other patients in her room, and Hiroshima as a whole.

"My child," Father Kleinsorge said, "man is not now in the condition God intended. He has fallen from grace through sin." And he went on to explain all the reasons for everything.

It came to Mrs. Nakamura's attention that a carpenter from Kabe was building a number of wooden shanties in Hiroshima which he rented for fifty yen a month — \$3.33, at the fixed rate of exchange. Mrs. Nakamura had lost the certificates of her bonds and other wartime savings, but fortunately she had copied off all the numbers just a few days before the bombing and had taken the list to Kabe, and so, when her hair had grown in enough for her to be presentable, she went to her bank in Hiroshima, and a clerk there told her that after checking her numbers against the records the bank would give her her money. As soon as she got it, she rented one of the carpenter's shacks. It was in Nobori-cho, near the site of her former house, and though its floor was dirt and it was dark inside, it was at least a home in Hiroshima, and she was no longer dependent on the charity of her in-laws. During the spring, she cleared away some nearby wreckage and planted a vegetable garden. She cooked with utensils and ate off plates she scavenged from the debris. She sent Myeko to the kindergarten which the Jesuits reopened, and the two older children attended Nobori-cho Primary School, which, for want of buildings, held classes out of doors. Toshio wanted to study to be a mechanic, like his hero, Hideo Osaki. Prices were high, by midsummer Mrs. Nakamura's savings were gone. She sold some of her clothes to get food. She had once had several expensive kimonos, but during the war one had been stolen, she had given one to a sister who had been bombed out in Tokuyama, she had lost a couple in the Hiroshima bombing, and now she sold her last one. It brought only a hundred yen, which did not last long. In June, she went to Father Kleinsorge for advice about how to get along, and in early August, she was still considering the two alternatives he suggested — taking work as a domestic for some of the Allied occupation forces, or borrowing from her relatives enough money, about five

hundred yen, or a bit more than thirty dollars, to repair her rusty sewing machine and resume the work of a seamstress.

When Mr Tanimoto returned from Shikoku, he draped a tent he owned over the roof of the badly damaged house he had rented in Ushida. The roof still leaked, but he conducted services in the damp living room. He began thinking about raising money to restore his church in the city. He became quite friendly with Father Kleinsorge and saw the Jesuits often. He envied them their Church's wealth, they seemed to be able to do anything they wanted. He had nothing to work with except his own energy, and that was not what it had been.

The Society of Jesus had been the first institution to build a relatively permanent shanty in the ruins of Hiroshima. That had been while Father Kleinsorge was in the hospital. As soon as he got back, he began living in the shack, and he and another priest, Father Laderman, who had joined him in the mission, arranged for the purchase of three of the standardized "barracks," which the city was selling at seven thousand yen apiece. They put two together, end to end, and made a pretty chapel of them, they ate in the third. When materials were available, they commissioned a contractor to build a three-story mission house exactly like the one that had been destroyed in the fire. In the compound, carpenters cut timbers, gouged mortises, shaped tenons, whittled scores of wooden pegs and bored holes for them, until all the parts for the house were in a neat pile, then, in three days, they put the whole thing together, like an Oriental puzzle, without any nails at all. Father Kleinsorge was finding it hard, as Dr. Fujii had suggested he would, to be cautious and to take his naps. He went out every day on foot to call on Japanese Catholics and prospective converts. As the months went by, he grew more and more tired. In June, he read an article in the Hiroshima *Chugoku* warning survivors against working too hard — but what could he do? By July, he was worn out, and early in August, almost exactly on the anniversary of the bombing, he went back to the Catholic International Hospital, in Tokyo, for a month's rest.

Whether or not Father Kleinsorge's answers to Miss Sasaki's questions about life were final and absolute truths, she seemed quickly to draw physical strength from them. Dr. Sasaki noticed it and congratulated Father Kleinsorge. By April 15th, her temperature and white count were normal and the infection in the wound was beginning to clear up. On the twentieth, there was almost no pus, and for the first time she jerked along a corridor on crutches. Five days later, the wound had begun to heal, and on the last day of the month she was discharged.

During the early summer, she prepared herself for conversion to Catholicism. In that period she had ups and downs. Her depressions were deep. She knew she would always be a cripple. Her fiancé never came to see her. There was nothing for her to do except read and look out, from

her house on a hillside in Koi, across the ruins of the city where her parents and brother died. She was nervous, and any sudden noise made her put her hands quickly to her throat. Her leg still hurt, she rubbed it often and patted it, as if to console it.

It took six months for the Red Cross Hospital, and even longer for Dr. Sasaki, to get back to normal. Until the city restored electric power, the hospital had to limp along with the aid of a Japanese Army generator in its back yard. Operating tables, X-ray machines, dentist chairs, everything complicated and essential came in a trickle of charity from other cities. In Japan, face is important even to institutions, and long before the Red Cross Hospital was back to par on basic medical equipment, its directors put up a new yellow brick veneer façade, so the hospital became the handsomest building in Hiroshima — from the street. For the first four months, Dr. Sasaki was the only surgeon on the staff and he almost never left the building, then, gradually, he began to take an interest in his own life again. He got married in March. He gained back some of the weight he lost, but his appetite remained only fair, before the bombing, he used to eat four rice balls at every meal, but a year after it he could manage only two. He felt tired all the time. "But I have to realize," he said, "that the whole community is tired."

A year after the bomb was dropped, Miss Sasaki was a cripple, Mrs. Nakamura was destitute, Father Kleinsorge was back in the hospital, Dr. Sasaki was not capable of the work he once could do, Dr. Fujii had lost the thirty-room hospital it took him many years to acquire, and had no prospects of rebuilding it, Mr. Tanimoto's church had been ruined and he no longer had his exceptional vitality. The lives of these six people, who were among the luckiest in Hiroshima, would never be the same. What they thought of their experiences and of the use of the atomic bomb was, of course, not unanimous. One feeling they did seem to share, however, was a curious kind of elated community spirit, something like that of the Londoners after their blitz — a pride in the way they and their fellow-survivors had stood up to a dreadful ordeal. Just before the anniversary, Mr. Tanimoto wrote in a letter to an American some words which expressed this feeling: "What a heartbreaking scene this was the first night! About midnight I landed on the riverbank. So many injured people lied on the ground that I made my way by striding over them. Repeating 'Excuse me,' I forwarded and carried a tub of water with me and gave a cup of water to each one of them. They raised their upper bodies slowly and accepted a cup of water with a bow and drunk quietly and, spilling any remnant, gave back a cup with hearty expression of their thankfulness, and said, 'I couldn't help my sister, who was buried under the house, because I had to take care of my mother who got a deep wound on her eye and our house soon set fire and we hardly escaped. Look, I lost my home, my family, and at last my-self bitterly injured. But now I have

gotted my mind to dedicate what I have and to complete the war for our country's sake.' Thus they pledged to me, even women and children did the same. Being entirely tired I lied down on the ground among them, but couldn't sleep at all. Next morning I found many men and women dead, whom I gave water last night. But, to my great surprise, I never heard any one cried in disorder, even though they suffered in great agony. They died in silence, with no grudge, setting their teeth to bear it. All for the country!

"Dr. Y. Hiraiwa, professor of Hiroshima University of Literature and Science, and one of my church members, was buried by the bomb under the two storied house with his son, a student of Tokyo University. Both of them could not move an inch under tremendously heavy pressure. And the house already caught fire. His son said, 'Father, we can do nothing except make our mind up to consecrate our lives for the country. Let us give *Banzai* to our Emperor.' Then the father followed after his son, '*Tenno-heika, Banzai, Banzai, Banzai!*' In the result, Dr. Hiraiwa said, 'Strange to say, I felt calm and bright and peaceful spirit in my heart, when I chanted *Banzai* to Tenno.' Afterward his son got out and digged down and pulled out his father and thus they were saved. In thinking of their experience of that time Dr. Hiraiwa repeated, 'What a fortunate that we are Japanese! It was my first time I ever tasted such a beautiful spirit when I decided to die for our Emperor.'

"Miss Kayoko Nobutoki, a student of girl's high school, Hiroshima Jazabuun, and a daughter of my church member, was taking rest with her friends beside the heavy fence of the Buddhist Temple. At the moment the atomic bomb was dropped, the fence fell upon them. They could not move a bit under such a heavy fence and then smoke entered into even a crack and choked their breath. One of the girls begun to sing *Kimi ga yo*, national anthem, and others followed in chorus and died. Meanwhile one of them found a crack and struggled hard to get out. When she was taken in the Red Cross Hospital she told how her friends died, tracing back in her memory to singing in chorus our national anthem. They were just 13 years old.

"Yes, people of Hiroshima died manly in the atomic bombing, believing that it was for Emperor's sake."

A surprising number of the people of Hiroshima remained more or less indifferent about the ethics of using the bomb. Possibly they were too terrified by it to want to think about it at all. Not many of them even bothered to find out much about what it was like. Mrs. Nakamura's conception of it — and awe of it — was typical. "The atom bomb," she would say when asked about it, "is the size of a matchbox. The heat of it was six thousand times that of the sun. It exploded in the air. There is some radium in it. I don't know just how it works, but when the radium is put together, it explodes." As for the use of the bomb, she would say, "It was

war and we had to expect it." And then she would add, "*Shikata ga nai*," a Japanese expression as common as, and corresponding to, the Russian word "*nichevo*" "It can't be helped. Oh, well Too bad." Dr. Fujii said approximately the same thing about the use of the bomb to Father Kleinsorge one evening, in German. "*Da ist nichts zu machen*. There's nothing to be done about it."

Many citizens of Hiroshima, however, continued to feel a hatred for Americans which nothing could possibly erase. "I see," Dr. Sasaki once said, "that they are holding a trial for war criminals in Tokyo just now. I think they ought to try the men who decided to use the bomb and they should hang them all."

Father Kleinsorge and the other German Jesuit priests, who, as foreigners, could be expected to take a relatively detached view, often discussed the ethics of using the bomb. One of them, Father Siemes, who was out at Nagatsuka at the time of the attack, wrote in a report to the Holy See in Rome, "Some of us consider the bomb in the same category as poison gas and were against its use on a civilian population. Others were of the opinion that in total war, as carried on in Japan, there was no difference between civilians and soldiers, and that the bomb itself was an effective force tending to end the bloodshed, warning Japan to surrender and thus to avoid total destruction. It seems logical that he who supports total war in principle cannot complain of a war against civilians. The crux of the matter is whether total war in its present form is justifiable, even when it serves a just purpose. Does it not have material and spiritual evils as its consequences which far exceed whatever good might result? When will our moralists give us a clear answer to this question?"

It would be impossible to say what horrors were embedded in the minds of the children who lived through the day of the bombing in Hiroshima. On the surface their recollections, months after the disaster, were of an exhilarating adventure. Toshio Nakamura, who was ten at the time of the bombing, was soon able to talk freely, even gaily, about the experience, and a few weeks before the anniversary he wrote the following matter-of-fact essay for his teacher at Nobori-cho Primary School: "The day before the bomb, I went for a swim. In the morning, I was eating peanuts. I saw a light. I was knocked to little sister's sleeping place. When we were saved, I could only see as far as the tram. My mother and I started to pack our things. The neighbors were walking around burned and bleeding. Hataya-san told me to run away with her. I said I wanted to wait for my mother. We went to the park. A whirlwind came. At night a gas tank burned and I saw the reflection in the river. We stayed in the park one night. Next day I went to Taiko Bridge and met my girl friends Kikuki and Murakami. They were looking for their mothers. But Kikuki's mother was wounded and Murakami's mother, alas, was dead."

Checking Your Reading

What was the approximate size, shape, and population of Hiroshima? When was the bomb dropped? What was the approximate extent of the casualties and the damage of the city? What is the effect of the bomb on the human body? What framework has Mr. Hersey's account of the disaster? What professions and strata of society are represented by the characters? Is any material introduced which is not connected directly with one or more of them?

Forming Your Opinion

What do you think of Mr. Hersey's device of following the actions of six survivors through the disaster as a means of telling his story? What effect did it have on you? Would you have preferred another method of narration?

Do any of the six survivors stand out above the others? What varied reactions and impressions do they give you? What reactions and impressions do they seem to have in common?

Does there seem to be any editorializing or moralizing in Mr. Hersey's account? If so, is it direct or indirect? What about the total effect of the piece? With what feelings did it leave you?

Have you read in this volume Dr. Compton's article, "If the Atomic Bomb Had Not Been Used"? What opinions are expressed in "Hiroshima" concerning the inhumanity of dropping the bomb? What are your own? Has "Hiroshima" affected them? Do you think Mr. Hersey intended it to do so? What do you think his chief purpose was in writing it?

What can you say of Mr. Hersey's style in "Hiroshima"? Is it involved or simple? Does its emotional effect lie chiefly in highly colored language or in straightforward reporting? In what sense is it effective propaganda for peace? for world brotherhood?

IF THE ATOMIC BOMB HAD NOT BEEN USED

Karl T. Compton

Outstanding physicist and educator, Karl Taylor Compton (1887–) was president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1930 to 1948. In October, 1948, he left M I T to accept an appointment by President Truman to the position of chairman of the Research and Development Board of the National Military Establishment. Born in Ohio, he was educated at the College of Wooster and at Princeton, where he was chairman of the physics department before going to M I T. During World War II, Dr. Compton was closely associated with President Conant of Harvard and Dr. Vannevar Bush (who are also represented in this collection) in a number of important war projects. He was a member of the National Defense Research Committee, Chief of the Office of Field Service of the O S R D, and an observer on General MacArthur's staff immediately after the Japanese surrender. In the following concise and forthright statement, Dr. Compton defends the use of the atomic bomb by our military leaders.

ABOUT A WEEK after V-J Day I was one of a small group of scientists and engineers interrogating an intelligent, well-informed Japanese Army officer in Yokohama. We asked him what, in his opinion, would have been the next major move if the war had continued. He replied, "You would probably have tried to invade our homeland with a landing operation on Kyushu about November 1. I think the attack would have been made on such and such beaches."

"Could you have repelled this landing?" we asked, and he answered: "It would have been a very desperate fight, but I do not think we could have stopped you."

"What would have happened then?" we asked.

He replied, "We would have kept on fighting until all Japanese were killed, but we would not have been defeated," by which he meant that they would not have been disgraced by surrender.

It is easy now, after the event, to look back and say that Japan was already a beaten nation, and to ask what therefore was the justification for the use of the atomic bomb to kill so many thousands of helpless Japanese in this inhuman way, furthermore, should we not better have kept

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it to ourselves as a secret weapon for future use, if necessary? This argument has been advanced often, but it seems to me utterly fallacious.

I had, perhaps, an unusual opportunity to know the pertinent facts from several angles, yet I was without responsibility for any of the decisions. I can therefore speak without doing so defensively. While my role in the atomic bomb development was a very minor one, I was a member of the group called together by Secretary of War Stimson to assist him in plans for its test, use, and subsequent handling. Then, shortly before Hiroshima, I became attached to General MacArthur in Manila, and lived for two months with his staff. In this way I learned something of the invasion plans and of the sincere conviction of these best-informed officers that a desperate and costly struggle was still ahead. Finally, I spent the first month after V-J Day in Japan, where I could ascertain at first hand both the physical and the psychological state of that country. Some of the Japanese whom I consulted were my scientific and personal friends of long standing.

From this background I believe, with complete conviction, that the use of the atomic bomb saved hundreds of thousands — perhaps several millions — of lives, both American and Japanese; that without its use the war would have continued for many months, that no one of good conscience knowing, as Secretary Stimson and the Chiefs of Staff did, what was probably ahead and what the atomic bomb might accomplish could have made any different decision. Let some of the facts speak for themselves.

Was the use of the atomic bomb inhuman? All war is inhuman. Here are some comparisons of the atomic bombing with conventional bombing. At Hiroshima the atomic bomb killed about 80,000 people, pulverized about five square miles, and wrecked an additional ten square miles of the city, with decreasing damage out to seven or eight miles from the center. At Nagasaki the fatal casualties were 45,000 and the area wrecked was considerably smaller than at Hiroshima because of the configuration of the city.

Compare this with the results of two B-29 incendiary raids over Tokyo. One of these raids killed about 125,000 people, the other nearly 100,000.

Of the 210 square miles of greater Tokyo, 85 square miles of the densest part was destroyed as completely, for all practical purposes, as were the center of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; about half the buildings were destroyed in the remaining 125 square miles; the number of people driven homeless out of Tokyo was considerably larger than the population of greater Chicago. These figures are based on information given us in Tokyo and on a detailed study of the air reconnaissance maps. They may be somewhat in error but are certainly of the right order of magnitude.

Was Japan already beaten before the atomic bomb? The answer is certainly "yes" in the sense that the fortunes of war had turned against

her. The answer is "no" in the sense that she was still fighting desperately and there was every reason to believe that she would continue to do so, and this is the only answer that has any practical significance.

General MacArthur's staff anticipated about 50,000 American casualties and several times that number of Japanese casualties in the November 1 operation to establish the initial beachheads on Kyushu. After that they expected a far more costly struggle before the Japanese homeland was subdued. There was every reason to think that the Japanese would defend their homeland with even greater fanaticism than when they fought to the death on Iwo Jima and Okinawa. No American soldier who survived the bloody struggles on these islands has much sympathy with the view that battle with the Japanese was over as soon as it was clear that their ultimate situation was hopeless. No, there was every reason to expect a terrible struggle long after the point at which some people can now look back and say, "Japan was already beaten."

A month after our occupation I heard General MacArthur say that even then, if the Japanese government lost control over its people and the millions of former Japanese soldiers took to guerrilla warfare in the mountains, it could take a million American troops ten years to master the situation.

That this was not an impossibility is shown by the following fact, which I have not seen reported. We recall the long period of nearly three weeks between the Japanese offer to surrender and the actual surrender on September 2. This was needed in order to arrange details of the surrender and occupation and to permit the Japanese government to prepare its people to accept the capitulation. It is not generally realized that there was threat of a revolt against the government, led by an Army group supported by the peasants, to seize control and continue the war. For several days it was touch and go as to whether the people would follow their government in surrender.

The bulk of the Japanese people did not consider themselves beaten; in fact they believed they were winning in spite of the terrible punishment they had taken. They watched the paper balloons take off and float eastward in the wind, confident that these were carrying a terrible retribution to the United States in revenge for our air raids.

We gained a vivid insight into the state of knowledge and morale of the ordinary Japanese soldier from a young private who had served through the war in the Japanese Army. He had lived since babyhood in America, and had graduated in 1940 from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This lad, thoroughly American in outlook, had gone with his family to visit relatives shortly after his graduation. They were caught in the mobilization and he was drafted into the Army.

This young Japanese told us that all his fellow soldiers believed that Japan was winning the war. To them the losses of Iwo Jima and Okinawa

were parts of a grand strategy to lure the American forces closer and closer to the homeland, until they could be pounced upon and utterly annihilated. He himself had come to have some doubts as a result of various inconsistencies in official reports. Also he had seen the Ford assembly line in operation and knew that Japan could not match America in war production. But none of the soldiers had any inkling of the true situation until one night, at ten-thirty, his regiment was called to hear the reading of the surrender proclamation.

Did the atomic bomb bring about the end of the war? That it would do so was the calculated gamble and hope of Mr. Stimson, General Marshall, and their associates. The facts are these. On July 26, 1945, the Potsdam Ultimatum called on Japan to surrender unconditionally. On July 29 Premier Suzuki issued a statement, purportedly at a cabinet press conference, scorning as unworthy of official notice the surrender ultimatum, and emphasizing the increasing rate of Japanese aircraft production. Eight days later, on August 6, the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the second was dropped on August 9 on Nagasaki, on the following day, August 10, Japan declared its intention to surrender, and on August 14 accepted the Potsdam terms.

On the basis of these facts, I cannot believe that, without the atomic bomb, the surrender would have come without a great deal more of costly struggle and bloodshed.

Exactly what role the atomic bomb played will always allow some scope for conjecture. A survey has shown that it did not have much immediate effect on the common people far from the two bombed cities, they knew little or nothing of it. The even more disastrous conventional bombing of Tokyo and other cities had not brought the people into the mood to surrender.

The evidence points to a combination of factors. (1) Some of the more informed and intelligent elements in Japanese official circles realized that they were fighting a losing battle and that complete destruction lay ahead if the war continued. These elements, however, were not powerful enough to sway the situation against the dominating Army organization, backed by the profiteering industrialists, the peasants, and the ignorant masses. (2) The atomic bomb introduced a dramatic new element into the situation, which strengthened the hands of those who sought peace and provided a face-saving argument for those who had hitherto advocated continued war. (3) When the second atomic bomb was dropped, it became clear that this was not an isolated weapon, but that there were others to follow. With dread prospect of a deluge of these terrible bombs and no possibility of preventing them, the argument for surrender was made convincing. This I believe to be the true picture of the effect of the atomic bomb in bringing the war to a sudden end, with Japan's unconditional surrender.

If the atomic bomb had not been used, evidence like that I have cited points to the practical certainty that there would have been many more months of death and destruction on an enormous scale. Also the early timing of its use was fortunate for a reason which could not have been anticipated. If the invasion plans had proceeded as scheduled, October, 1945, would have seen Okinawa covered with airplanes and its harbors crowded with landing craft poised for the attack. The typhoon which struck Okinawa in that month would have wrecked the invasion plans with a military disaster comparable to Pearl Harbor.

These are some of the facts which lead those who know them, and especially those who had to base decisions on them, to feel that there is much delusion and wishful thinking among those after-the-event strategists who now deplore the use of the atomic bomb on the ground that its use was inhuman or that it was unnecessary because Japan was already beaten. And it was not one atomic bomb, or two, which brought surrender; it was the experience of what an atomic bomb will actually do to a community, *plus the dread of many more*, that was effective.

If 500 bombers could wreak such destruction on Tokyo, what will 500 bombers, each carrying an atomic bomb, do to the City of Tomorrow? It is this deadly prospect which now lends such force to the two basic policies of our nation on this subject: (1) We must strive generously and with all our ability to promote the United Nations' effort to assure future peace between nations, but we must not lightly surrender the atomic bomb as a means for our own defense. (2) We should surrender or share it only when there is adopted an international plan to enforce peace in which we can have great confidence.

Checking Your Reading

Does Dr. Compton think that the use of the atomic bomb saved human lives in the long run? What does he say about the alleged inhumanity of its use? Does Dr. Compton think that Japan was beaten before the bomb was dropped? How does he qualify his answer? What in general did the Japanese people as a whole know about the bomb? Did their surrender come as a surprise to most of them? Why?

Does Dr. Compton think that the bomb brought about the end of the war? Why? What does he think would have happened if the atomic bomb had not been used?

Forming Your Opinion

Do you disagree with any of Dr. Compton's arguments? Can you supply additional arguments for the use of the bomb? Are there further arguments against it which Dr. Compton fails to consider? What is your own answer to the

question of whether the bomb should have been used? Has it been influenced by your reading of this article or of Hersey's "Hiroshima," which precedes it in this book? What is your opinion of the views expressed by Dr. Compton in his last paragraph? What should be the policy of the United States toward atomic control? What role can the United Nations play in such control?

MODERN MAN IS OBSOLETE

Norman Cousins

As editor of the Saturday Review of Literature since 1942, Norman Cousins (1912-) has brought to a basically literary magazine a quantity of feature articles and editorials which treat world and domestic problems in a most intelligent fashion. His career in journalism began with positions on the New York Post and Current History, and during World War II he worked with the Office of War Information and other governmental agencies. Modern Man Is Obsolete appeared in book form in 1945, but it was first printed as an editorial in the Saturday Review of Literature (August 18, 1945) and later condensed for the New York Herald Tribune (August 23, 1945). It is here reprinted in its entirety.

THE BEGINNING of the Atomic Age has brought less hope than fear. It is a primitive fear, the fear of the unknown, the fear of forces man can neither channel nor comprehend. This fear is not new, in its classical form it is the fear of irrational death. But overnight it has become intensified, magnified. It has burst out of the subconscious and into the conscious, filling the mind with primordial apprehensions. It is thus that man stumbles fitfully into a new era of atomic energy for which he is as ill equipped to accept its potential blessings as he is to control its present dangers.

Where man can find no answer, he will find fear. While the dust was still settling over Hiroshima, he was asking himself questions and finding no answers. The biggest question of these concerns himself. Is war inevitable because it is in the nature of man? If so, how much time has he left — five, ten, twenty years — before he employs the means now available to him for the ultimate in self-destruction — extinction? If not, then how is he to interpret his own experience, which tells him that in all recorded history there have been only three hundred years in the aggregate during which he was free of war?

Clearly following upon these are other questions, flowing out endlessly from his fears and without prospect of definitive answer. Even assuming that he could hold destructive science in check, what changes would the new age bring or demand in his everyday life? What changes would it bring or demand in his culture, his education, his philosophy, his religion, his relationships with other human beings?

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In speculating upon these questions, it should not be necessary to prove that on August 6, 1945, a new age was born. When on that day a parachute containing a small object floated to earth over Japan, it marked the violent death of one stage in man's history and the beginning of another. Nor should it be necessary to prove the saturating effect of the new age, permeating every aspect of man's activities, from machines to morals, from physics to philosophy, from politics to poetry, in sum, an effect creating a blanket of obsolescence not only over the methods and the products of man but over man himself.

It is a curious phenomenon of nature that only two species practice the art of war — men and ants, both of which, significantly, maintain complex social organizations. This does not mean that only men and ants engage in the murder of their own kind. Many animals of the same species kill each other, but only men and ants have practiced the science of organized destruction, employing their massed numbers in violent combat and relying on strategy and tactics to meet developing situations or to capitalize on the weaknesses in the strategy and tactics of the other side. The longest continuous war ever fought between men lasted thirty years. The longest ant war ever recorded lasted six-and-a-half weeks, or whatever the corresponding units would be in ant reckoning.

While all entomologists are agreed that war is instinctive with ants, it is encouraging to note that not all anthropologists and biologists are agreed that war is instinctive with men. Those who lean on experience, of course, find everything in man's history to indicate that war is locked up within his nature. But a broader and more generous, certainly more philosophical, view is held by those scientists who claim that the evidence of a war instinct in men is incomplete and misleading, and that man *does* have within him the power of abolishing war. Julian Huxley, the English biologist, draws a sharp distinction between human nature and the *expression* of human nature. Thus war is not a reflection but an expression of man's nature. Moreover, the expression may change, as the factors which lead to war may change. "In man, as in ants, war in any serious sense is bound up with the existence of accumulations of property to fight about. . . . As for human nature, it contains no specific war instinct, as does the nature of harvester ants. There is in man's makeup a general aggressive tendency, but this, like all other human urges, is not a specific and unvarying instinct, it can be molded into the most varied forms."

But even if this gives us a reassuring answer to the question — is war inevitable because of man's nature? — it still leaves unanswered the question concerning the causes leading up to war. The expression of man's nature will continue to be warlike if the same conditions are continued that have provoked warlike expressions in him in the past. And since man's survival on earth is now absolutely dependent on his ability to

avoid a new war, he is faced with the so-far insoluble problem of eliminating those causes.

In the most primitive sense, war in man is an expression of his extreme competitive impulses. Like everything else in nature, he has had to fight for existence, but the battle against other animals, once won, gave way in his evolution to battle against his own kind. Darwin called it natural selection, Spencer called it the survival of the fittest, and its most over-stretched interpretation is to be found in *Mein Kampf*, with the naked glorification of brute force and the complete worship of might makes right. In the political and national sense, it has been the attempt of the "have-nots" to take from the "haves," or the attempt of the "haves" to add further to their lot at the expense of the "have-nots." Not always was property at stake, comparative advantages were measured in terms of power, and in terms of tribal or national superiority. The good luck of one nation became the hard luck of another. The good fortune of the Western powers in obtaining "concessions" in China at the turn of the century was the ill fortune of the Chinese. The power that Germany stripped from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and France at the beginning of World War II she added to her own.

What does it matter, then, if war is not in the nature of man so long as man continues through the expression of his nature to be a viciously competitive animal? The effect is the same, and therefore the result must be as conclusive — war being the effect, and complete obliteration of the human species being the ultimate result.

If this reasoning is correct, then modern man is obsolete, a self-made anachronism becoming more incongruous by the minute. He has exalted change in everything but himself. He has leaped centuries ahead in inventing a new world to live in, but he knows little or nothing about his own part in that world. He has surrounded and confounded himself with gaps — gaps between revolutionary technology and evolutionary man, between cosmic gadgets and human wisdom, between intellect and conscience. The struggle between science and morals that Henry Thomas Buckle foresaw a century ago has been all but won by science.

Given ample time, man might be expected eventually to span those gaps normally, but by his own hand, he is destroying even time. Decision and execution in the modern world are becoming virtually synchronous. Thus, whatever gaps man has to span he will have to span immediately.

This involves both biology and will. If he lacks the actual and potential biological equipment to build those bridges, then the birth certificate of the atomic age is in reality a *memento mori*. But even if he possesses the necessary biological equipment, he must still make the decision which says that he is to apply himself to the challenge. Capability without decision is inaction and inconsequence.

Man is left, then, with a crisis in decision. The main test before him

involves his *will* to change rather than his *ability* to change. That he is capable of change is certain. For there is no more mutable or adaptable animal in the world. We have seen him migrate from one extreme clime to another. We have seen him step out of backward societies and join advanced groups within the space of a single generation. This is not to imply that the changes were necessarily always for the better, only that change was and is possible. But change requires stimulus; and mankind today need look no further for stimulus than its own desire to stay alive. The critical power of change, says Spengler, is directly linked to the survival drive. Once the instinct for survival is stimulated, the basic condition for change can be met.

That is why the power of total destruction as potentially represented by modern science must be dramatized and kept in the forefront of public opinion. The full dimensions of the peril must be seen and recognized. Only then will man realize that the first order of business is the question of continued existence. Only then will he be prepared to make the decisions necessary to assure that survival.

In making these decisions, two principal courses are open to him. Both will keep him alive for an indefinite or at least a reasonably long period. These courses, however, are directly contradictory and represent polar extremes of approach.

The first course is the positive approach. It begins with a careful survey and appraisal of the obsolescences which constitute the afterbirth of the new age. The survey must begin with man himself. "The proper study of Mankind is Man," said Pope. No amount of tinkering with his institutions will be sufficient to insure his survival unless he can make the necessary adjustments in his own relationship to the world and to society.

The first adjustment to be considered concerns man's savagely competitive impulses. Some may contend that this adjustment is impossible since it involves some of man's deepest instincts. Rousseau and Locke and Hobbes may be cited as authorities for the statement that man is basically individualist and competitive. It may be argued that it is futile to ask that man attempt to run counter to nature.

The anthropologists, however, will answer by denying that man is instinctively individualist. They contend that a study of man reveals his nature to be gregarious. His entire history, in fact, tells of one long, uninterrupted struggle to shatter his loneliness. It is only through his conditioning and environment that he has acquired his individualist habits. Even here, there is no reason inherent in nature why habits acquired cannot be replaced or redirected. We say "redirected" because not all his individualist or competitive habits are unhealthy or dangerous. When directed to creative and social ends, they can serve the purposes of progress, for competition can be an effective stimulus to constructive accomplishment. It is only when the competitive impulses or habits lose direc-

tion and become savagely anti-social that they constitute a destructive and ominous force.

So far as can be determined, those impulses are largely related to the rise of materialistic man, who has been a product — perhaps victim would be a better word — of his environment. Dominating this environment has always been an insufficiency of the goods and the needs of life. From Biblical days up through the present, there was never a time when starvation and economic suffering were not acute somewhere in the world, leading to conflict not only within nations but among nations.

This is only part of the story, of course, for it is dangerous to apply an economic interpretation indiscriminately to all history. Politics, religion, force for force's sake, jealousy, ambition, love of conquest, love of reform — all these and others have figured in the equations of history and war. But the economic factor was seldom if ever absent, even when it was not the prime mover. Populations frequently increased more rapidly than available land, goods, work, or wealth. Malthus believed that they increased so rapidly at times that war or plague or natural disaster became nature's safety valve.

Yet all this has been — or can be — changed by the new age. Man now has it within his grasp to emancipate himself economically. If he wills it, he is in a position to redirect his competitive impulses, he can take the step from competitive man to co-operative man. He has at last unlocked enough of the earth's secrets to provide for his needs on a world scale. The same atomic and electrical energy that can destroy a continent can also usher in an age of economic sufficiency. It need no longer be a question as to which peoples shall prosper and which shall be deprived. There are resources enough and power enough for all.

It is here that man's survey of himself needs the severest scrutiny, for he is his own greatest obstacle to the achievement of those attainable and necessary goals. While he is willing to mobilize all his scientific and intellectual energies for purposes of death, he has so far been unwilling to undertake any comparable mobilization for purposes of life. He has opened the atom and harnessed its fabulous power to a bomb, but he balks — or allows himself to be balked — when it comes to harnessing that power for human progress. Already, he has been given words of synthetic caution. Even as he stands on the threshold of a new age, he is pulled back by his coat-tails and told to look the other way, told that he will not see the practical application of atomic energy for general use in our lifetime. If it works out this way, it will not be because of any lack of knowledge or skill, but only because of the reluctance in certain quarters to face up to the full implications of the Atomic Age which does not exempt the economic structure any more than it exempts man himself.

The change now impending is in many ways more sweeping than that of the Industrial Revolution itself. And the irony is that man is asked to

adjust himself to an Atomic Age before he has caught up with, let alone mastered, the age ushered in by electricity and steam.

Before 1830, change in man's way of life was almost imperceptible. A wheel turned no faster in Hannibal's time than it did in George Washington's. It took just as long to cultivate a wheat field in Egypt in 5000 B.C. as it did anywhere at the turn of the nineteenth century. The clothing worn by any of the Roman Caesars could not have been made more quickly until the invention of machines more than fifteen hundred years later. The speed of technological change was almost as slow as that of life itself.

Then suddenly, with the utilization of steam and electricity, more changes were made in technology in two generations than in all the thousands of years of previous human history put together. Wheels and machines turned so fast that man could cover more distances in one day than he used to be able to do in a lifetime. Fields that once defied many men were brought under cultivation through the use of machines. Some idea of the extent of these changes and the clipped brevity with which they took place may be gained by comparing them with previous technological milestones in human history. It took at least five hundred years to develop a knowledge of metallurgy, and approximately the same period for man to learn the science of chipping flints. But metallurgy and flint-chipping imposed no burden on the evolutionary intelligence of man, for they came too slowly to present any problem. As Alfred North Whitehead observes in his *Adventures of Ideas*, "The time-span of important change was considerably longer than that of a single human life. Thus mankind was trained to adapt itself to fixed conditions. Today, this time-span is considerably shorter than that of human life, and accordingly, our training must prepare individuals to face a novelty of conditions."

And yet, says Whitehead, our social, economic, and political institutions are being developed on a time-span of change that was adequate in a pre-Industrial Revolution Age. We are suffering, he adds, from the "vicious assumption that each generation will substantially live amid the conditions governing the lives of its fathers and will transmit those conditions to mould with equal force the lives of its children. We are living in the first period of human history for which this assumption is false."

If all this was crucial even before the Atomic Age, consider how the problem has now been multiplied until its very dimensions almost seem beyond human comprehension. And if unchanging economic man was groping before in attempting to operate his society, consider the limitless wilderness in which he finds himself now. Little wonder that there has been so much of a disposition in some quarters to retreat from the atom, to pretend that it has little or no economic significance for the world of today.

However great our reluctance to acknowledge the birth of the new

age, the fact is that it is already here. What remains to be decided is whether we are going to stand up to it and meet it head on, or whether we are going to back into it, whether we should fulfill its responsibilities and develop its promise, or whether we should try to circumvent it on the theory that what we don't think about can't hurt us, whether we should carry on atomic research for practical use with the same urgency, the same fullness, the same scope and intensity as we have for destructive use, or whether we should restrict atomic research to purposes of war.

If these questions are decided affirmatively, then the long over-due mobilization of science for man's needs — principally health — can and should be promptly started. For the size of the opportunity is exceeded only by the size of the need. What a bitter commentary — not on science but on society itself — that man has pierced the secret of atomic energy but is still baffled by the common cold! Who can tell what advances in medical knowledge might accrue to the welfare of mankind if society enabled its scientists and doctors to put as much mobilized effort into the study of man as there has been of matter! Cancer, heart disease, nephritis, arthritis, leukemia, encephalitis, poliomyelitis, arteriosclerosis, aplastic anemia — all these are anomalies in the modern world, there is no reason why mobilized research should not be directed at their causes and cure. Nor is there any reason why even old age should not be regarded as a disease to be attacked by science in the same intensive fashion.

Surveying other adjustments he will have to make if he chooses the positive course, man must consider himself in relation to his individual development. Leisure is a gift given him by technology, now he has the limitless opportunities that can come with time to think. The trend during the last fifty years toward shorter work weeks and shorter hours will not only be continued but sharply accelerated. No more than half of each week will be spent earning a living. But a revolution is needed in man's leisure-time activities — which so far have come to be associated almost entirely with the commodities of vended amusement. Once before, the world knew a Golden Age where the development of the individual — his mind and his body — was considered the first law of life. In Greece, it took the form of the revolution of awareness, the emancipation of the intellect from the limitations of corroding ignorance and prejudice.

Once again, if man wills it, he can be in a position to restore that first law of life. But he will have to effect a radical transformation in his approach to and philosophy of education, which should prepare him not only for the business of work but for the business of living itself. The primary aim should be the development of a critical intelligence. The futile war now going on in education between specialization and general study must be stopped. There need no longer be any conflict between the two. The individual will need both — specialization for the requirements of research, general knowledge for the requirements of living. As for the

problem of time in which to accomplish these dual objectives, formalized education until the twenty-fifth or thirtieth year is doubtless indicated, but it should not abruptly end there. Education, like the capacity of the mind itself, has no rigid boundaries. Unlimited exploration should be the first imperative of any educational program.

One of the liabilities of modern education is that it has contributed to a dangerous compartmentalization both of knowledge and of progress. Dangerous, because what is needed today is an understanding of the interconnections and interrelationships within the entire province of organized knowledge. This understanding can help avoid a tragically compartmentalized approach to the building of a new world. Already, man is being offered unilateral solutions in terms of economics alone or politics alone or ideology alone or science alone or religion alone. But it is not Economic Man or Political Man or Ideological Man or Scientific Man or Religious Man by himself who holds the solution. Only the Whole Man is equipped to find and act on whatever solution may exist.

And the Whole Man requires whole education. This does not mean that he must become a specialist in every branch of the sciences and the arts, nor does it mean that specialization must give way to superficial general study. What it does mean is that over and above specialized training there is a vast area to be cultivated in making a new science of integration — a science built on the interdependence of knowledge. It stands to reason that if we are living in an interdependent world, we must educate for interdependent living.

We have saved for last the most crucial aspect of this general survey relating to the first course, the transformation or adjustment from national man to world man. At present he is a world warrior, it is time for him to grow up and to become a world citizen. This is not vaporous idealism, but sheer driving necessity. It bears directly on the prospects of his own survival. He will have to recognize the flat truth that the greatest obsolescence of all in the Atomic Age is national sovereignty. Even back in the old-fashioned Rocket Age before August 6, 1945, strict national sovereignty was an anomalous hold-over from the tribal instinct in nations. If it was anomalous then, it is preposterous now.

It is preposterous because we have invested it with nonexistent powers. We assume that national sovereignty is still the same as it always was, that it still offers security and freedom of national decision. We assume it still means national independence, the right to get into war or stay out of it. We even debate the question of "surrendering" some of our sovereignty — as though there is still something to surrender. There is nothing left to surrender. There is only something to gain. A common world sovereignty.

At the heart of sovereignty throughout history there has been security based on the advantages of geography or military might. For sovereignty

has been inseparable from power. But by the end of World War I, the validity of national sovereignty had sharply changed. The development of air power alone, apart from all other aspects of the world's inexorable trend toward close interrelationship, outdated traditional concepts of independence among nations. Yet we preferred to believe that there was no connection between a world being locked into a single piece and its over-all organization. Unfortunately, our unreadiness or unwillingness to see this connection did not cause the connection to disappear.

So much did this connection exist that it led to World War II. Despite six years of that new war, despite jet planes, rocket planes, despite the abrupt telescoping of a thousand years of human history in the release of atomic energy, despite the loss of millions of lives, we still act as though sovereignty can function as it did two thousand years ago.

Can it be that we do not realize that in an age of atomic energy and rocket planes the foundations of the old sovereignties have been shattered? That no longer is security to be found in armies and navies, however large and mighty? That no longer is there security based on size and size alone? That any nation, however small, with atomic energy, is potentially as powerful as any other nation, however large? That in an Atomic Age all nations are now directly accessible to each other — for better or worse? That in the erasure of man-made barriers and boundaries all the peoples of the world stand virtually unarmed in the presence of one another? That they are at the mercy of one another, and shall have to devise a common security or suffer a common cataclysm? That the only really effective influence between peoples is such influence as they are able to exert morally, politically, ideologically upon each other? That the use of disproportionate wealth and abundance of resources by any nation, when applied for bargaining purposes, do not constitute influence but the type of coercion against which severe reaction is inevitable?

All these questions have been in the making for centuries, but the triumph over the invisible and mighty atom has given them an exactness and an immediacy about which there can be no mistake. The need for world government was clear long before August 6, 1945, but Hiroshima and Nagasaki raised that need to such dimensions that it can no longer be ignored. And in the glare brighter than sunlight produced by the assault on the atom, we have all the light we need with which to examine this new world that has come into being with such clicking abruptness. Thus examined, the old sovereignties are seen for what they are — vestigial obstructions in the circulatory system of the world.

Much of the attachment to old concepts of sovereignty, as well as the reluctance to face squarely its severe limitations in the modern world, grows out of apprehension over the control a world authority might have over the internal affairs of the individual state. There is the fear, for example, that the individual Constitutions would be subject to central

control. There is the fear that institutions built up over centuries would exist only at the pleasure and discretion of a super-state.

Natural and understandable though these concerns may be, they have their source in confusion over a distinction that should be made between world *sovereignty* and state *jurisdiction*. A common world sovereignty would mean that no state could act unilaterally in its foreign affairs. It would mean that no state could have the instruments of power to aggress against other states. It would mean that no state could withdraw from the central authority as a method of achieving its aims. But it would *not* mean that the individual state would lose its *jurisdiction* over its internal affairs. It would *not* mean the arbitrary establishment of a uniform ideology all over the world. It would *not* mean the forcible imposition of non-democratic systems on democratic states, any more than it would mean the forcible imposition of democratic systems on non-democratic states.

Though the idea of bestowing democracy on all other peoples throughout the world seems both magnanimous and attractive, the fact remains that democracy is not to be had just for the giving or the taking. It cannot be donated or imposed from without. It is an intricate and highly advanced mechanism capable of existing, like man himself, under certain conditions. It depends not only on the love of freedom, but on the ability to carry the responsibilities of freedom. It requires enduring respect for numberless principles, not all of them incorporated into formal law. It requires adherence to the principle of majority rule with preservation of minority rights. It is as much a way of living and a philosophy of life as it is a form of political organization.

This does not mean, however, that peoples not now democratic must be restrained from moving toward democracy. Nor does it mean that the conditions under which democracy can come into being cannot be nurtured and developed. So far as a central authority is concerned, one way to help in that development can be by providing a greater external harmony that will permit a greater internal harmony.

In creating this higher sovereignty, we naturally wonder whether history has any advice to offer. History tells of two experiences worth our examination. The first happened in Greece more than two thousand years ago, the second happened in America a century and a half ago. Neither experience can properly be termed a parallel or a precise guide to the present. Strictly speaking, no precise guide to the present is to be found anywhere. Never before has the world known such profound and sudden shocks; never before has there been so little in the way of previous experience to build upon. But while we should not overstretch historical analogy, neither should we fail to take into account the operation of certain historical principles whose validity might seem to apply to our own time.

Early Greece — that is, the Greece of the pre-Christian era — was not a state but a bundle of states. Though geographically united, it was politi-

cally disunited, with trade rivalries and frequent wars. The need for one nation to rise out of all the small city-states was apparent to many Greek leaders, but no one city-state was willing to take the initiative in building a genuine, common sovereignty. Several leagues or confederations were attempted, but broke down because the strongest states arrogated supreme power to themselves. Moreover, leagues of nations were arrayed against each other within Greece itself, with small states in the south clustered around Sparta, and the small states in the north clustered around Athens. This struggle between Athens and Sparta, growing out of their inability to come together within a single governmental organization, cost Greek civilization its very life.

Greece's failure is worth noting because it illustrates the consequences of disunion for states within a related group. It is worth noting, too, because it served as one of the strongest arguments for a union of the states during the making of the American Constitution. Throughout the minutes of the Constitutional Convention, and throughout *The Federalist*, which interpreted and analyzed the work of the convention, we find frequent reference to the Greek experience.

The causes and the effects of the Greek failure, said *The Federalist*, "cannot be too highly colored, or too often exhibited. Every man who loves peace, every man who loves his country, every man who loves liberty, ought to have it ever before his eyes . . ." Readers were told that if the Greeks had been "as wise as they were courageous," they would have transformed their loose and competing leagues into a real union. *The Federalist* believed that had such a union been formed after the war against Persia, when both Athens and Sparta were, for once, united in defense of Greece, there might never have been a Peloponnesian War culminating in the ruin of both states and in the decay of Greece itself. America, said *The Federalist*, should be the "broad and solid foundation of other edifices, not less magnificent, which will be equally permanent monuments of their errors."

There is a disposition to deny the value of America's success at international organization one hundred and sixty years ago because the states were supposedly so compact, so homogeneous, so closely knit in their cultural and political and economic patterns.

Let us see.

There were thirteen American nations in the Revolution against England. They came out of that Revolution as former allies rather than as partners in a continuing enterprise. There were varying and frequently conflicting systems of political, economic, monetary, and social organization. Sovereignty, separation, sectarianism — these fixed the thinking of the day. A man who went from one state to another found that his currency would shrink ten per cent just in the act of crossing a state line. At one point, Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York were on the brink

of war In the absence of an outside threat after the Revolution, the colonies began to fall apart.

Frederick Scott Oliver, in his study of Alexander Hamilton as a federalist, tells us that "the citizens hardened their hearts, preferring, like Pharaoh, to endure the murrain, the locusts, and the darkness, rather than abandon their mean jealousies, their rivalries at once sordid and malicious, rather than part with a single shred of local sovereignty to clothe the shivering and naked form of federal government. . . . Finally, in their madness, they fell upon each other; each at the beginning looking merely for advantage to itself in injury to its neighbors, even as an end in itself "

In all the discussion over the making of America, a fact frequently overlooked is that the American Revolution did not create the United States The United States were created largely through their differences, differences so intense that only a common sovereignty could prevent international anarchy within the American group.

John Fiske, in his *Critical Period of American History*, writes that each little city or district regarded itself as an island. "Local prejudices were intense It was not simply free Massachusetts and slave-holding South Carolina, or English Connecticut and Dutch New York, that misunderstood and ridiculed each other, but even between such neighboring states as Connecticut and Massachusetts, both of them thoroughly English and Puritan, and in all their social conditions almost exactly alike, it used often to be said that there was no love lost These unspeakably stupid and contemptible local antipathies are inherited by civilized men from that far-off time when the clan system prevailed over the face of the earth and the hand of every clan was raised against its neighbor They are pale and evanescent survivals from the universal primitive warfare, and the sooner they die out from human society, the better for every one "

Or listen to Thomas Paine on the "homogeneous" quality of the Colonial peoples at the time the international organization that is the United States was founded.

"If there is a country in the world where concord, according to common calculation, would be least expected, it is America. Made up, as it is, of people from different nations, accustomed to different forms and habits of government, speaking different languages, and more different in their modes of worship, it would appear that the union of such a people was impracticable. But by the simple operation of constructing government on the principles of society and the rights of man, every difficulty retires, and the parts are brought into cordial unison "

Paine's footnote to this paragraph indicates that the melting pot was not peculiar to a later period in American history "That part of America," he said, "which is generally called New England, including New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, is peopled chiefly by English descendants. In the state of New York, about half are Dutch,

the rest English, Scotch and Irish. In New Jersey, a mixture of English and Dutch, with some Scotch and Irish. In Pennsylvania, about one-third are English, another third German, and the remainder Scotch and Irish, with some Swedes. The states to the southward have a greater proportion of English than the middle states, but in all of them there is a mixture, and besides those enumerated, there are a considerable number of French, and some few of all the European nations, lying on the Coast "

Paine went on to point out that the American experience proved that diverse peoples did not have to be subjugated to be brought together, but that they could achieve common government through common consent. Government, he said, was not a "thing made up of mysteries," but a "national association acting on the principles of society."

In examining, therefore, the Greek and American experiences, we find one central point worth considering in relation to the problem before us today. States within a related group must live as one or suffer as many. A corollary is that the differences among peoples are not a deterrent in meeting the need for over-all government, but actually both a pre-condition and a basic reason behind the need.

What validity does this have for the world today? First, do the nations of the world belong to a related group? If so, how and to what extent?

The world has at last become a geographic unit, if we measure geographic units not according to absolute size but according to access and proximity. All peoples are members of this related group, just as the thirteen American colonies belonged to a related group, and just as the city-states of Greece belonged to a related group. The extent of this relationship need only be measured by the direct access nations have to each other for purposes of war. And the consequences of disunion are as applicable to the world group today as they were to individual groupings of states in the past. The unorganized geographic units of the past have given way to the unorganized unit of the present. It is a unit without unity, an order without any order.

In a world where it takes less time to get from New York to Chungking than it took to get from New York to Philadelphia in 1787, the nature and extent of this geographic entity becomes apparent. All natural distances and barriers vanish. Never before in history has the phrase, the human family, had such a precise meaning. This much all of us — American, European, African, Asiatic, Australian — have in common: Whether we like it or not, we have been brought together or thrust together as members of a world unit, albeit an unorganized world unit. Within that unit, to be sure, are divisions and subdivisions, but they are all heavily interdependent. There is little point in musing or speculating whether this unit is desirable or whether it deserves our support. The fact is that it exists.

Here we must meet the argument that even though the world may

be a geographical unit, it is too large, too unwieldy, for the creation and operation of a governmental unit. But size alone does not limit the area in which government can function. Unwieldiness is entirely relative to the instruments of control. For harmony among states depends upon relationships, and relationships among states depend upon law and respect for law.

No less an authority on international organization than *The Federalist* tells us that "the larger the society, provided it be within a practical sphere, the more duly capable will it be of self-government." By "practical," *The Federalist* meant both necessity and workability. Thus a state could be as large as the need behind it, so long as it possesses effective machinery for its administration. And two thousand years before *The Federalist*, Aristotle considered the limitations upon the size of a state and decided that it could be determined by the range of a man's voice. Accessibility seemed to Aristotle to be the prime requisite of a governmental unit. According to this definition, radio has converted the entire world into a small enclosure capable of central government. But radio is only one of the instruments available for drawing the peoples of the world together under a common sovereignty. The revolution in transportation can give them a mutuality such as even the people of any one nation a hundred or more years ago never knew among themselves.

This mutuality — a mutuality built on present and future needs — is more important than physical dimensions. A common ground of destiny is not too large a site for the founding of any community.

But reject all other arguments for world government — reject the geographic, the economic, the ideological, the sociological, the humanitarian arguments, valid though they may be. Consider only the towering job of policing the atom — the job of keeping the smallest particle of matter from destroying all matter. This means control. But control is no natural phenomenon. It does not operate of and by itself. Control is impossible without power — the power of investigation, the power of injunction, the power of arrest, the power of punishment.

But power, like control, cannot be isolated, nor is it desirable except under carefully defined circumstances. Power must be subordinate to law, unless it is to take the form of brute, irresponsible force. Here, too, we are involved in an important interrelationship, because law can be derived only through government. Law is a product of moral, judicial, executive, legislative, and administrative sanction — all of which adds up to government. And government means what it says: the process of governing. It is not decentralization, it is not informal organization, it is not the right of veto or the right of secession by any state or states. It is a central body none of whose members has the right or the means of aggression or withdrawal. It is the source of legitimate action and legitimate redress.

Approach the problem in reverse. We are all agreed that war must be

"outlawed." If that is what we really mean, then we shall have to apply law. Law based on what? On general agreement? With or without sanctions? With or without protective as well as punitive power? With or without a judiciary? To the extent that the answers to these questions are subtractive, we shall fail in our agreed purpose. Outlawry of war is a noble phrase but its translation into tangible effectiveness requires, by its very nature, the existence of the basis and the instruments of legality, by which we mean government

We are left, then, with three basic principles necessarily related to an effective system of international control.

No control without power.

No power without law.

No law without government

Are there no other practicable methods of control? Is atomic power such a menace that nothing less than world government may be able to deal with it? What less drastic plans have been suggested?

Before examining these questions, bear in mind that the atom bomb dropped on Nagasaki represented a substantial improvement over the Hiroshima model. Bear in mind that the first atomic bomb, admittedly still in the experimental stage and said to weigh only a few pounds, was the equivalent of 20,000 tons of the most effective TNT explosive ever previously developed. Bear in mind that more than eighty per cent of the world's supply of uranium is located outside the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, which share the distinction and the responsibility for unleashing atomic energy. Bear in mind that other nations, Japan included, have already experimented successfully with plutonium, a derivative of uranium.

Bear in mind that United States territory is no longer safe from bombing attack. Bear in mind that more than four hundred Japanese balloons carrying not atomic but incendiary bombs were able to perform their explosive missions over the western portion of the United States, some being carried as far east as Michigan — although only a small number caused effective damage. Bear in mind that Japan was getting ready to launch long-range, one-way, heavy bombers for a direct attack on the United States when the atomic bombs ended the war. Bear in mind that it is possible *today* to develop pilotless rocket planes, carrying huge explosive atomic cargoes, and that these planes, from their launching stations, will be capable of hitting any specified target area in the world within the radius of a single mile.

Bear in mind that it would require only an infinitesimal percentage of the number of bombing missions in World War II for rocket planes to lay waste every city in the world — not in a matter of months or weeks or even days, but hours. Bear in mind that most military experts predict that within three years — five years at the most — knowledge of utilization of

atomic energy may be as commonplace as present-day knowledge of aviation itself

Bear all this in mind and then consider what would be required to safeguard the world from destructive atomic energy. Consider various suggestions advanced as possible methods of control. Begin by considering the fairly popular theory that every weapon produces a counter-weapon, and that in the course of time the atomic bomb will meet its match in some sort of super-atomic defense. This is by far the coziest, most convenient, approach to the problem. It requires almost no physical and mental exertion and doubtless has its origin in the pleasant belief that everything will come out all right in the end — atomic bombs and rocket planes not excluded. Absurd as the theory seems, it nevertheless requires a sober and serious answer, every shred of hope must be fully and carefully appraised at a time when all hope sorely needs definition and direction.

The obvious answer to the counter-weapon argument is that we can take nothing for granted. We cannot assume the automatic development of such a device, and among those who are the least sanguine in this respect are the scientists themselves. Nor is it true that every new weapon in history has been equated by another weapon. Air power was far ahead of anti-aircraft not only after World War I but after World War II. The only effective answer to air power was more air power, but this did not prevent cities from being leveled during the struggle for air supremacy. Nor did it prevent robots and rocket bombs from taking lives until the invasion of the European Continent overran the launching stations. But the cardinal fallacy of the counter-weapon theory is that it assumes there may be enough time in which to bring the negating devices into play — even granting the possibility of their development.

Modern warfare's only effective counter-weapon is retaliation, and there may not even be time for that, once an attack begins, for the beginning may be the ending as well.

It is said that man can go underground in an atomic war, that he can carve out large cities under the surface of the earth and at the first sign of danger can retire to subterranean shelters and stay there indefinitely if need be. Ingenious cut-away and cross-section sketches have been published, revealing vast improvements over the crude World War II underground shelters. The new shelters will have all conveniences, including hot and cold running water, refrigeration, and moving-picture theaters. But the sketches failed to explain how it would be possible to burrow far enough into the earth to avoid the shattering concussive power of atomic violence. They failed to tell what would happen to those underground cities once the exploded atom left an inextinguishable fire on the crust of the earth. If any imaginative sketches are in order at all, let us see some which can speculate upon the amount of fire and bombarding

and atom-splitting a weary planet can absorb without being thrown off its axis or without reverting to its original incandescent mass blazing at millions of degrees.

It is claimed that warfare has now become so horrible that no nation will dare to unleash it. The argument is not new, it was heard when the bow and arrow were used in Egypt more than five thousands years ago. It was heard when the phalanx was developed to supposedly invincible strength in Macedonia more than two thousand years ago. It was heard when gunpowder was introduced more than five hundred years ago. It was heard less than thirty years ago after a World War in which dynamite took to the sky. But each time, though the horror of war increased, though the size of the battlefield grew larger and larger until the world itself became the arena of combat, new wars continued to break out.

So fallacious is the war-is-now-too-horrible theory that actually the reverse is true. The possibility of war increases in direct proportion to the effectiveness of the instruments of war. Far from banishing war, the atomic bomb may in itself constitute a cause of war. In the absence of world control, it may create universal fear and suspicion. Each nation may live nervously from one moment to the next, not knowing whether the designs or ambitions of other nations might prompt them to attempt a lightning blow of obliteration. The ordinary, the inevitable differences among nations which might in themselves be susceptible of solution might now become the signals for direct action, lest other nations get in the first and decisive blow. Since the science of warfare will no longer be dependent upon armies but will be waged by push-buttons, releasing armadas of radio-controlled rocket planes carrying atomic explosives, the slightest suspicion may start all the pushbuttons going.

It will be argued that each nation will realize this, that is, that the first button might lead to universal catastrophe as all the other nations rush to the switchboards of annihilation. This presupposes the existence of reason — but reason is hardly something likely to flourish in a world of international anarchy, by which we mean the absence of central government. Moreover, there may always be the feeling that one nation can escape though all the others may go down. What a temptation for the blitzkriegers!

More popular than any of these suggestions for controlling the atom is the plea, advanced in Parliament and in Congress, that England and America keep the secret of the atomic bomb to themselves. Conspicuously absent among those urging such action are the scientists — not because they do not believe it may be desirable to retain exclusive possession of the bomb, but because they do not believe it is in our power to do so. They know of Germany's advanced experiments with atomic energy; they know of Japan's development of plutonium, they know that the very demonstration of the successful fission of the atom is crucially

valuable knowledge for other nations in rounding out their experiments, they know that in the very act of attempting to keep the mechanism of the atomic bomb a secret we stimulate other nations to undertake whatever additional research is necessary over their present experimentation to yield the desired results. They know, too, that in all history there is not a single instance of a new weapon being kept exclusively by any power or powers, sooner or later either the basic principles become generally known or parallel devices are invented. Before long, the atomic bomb will follow the jet plane, the rocket bomb, radar, and the flame thrower into general circulation. We were not the only horse in the atomic derby. We just happened to finish first, the others will be along in due time.

Still another suggestion is that the nations of the world agree to a system of voluntary inspection. Behind this is the knowledge that it is difficult and almost impossible to hide the large laboratory and production facilities required to produce atomic bombs. It would be possible, according to this suggestion, to train a force of "atomic detectives" who would have freedom of examination anywhere in the world.

Even granting the infallibility of the inspectors to ferret out atomic bomb plants wherever they may be in the world, two weaknesses clamor for attention. The first is that any system of investigation is only as strong as the agency behind it. The agency in this case is nothing but a gentleman's agreement lacking executive and police power. The second weakness is that any nation at any time can revoke its part in the agreement and refuse admission to the inspection force.

So far, it will be observed that all the methods proposed have one thing in common. They all rest on naked chance. The chance that a counter-weapon may be developed. The chance that war will be self-liquidating because it has become so horrible. The chance that no other nation is smart enough to develop its own atomic weapons without our help. The chance that an inspection system can work with nothing behind it. At a time of dimensionless peril, we are asked to build on random chance.

In looking beyond random chance for a firmer footing on which to build for tomorrow, we naturally turn to the United Nations Charter. There can be little question that when the delegates from forty-four nations concluded their Conference at San Francisco in June 1945, they had made a promising start in the direction of international security. Whatever its imperfections, the Charter was a signal contribution to world peace. In the statement of its principles and objectives, in the provision of machinery for making it stronger and more effective, in the very fact that men from many lands had come together, reflecting the desire of peoples of every continent to plan for world peace as they had planned for victory in the war — in all these respects, the Charter was of historic importance. Moreover, so far as the United States was concerned, it kept

the door of isolation from slamming abruptly in the faces of the American people

It is no reflection on the Charter, or on the men who joined in its making, to say that it has become a feeble and antiquated instrument for dealing with the problems of an Atomic Age. It is no reflection, because even the calendar is hopelessly out of date. A thousand years of the world's history were compressed in that brief fraction of a second during which Hiroshima was leveled. The world which the San Francisco Conference met to consider no longer exists, even though the same nations and same people represented at the Conference belong to both the old and new worlds.

After the Charter was drafted, even its warmest advocates did not claim that it was equipped to cope with war or the threat of war. But it was felt that time might work to the advantage of the United Nations — time in which to build up the habit of peace, time in which to strengthen and implement the Charter so that within fifteen or twenty years it might take the form of a real and durable world structure.

But the time factor has been reversed. Time no longer works for peace. Time today works against peace. The longer we wait the more difficult it becomes to achieve world government. There is a desperate though quiet scramble in almost every nation of the world to duplicate the success of America, Canada, and Great Britain in prying open the atom. This race is not only based on distrust but generates distrust. The feeling grows everywhere that it must be every nation for itself. Are these the foundations of a common security? Are these the building blocks of lasting peace?

Do we realize that time is running out? Do we realize that victory has given us no real "respite," as has been claimed, but has created instead an emergency not less intense than the world knew at Dunkirk or Stalingrad or Pearl Harbor? Do we realize that victory imposed obligations from which we cannot shrink? These obligations are directly related to the responsibility we have to assume for the invention and use of the most hideously successful and indiscriminate killer in history. This is not so much a matter of justifying our use of the atomic bomb as it is a matter of following up the unprecedented use of raw power with real moral leadership. In short, it is the obligation and opportunity to equate the atomic bomb with an atomic solvent, to equate force with reason, stating to the peoples of the world the full implications as we understand them of atomic energy, and filling the vacuum created by the atomic bomb by calling upon them to join in the building of a real world structure for the greater welfare and safety of all.

This atomic solvent operates not through a chemical compound or a gadget but through an active world public opinion in bringing peoples together. Once the nature and imminency of the peril are clearly understood by the peoples of the world, their differences will not be a bar but

an incentive to common government, as was demonstrated earlier in the case of the American colonies. For it is not in spite of these differences but because of them that the world is now in need of a general amalgam. The very purpose of government is to regulate differences. If these differences did not exist, if man's actions were uniform and uniformly predictable, then man would be as free of war as the vegetable kingdom. The differences point up the problem, not the problem the differences. The primary consideration is not how great an obstacle the differences may be to the setting up of a closely knit world structure, but whether men will be in a better position to reconcile those differences within world government than without it.

Moreover, there are few differences that confront nations in their dealings with each other that they do not have to meet within themselves. Man himself is a magnificent summing-up of differences, of which the larger differences on the international scale are only a reflection. Macneile Dixon, in *The Human Situation*, reminds us that "many are the races and many the temperaments. There are vehement and hot-headed men, selfless and conciliatory men. They display, varying as they do in appearance, talents, behavior, every type of unpredictable reaction to their surroundings. There are sybarites and ascetics, dreamers and bustling men of affairs, clever and stupid, worldly and religious, mockers and mystics, pugnacious, loyal, cunning, treacherous, cheerful and melancholy men. There are eagles among them, tigers, doves, and serpents. 'He was a comedian on the stage,' said the wife of a celebrated funny man, 'but a tragedian in the home.'"

World government will not and cannot dissolve these differences. All it can do is operate on a level which can keep those differences, when raised to international dimensions, from dissolving the globe itself.

This is the propitious moment, the grand moment, with the tremendous psychological advantages it offers at the end of a great war, to take the moral leadership in bringing the atomic solvent into play. But that propitious moment is slipping. The world is slipping, too — back into old systems of power politics and spheres of influence — the ovaries of war.

By itself and of itself, the United Nations Charter cannot arrest this trend. Nor would any amount of implementation do the job so long as nations can act unilaterally and so long as nations can withdraw from the over-all organization at their own discretion. Nor can we sit back comfortably and wait several generations for the world to evolve naturally and progressively into a single governmental unit which would erase those dangerous privileges. Whatever is done must be done with an immediacy which is in keeping with the urgency. Not another Conference but a Constitutional Convention of the United Nations is needed — not only to undertake a general inventory of the revolutionary changes in the world

since the San Francisco meeting in the long-ago spring of 1945, but to design the form and fabric of real government

The difficulties confronting such a Convention would be far and away the most comprehensive and complicated that any group of men anywhere, at any time, have had to face. But of one thing the Convention can be certain, and that is a knowledge of what failure will mean. The Convention has some advantage, too, in knowing that if world government sounds as though it poses methods or solutions above the reach of mortal man, some answer is to be found in the fact that the reach of mortal man was long enough apparently to push science and invention ahead by perhaps a thousand years during a few years of experimentation with atomic energy. His ability to do this not only indicates that he can extend or over-extend himself when pressed, but emphasizes the need to do the same with government.

There is no need to discuss the historical reasons pointing to and arguing for world government. There is no need to talk of the difficulties in the way of world government. There is need only to ask whether we can afford to do without it. All other considerations become either secondary or inconsequential.

There comes to mind a scene from one of the old "silent" films. An outcast, lost somewhere in a mountainous forest, stands on the edge of a canyon. Behind him rages a forest fire, drawing ever closer. In front of him is a sheer drop of several hundred feet. But the gap across this canyon to the other side is only ten feet wide. Ten feet! He has never jumped ten feet before. He has no way of knowing that he can jump it now. He has no choice but to try.

The precise outcome of this episode we are unable to tell, for it was one of those Saturday afternoon adventure serials which was discontinued at just the crucial second. But we never entertained any doubts that at least the jump was attempted.

Mankind today is involved in a somewhat similar predicament. It would be comforting to believe that we could leisurely build a footbridge across the gap. It would be comforting to believe that time is working in our favor, or that the fire has changed its direction. But it happens that there is no time to build a footbridge. It happens that we cannot take just a step forward but must jump. It happens that the longer we delay the less space we shall have for a running leap. It happens that if we wait too long we shall have the disadvantage of jumping from a stationary position. Perhaps we have never jumped ten feet before. But under the circumstances that is the poorest of all reasons not to try.

And even if we make the jump successfully, we still have not disposed of all our problems. For though world government provides a better method and a better chance of preserving world peace than man has ever

possessed, it cannot provide a guarantee of world peace. It provides man with time — time to think, time to change, time to keep decisions in his own hands, but it cannot make the right decisions for him. It provides only the minimum and not the maximum requirements of a common security. It provides the broad and solid ground in which to sink the foundations of a genuine sovereignty, and on which to build a floor under tomorrow; but it does not provide a finished structure. It provides the form but not the substance. That finished structure and that substance can be provided only by the vision and the day-by-day wisdom of man himself.

Peace under world government is only half the job. Peace is a big word, there are all kinds of peace. Peace can be slavery or it can be freedom; subjugation or liberation. It can be static or dynamic, stagnant or vibrant. Alfred North Whitehead once described peace without purpose as “anesthesia.” The real peace is more than non-war. It is a vital peace, a restlessness to get on with the work of the world, an anxiety to meet the future. The real peace means progress. That is the other half of the job.

Directly related to the danger of a purposeless peace is the danger represented by a perverted use of power. World government requires the manipulation of power on a larger scale than man has ever known, but unless this power is carefully defined, unless it is surrounded with workable checks and balances, unless it is *representative* rather than *dictatorial*, unless it is subject to changes in its officers and in its laws in response to changing needs and the freely expressed will of the peoples of the states — it can lead to a world tyranny against which insurrection will be difficult if not impossible. The instruments of control will have been necessarily concentrated and centralized in order to guard against the use of unlimited destructive power in the hands of lawless forces, but those same weapons can become the instruments by which a tyranny might attempt to entrench itself and enforce its decisions.

The prospect is frightening, but it is a problem man has had to face in the creation or operation of government on any level. Power inevitably constitutes an invitation to tyranny, whether on a community or a national or an international scale. The crucial question is whether the need for power exists, and, if so, what type of power will be used, how, and by whom? In starting World War II, Germany recognized that the world had become a geographic unit; and it was her intention to organize and rule the world order. The power in that case would have been exercised even more arbitrarily outside Germany than it had been inside Germany. But in defeating the Axis, we did not automatically destroy the need for power on a world scale any more than we destroyed the geographic world unit itself. We succeeded only in creating the opportunity to refine and channel that power through properly constituted and representative government. If we refuse to meet or fail to meet this opportunity, we

automatically create a vacuum which will be filled by a single nation or bloc of nations, or which will result in crude international anarchy.

All through history there has been too great a contradiction between ideals and the forces which have taken over those ideals. Another way of saying this is that too often we have allowed the best ideals to fall into the hands of the worst men. There has scarcely been a great ideal or idea which has not been perverted or exploited at one time or another by those who were looking for means to an end. The greatest idea ever to be taken up by the mind of man — Christianity — was for centuries violated and corrupted by its very administrators. Alexander's vision of a brotherhood of man fell victim to its own force — force based on might makes right. Mohammed dreamed of a religion based on the noblest of ethics, yet his followers built an empire largely at the point of the sword. Surveying the immediate past, we observe that it was in the name of socialism and social progress that Fascism came to Italy and Nazism to Germany.

So that we return full circle to man himself, to the animal that must operate the world government. Is he wise enough to use greater power for greater good? Is he wise enough to create a common sovereignty and yet keep the ultimate power in his own hands?

This is the multiple nature of the challenge to modern man — to bring about world government and to keep it pure, to keep his social, economic, and political institutions apace with his scientific achievements, to make whatever adjustments are needed in his own make-up, conditioning, and outlook on life in order to exist in an Atomic Age.

This is a large order, perhaps the largest order man has had to fill in his fifty thousand-odd years on earth, but he himself has set up the conditions which have made the order necessary. We can put on blinders, we can laugh it all off as just a false alarm, we can claim that talk of an Atomic Age is sheer fancy, we can protest that the threat of the destructive use of atomic energy is exaggeration, overstatement, hysteria, panic.

But all the manufactured calm and scorn in the world cannot alter the precise fact that the atomic bomb plus another war equals global disaster. Nor that the crisis is fast approaching and may be upon us within a few years unless we act now to avert it. Nor that this crisis is created not only by the explosive atom but by inadequate means of controlling international lawlessness. Nor that control is inoperative without power, that power is dangerous without law, and that law is impossible without government.

And if we reject the multiple challenge before us? And if we decide that we are not yet ready for world government? What then? Then there is yet another way, an alternative to world government, an alternative to change in man. This way is the second course. Absurd as this second course may seem, we describe it in all seriousness, for it is possible that

through it man may find a way to stay alive — which is the central problem before us.

This second course is fairly simple. It requires that man eliminate the source of the trouble. Let him dissociate himself, carefully and completely, from civilization and all its works. Let him systematically abolish science and the tools of science. Let him destroy all machines and the knowledge which can build or operate those machines. Let him raze his cities, smash his laboratories, dismantle his factories, tear down his universities and schools, burn his libraries, rip apart his art. Let him murder his scientists, his lawmakers, his statesmen, his doctors, his teachers, his mechanics, his merchants, and anyone who has anything to do with the machinery of knowledge or progress. Let him punish literacy by death. Let him eradicate nations and set up the tribe as sovereign. Let him, in short, revert to his condition in society in 10,000 B.C. Thus emancipated from science, from progress, from government, from knowledge, from thought, he can be reasonably certain of prolonging his existence on this planet.

This can be a way out — if “modern” man is looking for a way out from the modern world.

Checking Your Reading

Does Mr. Cousins believe that war is instinctive with men? What is the basic cause of war? What hope is there that this cause can be removed? What adjustment must man make in the sphere of economics? education? politics? What is Mr. Cousins' conception of world sovereignty? In an attempt to achieve it, how is a knowledge of the experience of ancient Greece helpful? a knowledge of the American experience? How does Mr. Cousins answer the objection that the nations of the world today differ too much from one another to make world government possible? What solutions of the atomic bomb problem have been suggested as alternatives to the solution of world government? On what grounds does Mr. Cousins reject them? What concrete suggestions does he make as to means for setting up world government? “Peace under world government,” he says, “is only half the job.” What is the other half? What is man's only alternative to world government if he wishes to escape extinction? Define or explain. primordial, *memento mori*, ideological, sectarianism, technology, anomalous, synchronous, fallacy, vestigial.

Forming Your Opinion

Do you agree that the threat of total destruction must be dramatized and kept before the public? How successful do you consider Mr. Cousins' essay as an instrument to this end? Compare it carefully with Hersey's “Hiroshima” in this respect. How optimistic are you about man's ability to make the adjust-

ments demanded by Mr. Cousins? His remarks on education obviously could be expanded into a much longer form. What concrete suggestions would you make for a curriculum that would embody his educational theory? Mr. Cousins makes much of the differences that divided the states before the adoption of the Constitution. Does he neglect likenesses that weaken his analogy with the present world situation? Do you agree with his evaluation of the United Nations at the present time? What do you think of his solution as an ideal? as a practical possibility? Can you offer an alternative?

THE CHANCES FOR A WORLD STATE

Crane Brinton

Save for his years at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, his itinerant teaching, and his recent war service, Crane Brinton (1898-) has been at Harvard since 1915 as student and as teacher of history. He is the author of numerous historical works, including The Jacobins (1930), English Political Thought in the Nineteenth Century (1933), and The Lives of Talleyrand (1936). In addition to his writing, he has been editor of the American Oxonian (1936-42) and a member of the editorial boards of the American Scholar (1939-42) and the Journal of the History of Ideas (since 1939). During World War II, he was a special assistant in the Office of Strategic Services. The following analysis of the present feasibility of a world state (as a means of maintaining world peace) forms the last chapter of Mr. Brinton's book From Many One (1948), a volume based on lectures delivered in 1947 at Pomona College, Claremont, California. Mr. Brinton feels that the chances at present of setting up a world state are extremely remote, and the likelihood of its functioning successfully even more so. His reasons for such a view are here set down with clarity and force and with full recognition of the arguments on the other side.

BEFORE I TAKE ON, modestly I hope, the role of prophet I should like to review summarily and very broadly what can be quite solidly established as the experience of the past in the maintenance of peace by political integration.

First of all, it is certain that we of Western society have never, in our five thousand years of recorded history, kept peace for long within an area save by bringing that area within the authority of a single government. Leagues, alliances, ententes, the subtlest or the simplest forms of balance of power, the Truce of God, the Peace of God — by none of these have men kept peace for more than a generation. That generalization is as certain an induction from history as I know. In short, those proponents of a world-state who maintain that long-lasting peace is impossible among sovereign states would seem to be right.

Second, the authority of a single government has, in the past, been extended territorially in a variety of ways, which for purposes of analysis can be sorted into a polarity of force and consent, of imperialism and

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federalism. The federal solution has been far less common than the imperialist solution in the initial steps of political integration, but successfully integrated states have almost always proved in practice to rest on a mixture of force and consent, of imperialism and federalism.

Third, once the newly integrated state has become a going concern, it is possible to distinguish certain general characteristics which seem to be necessary characteristics of any international or supranational state in our own time. These general characteristics, these uniformities are: a) a symbolic head of state, in the past of our Western society almost always an individual, but an individual made symbol by ceremonial pomp, ritual, etiquette, and if you like, by "propaganda", b) an elite, not always an aristocracy in the conventional European sense of the word, an elite commonly charged with responsibility for administration, for setting the tone of society and education, conditioned morally as well as intellectually to the service of the integrated state, thoroughly cosmopolitan or international in outlook, c) at least some loyalty on the part of the masses who live under its authority, though this loyalty would seem both more widespread and deeper in such examples of integration as the modern nation-state than it was in the really international Roman Empire, d) some degree of local autonomy, especially where there is among the constituent units a tradition of self-rule, e) an absence of groups, and especially of groups with a territorial basis, which feel that the existence of the integrated state is incompatible with their own existence. This last point is merely the negative aspect of the previous one about autonomy, and comes down in practice to this. no integrated political unit can afford to have its Irelands, its Polands, its *irredenta*

Finally, in the past the process of political integration has almost invariably been a slow one, whether it came about imperialistically or federally. The Roman Empire, the great modern nation-states like France, Britain, Germany took centuries in the making, and no one specific historical act can be taken as in itself wholly a determinant in their making. Here as so often American experience is in a sense unique. Our Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia in 1787 does seem to have made the beginnings of a nation. Yet, just as we nowadays cannot quite think of the Constitution as "struck off by the mind of man" in one moment, so we cannot think historically of the building of the American nation without the preparatory work of the colonial period — and without the great test of the Civil War.

II

There is, then, in the past of our civilization little — indeed, no — precedent for the immediate success of the kind of effort well-meaning men and women are now making in the cause of world government and a sovereign world-state. Were the historian to desert his serious and digni-

fied business and turn bookmaker, he would be obliged to say that the odds against the world federationists are prohibitive, astronomical. But perhaps the historian ought not to be consulted here at all? Perhaps these are *unprecedented* times in fact as so often in our rhetoric, perhaps there are new factors, new variables in our equation, which invalidate all past attempts at solution. It is time we investigated this possibility.

Most obvious of new factors, new certainly within the last century, is the decrease in the size of the earth. You have all seen some of these ingenious diagrams by which the size of the earth when men had to sail or ride horseback is compared with its size when men can go in jet planes. In this sense, the world today, thanks to the airplane, is smaller than the Hellas of Pericles. Thanks to the radio, communication around the globe can be instantaneous. True enough, there remain numerous isolated and backward regions, and the actualities of modern transport and communication are not always what they seem to be in essays on the miracles of modern science. There are pockets on earth where men travel much less than 600 miles per hour. Nonetheless, ours is physically one world.

This means that no such self-isolated political unit as the Roman Empire can now exist. It will not be sufficient, though it may be helpful, to organize regional federations, a United States of Europe, or a Danubian federation. It would not be possible for a European, an Asiatic, and an American superstate to live in virtual separateness and self-sufficiency, as did in the first centuries of our era the Roman and the Chinese Empires.¹ Any arrangements for lessening the chances of war, whether through a United Nations held together as hardly more than an alliance or through a genuine governmental unit with police and taxing powers, would in our world ultimately have to be world-wide.

This is a new factor. But I cannot believe that this new factor makes our problem simpler, makes political integration easier, quicker, more likely than it has been in the past. On the contrary, I believe it makes our problem harder. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but surely not of perfection. Massachusetts and Virginia were hard to bring together under a common government. France and Britain, despite the Entente, despite the famous offer of union Churchill made in 1940, will be hard to bring together under a common government. Think of bringing Chinese, Argentinians, Russians and all the other seventy-odd "sovereign" peoples together in this way! What have these people in common? Not religion, not language, not tradition, not habits. They have in common only the barest, undeveloped and unfulfilled attributes of *homo sapiens*.

Perhaps even more obvious to some of you is another new factor, the atomic bomb. On this subject it is difficult, and perhaps immoral, even to try to take up an objective attitude. Nevertheless, I shall make the

¹ This separateness was not of course absolute. See F. J. Taggart's *Rome and China* (University of California Press, 1939).

attempt The first thing to be clear about is that we really do not know what effect the existence of the atomic bomb will have on the process of political integration in our world. Probably, as my friends among the physicists tell me, we can rule out the chance that the bomb in any prospective form will set off a chain-reaction among the staid, ordinary atoms that surround us, and thus actually blow this planet to bits, or at least destroy all living things on the planet. Yet we cannot rule out of our calculations the fact that a certain number of people believe this complete destruction possible, even likely, and fear it. We are dealing, not so much with a question of physics as with the question of human hopes and fears.

New books and lectures on the atomic bomb multiply daily. I cannot here pretend to take up the subject thoroughly, and were I to do so, I should distort this book. In broad lines, I think one can say that the main possibilities of the influence of the atomic bomb, as a fact and as a threat, on our contemporary problem of political integration are three. First, the bomb may in the hands of a very skilful and very lucky nation prove to be the weapon that permits that nation to unify the world by conquest, by the method of imperialism, to do what Napoleon and Hitler failed to do. Second, the bomb, especially as a threat, may so work on the fears of the many, may so inspire the crusading, intelligent few, that a successful world government will be set up federally, by the method of consent. Third, the bomb may be no more than the starting point for sermons, editorials, books, and pamphlets by prophets, crusaders, alarmists, editors, preachers, and professors, much as poison gas was last time, and have no really important effect as a variable in the equation of international politics, at least until the next world war.

Those who have followed me discerningly so far, whether in agreement or disagreement, will know that I consider this third possibility the most likely one. I incline to the belief that the atomic bomb will not greatly alter the basic problem of political integration, that it is *not* a new variable that invalidates the lessons of history. Yet I do not wish to be dogmatic. Both of the other possibilities I have mentioned seem to me to be real ones. We should all keep our minds open to new evidence in favor of either of them. Personally, I think that the bomb is more likely to promote the imperialist solution than the federal solution. Above all, if the bomb proves in the next few years to have had as its main psychological effect an increase in men's fears, then I think it clear that we shall be further than ever from the federal solution. For fear breeds distrust and aggression, not confidence and collaboration. The notion that if enough people fear they'll be blown to bits by an atomic bomb they will get together in a parliament of man is a singularly naive one. As an element in turning public opinion toward international cooperation, a reasonable fear of the consequences of atomic warfare is no doubt a factor that must

be weighed in the total balance, but an obsessive fear, an overshadowing fear of the kind some of our wilder prophets apparently want to promote, seems to me one of the surest roads to war. We need not be Freudians to acknowledge the relation between anxiety and aggression.

A third new factor I see as a very real one. We can, I think, admit that some part of Marx's economic interpretation of history affords us valid uniformities about the behavior of men in society. Now it is quite true that the rise of a money-economy was incompatible with the self-sufficient feudal manor, and helped very greatly to produce the nation-state of modern times. I think it quite likely that the growth of really large-scale industry, the industrial revolution of our own times, that of the internal combustion engine, oil, electricity, the assembly-line, has made the nation-state, especially in Europe and in Latin America, a unit impossibly small for the kind of economic life that its inhabitants are trying to lead. The autarkic nation-state, unless it is a subcontinental state like Russia, Brazil, or the United States, is perhaps an economic anomaly in 1947, as the feudal lordship was in 1497.

But there is no reason why the devotees of world union *now* should take encouragement from this economic factor. In the first place, and subject always to the catastrophic potentialities of atomic warfare, the means of production under our modern neotechnical large industry needs for real efficiency either much freer international trade, or an autarkic political unit bigger than France or Peru, it does not in itself necessitate a world union. It could quite readily accommodate itself to a world of four or five independent superstates holding themselves in the kind of war-breeding balance of power we are thoroughly familiar with.

Second, we must realize that if economic necessity, or what seems to enough people to be economic necessity, is a powerful force in human affairs, this felt necessity does have to work through human beings imperfectly trained in the science of economics, and not at all likely to behave as the economist wants them to. In the long run, we human beings do perhaps adapt ourselves to material necessity. But it is a very long run, in the course of which, oddly enough, material necessity seems to get softened up, altered. If you will forgive another excursion into history, I should like to point out that the political transition from feudalism to the nation-state, though more rapid in England, say, than in Germany, everywhere took centuries, and was everywhere somewhat, and often a great deal, slower than economic change.

Third, if our sentiments and our habits cannot adapt themselves in time to the political and economic needs of large-scale industry, then it always remains possible that we shall have to abandon large-scale industry. This possibility is shocking to those brought up in the faith of the necessary progress toward bigger and better things; but it is in no way inconsonant with the record of the past.

Fourth, just as with the atomic bomb, this economic variable can be said to make the solution by imperialism at least as likely as that by federalism, perhaps more likely. We Americans are today the greatest masters of the new economic techniques. We have, perhaps, so great a comparative advantage in industrial capability over any likely combination of opponents that we might physically at least be able to conquer the world. If at any given moment a single state possesses a really great comparative advantage of this sort — and that state may not always be the USA — it may be sorely tempted to world conquest.

These three new factors, the shrinking of this earth to country size, the invention of the atomic bomb, and the development of the techniques of modern large-scale industry, do not seem to me to invalidate what we have learned from the past of political integration. They *are* new factors, and their existence should make us more than ever cautious and tentative in making generalizations. We cannot be quite sure how they will operate. The threat of the atomic bomb may actually smooth the way to world peace. I repeat, I think such a result very unlikely, but I would not entirely close my mind to its possibility.

No doubt we could discover a great many other novel factors in the present international situation. We might, for instance, consider the chances of a widespread spiritual revolution in mankind, the advent of a new, or reborn, world religion of gentleness and love which would make all men brothers, and end war. These are delicate matters into which the objectively inquiring mind is likely to blunder awkwardly. I cannot myself really conceive such a revolution in the hearts of men as would make them gentle. At any rate, it is clear that the despairing cry, "if only they'd *try* Christianity," is not very relevant here. The Christian must, I suppose, always hope that men will shortly try to behave like Christians — or Buddhists, or Mohammedans. Until they do so behave, we shall have to go by the precedents of their past actions.

III

We have constructed, as the economists are fond of saying, a sort of "model" of a political unit made from once independent units. This new unit has a symbolic head, an administrative system possessing what is commonly called "sovereignty," an elite loyal above all to the new unit, a general population at least mildly loyal to the new unit, and sufficiently autonomous to be free from chronic and ingrowing nationalism. We have seen that it is at least very unlikely that modern scientific achievement, the pressure of economic forces, or the sudden religious conversion of mankind will build this model, or something like it, quite quickly here on earth. We must assume that the process of political integration will in the near future be not altogether unlike that process in the past.

At this point, I must enter frankly on the way of the prophet. Our first general possibility is that the work of integration will be done predominantly by the means I have called imperialist. We have seen that it is by no means inconceivable that the atomic bomb and other wonders of science would permit the quick and easy conquest of the world by a small group of determined men based almost of necessity on some existing nation-state, and probably supported by the patriotic feelings of the great mass of the inhabitants of that state. Yet on the likelihood of so melodramatic an event I remain, if not from Missouri, at least from New England, which is not a very credulous region. I promised to go against professional ethics of historians, and try to prophesy; I did not promise to try to give you science-fiction. World unity may be achieved in circumstances suited to a Buck Rogers comic strip. I am constitutionally quite unable to key my imagination to depicting such a result. It seems to me more likely that men will fight with the new weapons not too unequally, that victory will be hard won, and that a world-empire will have to be built slowly, and by political as well as by military or magical skills. I do not say a new world-empire would have to be built as slowly as that of Rome, for much has been speeded up in our time, but I do not expect such an empire to be built by a single *coup de théâtre*.

If then, world union by force must be achieved not too rapidly, and by means of force wisely guided, and helped by tolerance, organizing skill, hard work, the devotion of a trained elite, intelligent but not too intellectual — in short, by methods familiar from Roman and British history — what signs do existing nation-states show of providing such resources and such skills? What China or India, or the *united* peoples of old Europe might achieve in another future one cannot sensibly guess. At the moment, I see for the near future only three potential imperialist world-organizers, the United States, Russia, and the British Commonwealth and Empire. Now, to come out bluntly, I do not think that any of the three has what it takes to do the job.

We Americans have many assets for the task, but I do not believe we could make a *pax Americana* for the globe. We have great energy, and we are today as ubiquitous in the farthest corners of the world as was once the Englishman. We have to the full the great Anglo-Saxon gift of identifying our desires with universal human obligations. We should never attempt, as Hitler did, to conquer crudely for our own avowed good, when we conquer people, or indeed have any dealings with them, we do so for their good. Please do not think I am being cynical, or even, as is quaintly said in authoritarian Leftist circles in America, "liberal." What shallow rationalists call hypocrisy is apparently one of the essentials of an imperial people. One of the grave troubles with the Germans as an imperial people is their bluntness as to their aims. And, of course, we Americans have great wealth, a magnificent production plant, and still

abundant natural resources. Some of us, however, are beginning to worry about these resources, and wondering if they cannot be supplemented abroad. Of course, this desire for other peoples' goods is initially one of the great spurs to imperialism.

Yet I doubt whether we should make good imperialists, good enough to carry the job through to world unity. To begin with, we are still in most ways a democracy, and democracies in the past have never proven to be good at building empires. They cannot, apparently, pursue for long enough a consistent policy toward other peoples, they cannot provide the right sort of imperial administrations. But these are abstract considerations. I think I get nearer the heart of the matter if I say that I just don't feel my countrymen have the stuff of imperialists. Our armies in this war, though they did well the job they had to do, were surely the most homesick of armies. The lad who went through Britain, France, Italy or New Guinea bemoaning the absence of the corner drugstore seems to me no fit successor to the Roman legionary. Again, though as a people we have grave failures from the standpoint of any high ethical and aesthetic codes ever devised, though, for instance, many American boys overseas in this war treated the inhabitants of foreign countries with amused contempt, nonetheless there remains as a basis of the American character a willingness to live and let live, a pathetic desire for a world in which nobody is pushed about. Perhaps I am trying to say that there is a rather profound emotional sense in which Americans really are believers in democracy. At any rate, there has to be a deal of pushing about to found a world-empire, and I don't believe we'll do it.

As for the Russians, I shall have to confess that I have no inside information, and no really profound first-hand acquaintance with the Russian people. I have to struggle — though frankly I don't know why I should struggle — against a tendency to believe the truth to be the opposite, the antipodean opposite, of whatever appears in the Hearst or the McCormick press. Since these vicious newspapers have for several years been telling me that the Russians intend to try to conquer the world, I naturally incline to believe that the Russians have no such intention. But I suppose it is conceivable that even such as Mr. Hearst and Colonel McCormick may occasionally be right. I have been trying awfully hard in this discussion to be open-minded and objective, so I suppose we can stretch a point, and envision truth in relation with Messrs. Hearst and McCormick.

Grant then to the Russians the *will* to try for world conquest. They have still a good deal of technological inferiority to overcome, and that is bound to take time. They have, however, a broad territorial base, rich in natural resources, a growing and active population, a national pride and energy greatly enhanced by their successful stand against the Germans. They are not handicapped for the imperialist struggle by the kind of

habits and institutions we Americans associate with democracy. They have given proof of ability to organize in the unity of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics a considerable number and variety of peoples and nationalities. In fact, the present USSR represents in itself a very considerable achievement in political integration

Yet, again, I cannot see our world organized under a *pax Russica*. I do not really believe the Russian people are prepared to make the sacrifices, to acquire the conditioning, necessary for such an imperial achievement. The aggressiveness, even the megalomania, often shown by some of their leaders seem to me in part the inevitable or at any rate customary bluster of competitive international politics, in part, as any psychiatrist can tell you, a mask for anxiety and fear, fear above all of us and of our atomic bomb. But I prefer not to rest my case on a statement so controversial as that the Russians don't want to conquer the world, but do want to be secure. I should like to bring forward two more obviously valid reasons why I do not think the Russians will make successful world conquerors. The first is psychological. It is not so much a matter of the celebrated and inefficient Slavic soul — that I think contemporary Russians have pretty well lived down — but rather one of simple getting on with other peoples, or at least not rousing their hatreds. Here I see good signs that the Russians, like the Germans, are not only unable to make themselves loved by other peoples — as a matter of fact, one people probably never does love another people — but are unable to make themselves at all acceptable to other peoples. And remember that one thing is very clear from our historical record. mere force is not enough. A successful imperial people must be acceptable to those it rules. Second, I believe that the Russian commitment to a new religion, that of Communism, is on the whole a handicap to any Russian attempt to build a world-empire, or even a world-state under her own hegemony. Communism has already roused religious hatreds against itself, and these hatreds reinforce whatever opposition Russia as a political entity in the rivalry of international politics would naturally rouse. What therefore may seem to the hopes of the convert to Communism or to the fears of the worried conservative a source of strength in Russia, that is, the Russian espousal of the cause of the proletariat, seems to me a source of weakness. I think it clear by now that, however the unity of the world is to be achieved, it will not come because the proletarians of the world unite.

On the possibility that the already very great agglomeration of lands and peoples known as the British Commonwealth and Empire — it is roughly one quarter of the earth's land and people — might imperialistically absorb the rest of the world, I can be briefer. The British have displayed what can only be called at least a Roman aptitude for empire. But the core of their Empire, the British Isles, has been reduced by two world wars in close succession to a point where it can hardly support the

strain of further expansion. I am not among those who believe the British are done for, but I do not think they are capable of bringing the whole world, including Russia and these United States, under a *pax Britannica*. Their great self-governing dominions are too widely scattered and too thinly populated to support the task of helping their motherland conquer the rest of the world, even if they wanted to do it. India, statistically the source of most of the imposing figures for the British agglomeration, is certainly no foundation stone of empire at the present moment. We need hardly pursue this matter further.

There remains the greatest threat, or if you prefer, the greatest promise. This is an Anglo-American combination to rule the world through a *pax Anglo-Americana*. I can conceive such a combination, if it were made effective, having quite the best stab at world domination in modern times, quite a bit better than those of Charles V, Louis XIV, Napoleon, and Hitler. I think, however, for reasons I shall come to shortly, that even this attempt would fail. But I do not think there is the slightest chance that it will be made. That there are a few British and a few Americans who have dreamed and still dream of a world benignly ruled by English-speaking peoples, clean, honest, and practically blond, it would be foolish to deny. Could the most effective possible Anglo-American imperial elite be formed, and could it work in harmony, it might well push the rest of us Americans and British into this more than Rhodesian attempt. But the great mass of Americans and British are in no mood for such adventures, and seem unlikely in the foreseeable future to attain such a mood. Specific union of some sort between the two countries, or the reduction of Great Britain to the status of Commonwealth in an *American Commonwealth and Empire*, would seem to be essential to any Anglo-American world rule. And while legislators still talk, and finally vote, on Capitol Hill and in Westminster, I think such union impossible. Finally, we must remember that the rest of the world would have a voice in the establishment of a *pax Anglo-Americana*. Quantitatively quite a voice, for even today only about one human being in ten is English-speaking.

This brings me to my firmest reason for not believing that the method of imperialism will be successful within a predictable future. In our modern past, in the five hundred years of the nation-state, no one power has ever got dominance for the simple reason that sooner or later the other powers, big, middle-sized, and little, all ganged up against the aggressor, and eventually defeated him. Sooner or later against the most powerful aggressor a coalition is formed, and in the long run this coalition is too strong for the aggressor.² Now, in spite of loose talk about there being only two real powers left on this earth, the USA and the USSR, it is clear

² I cannot resist referring here to my attempt to apply this line of reasoning at the beginning of this last war. Crane Brunton, "Napoleon and Hitler," *Foreign Affairs*, January, 1942.

that there are still seventy-odd nation-states. Should the United States, or the Russians, or the British attempt world conquest by force, I confidently expect that the other nations would line up with whichever powers seemed least aggressive, least a threat to their own independence. And, in this world, if not in Buck Rogers's, I should expect this coalition to beat the aggressive superpower. I know this is history, and I feel it is common sense.

IV

If there is little prospect of world unity by the method of imperialism, may there not be greater prospect of such unity by the method of federalism? I think there is a somewhat greater prospect of unity by this method, though I should be dishonest with myself were I to maintain here that I think world unity through federalism likely in our time.

A few months ago I was leading a discussion group among wounded veterans in a Massachusetts hospital. I was expressing my doubts as to the success in our time of the movement for world federation, when one of the men remarked, "Oh, yes, Mr. Brinton, I know people of your temperament. Had you been in Philadelphia in 1787 you would have said that of course the efforts of the Constitutional Convention were doomed in advance to failure." What that veteran said certainly bit into my conscience, but I still am unable to believe that the task facing world federalists today and the task facing Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, and the others at Philadelphia in 1787 are really comparable. We Americans had in 1787 one language, one law, one cultural tradition, with no more than the sort of provincial differences that separated Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston; we had worked together as a going concern, as a team, in spite of our quarrels, ever since the first Continental Congress. The nation-states of 1948 have no such common linguistic, legal, or cultural inheritance, they have just fought two major wars among themselves; and their brief and incomplete union in the League of Nations is hardly comparable to our Congress. The League was very little more than a form of the balance of power.

Moreover, praise though you may the skill and wisdom of the men who assembled at Philadelphia, weigh heavily if you will as a superb job of propaganda the famous *Federalist Papers*, you cannot really maintain that the current movement for world federation is in any part of the world in a position at all comparable to that of the proponents of our federal Constitution of 1787-1789. In this country, men like Mr. Justice Roberts, Mr. Clarence Streit, Mr. Grenville Clark, Mr. Robert Humber, Mr. Emery Reves, and Mr. Cord Meyer, able, inspired, and virtuous though they undoubtedly are, are simply not in a position to get things done as were Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, and the other Founding Fathers. Historically, real federal unions have been relatively

few, hard to establish, and limited to groups which already possessed much, and that much positive, not a mere negative like fear, in common.

The American Constitution, moreover, was ultimately established by the active consent of the people of the thirteen states. It was indeed produced by an elite, and to a certain extent made acceptable to the people by the prestige and the political skill of this elite. No one of course supposes that the peoples of this earth, all the twenty-two thousand million, could assemble and will themselves a world-state. There will have to be leaders, an elite. But the ultimate decision *under the method of federalism* will have to be made by the peoples, and even if you rule out black Africans and Polynesians, you can hardly rule out Chinese, and Japanese, and East Indians. In other words, you will need not only the eventual allegiance of the masses to the world-state — as I noted in the first chapter, I think the Roman superstate did not really secure the allegiance of the masses — but you will have to have their initial and active acceptance of the world federation. You will have, in American, to sell them a constitution. Can you really imagine a new *Federalist* winning over the Chinese, the Arabs, the Russians, and the Americans? Can you really conceive such acceptance from the Americans who only twenty-odd years ago balked at Article 10 of the League Covenant? Can you see how the Russian people would go about accepting, supposing that they wanted to? Would you get the Jews and the Arabs to lie down together peacefully even in a parliament of man? Who will sign acceptance for Spain? for China? I give these horrendous concrete difficulties, not out of a spirit of contrariness, but because these difficulties are there, now, in 1948.

If you think of the human passions, the human habits, all of what Mark Twain called the “damned human race,” lying behind these concrete difficulties, I think you will not have the temerity to call them ephemeral difficulties. They, and their like, are in our times permanent difficulties. They, and their like, in our times make the attainment of a world-state by the method of federal union impossible. “Impossible,” Napoleon is said to have said, “is not a French word.” That is not, by the way, one of the remarks he made at St. Helena, he must have made it rather before the retreat from Moscow. Impossible is of course a most human word in every language. We use it of undignified matters, like gardening, and say quite readily that it is impossible to grow oranges outdoors in our time in New England. Why can we not use it of dignified matters, like morals and politics, and say that in our time a United States of the World is impossible?

V

Yet I should not like to close this book on so pessimistic a note. After all, if we cannot grow oranges in New England we can, no matter what

New York City novelists may say, grow many things there. In many sorts of human activities, such as gardening, farming, perhaps most of the duller business of life, we are really conditioned to working with recalcitrant, complex, perverse materials that won't behave just as we want them to behave. One might even say that most of us as parents in relation to our children realize we are working with such materials. The materials out of which someday world peace may be made are at least as difficult, as complicated, as perverse as those with which we struggle in our daily problems. Because the questions of international order seem to us remote, abstract, grand, we ought not to think them more easily, more idealistically, solvable than our little ones, which we never quite solve, never quite expect to solve, and yet, while we keep out of the madhouse, never quite give up trying to solve.

I think the immediate future, then, will see no world-state established either by the method of imperialism or by the method of federalism. I should expect the present world-system of seventy-odd nation-states to continue in a precarious equilibrium, known historically as a balance of power, until some such aggression as the last two German ones broke the balance. Judging from the past of the system, I should not expect this new aggression to reach the active stage of provoking a new war on a world scale before thirty or forty years, and perhaps even longer. But concrete prediction here is very risky, as in the somewhat similar task of predicting the business cycle in a world of imperfect economic planning (and perhaps even in a world of perfect economic planning). The United Nations I regard as a possibly very effective palliative of war and as a means of lengthening the spells of actual peace; and though this may seem to the more enthusiastic faint praise indeed, I mean it to be very real praise. At any rate, the United Nations is like a spray which we've got to keep using, we may not even then get perfect fruit, indeed we shan't get perfect fruit, but we ought to get a crop.

In the long pull, I see certain encouraging signs. I have throughout this book endeavored to follow the dry light of science, and avoid those more generous speculations of the imaginative prophets of our day, the Toynbees, the Sorokins, the Spenglers, the Rosenstock-Huessys, and other philosophers of history. I have tried not to generalize beyond the evidence. You will then perhaps forgive me if I nibble just once in the green pastures of the imagination. It seems possible that what Arnold Toynbee calls "universal states" — that is, the end product of what I have called here the process of political integration — are, or at any rate have been, signs of death and disintegration of cultures. I cannot here go into this fascinating problem, and can only suggest that the Roman Empire, which I have here taken as an achievement in political integration, may be taken as a form of human and cultural disintegration. The wrangling Lilliputian states of fifth-century Hellas have seemed to many sensitive moderns

alive in a sense that Rome was never alive. Our Victorian grandfathers, indeed, who had little direct experience of such competition in the form of war, tended to regard competition among independent political units, such as nation-states, as a source of life-giving evolutionary energy.

We cannot in 1948, it seems to me, consider the competitive nation-state system a desirable thing in itself. Some form of political integration transcending the sovereign nation-state seems to me personally an almost inevitable purpose for all who still cherish the generous hopes with which this country was founded. We may hope ultimately to do better than the Romans, if we can have the patience — and if the scientists and inventors will let us exercise the patience — to try to transcend the nation-state by the method of consent. For may not the answer to those who associate universal states with the decline of human energy and human culture be that universal states in the past have been put together initially by force, not by consent, and that they have never recovered from the wounds they received at their birth? Can we perhaps meet successfully the challenge men have rarely if ever met before, the challenge to make of many one without destroying the many?

There are certain indications that we human beings are slowly improving relations among nation-states. The progress is modest, so modest as to seem negligible to the confirmed idealist, and to all who habitually accept that deadliest of formulas, "either . . . or." But at the conclusion of almost every one of the recent world wars, in 1713, in 1815, in 1918, and in 1945, a more explicit, more concrete, more far-reaching, and in many senses more successful attempt to set up machinery for international consultation to maintain peace has been made. Only the settlement of 1763 is an apparent exception here. But from the Congresses of Cambrai and of Soissons, so bitterly ridiculed by Carlyle in his *Frederick the Great*, through Vienna and Versailles to the Conference of San Francisco there is evident most clearly what less disillusioned people than ourselves would have called simply "progress."

Again, there is the slow growth of international law. I know that some of the clear-minded, who are often also the simple-minded, insist that where there is no authority to make law there is no law possible, and that since there is no international authority there is no international law. I shall not here pick a quarrel with these people. I shall merely say that it seems to me that law is at least as much a product of human desires and of human habits as of human commands, and that there has been some kind of international law ever since there were international relations. What has come out of Nuremberg seems to me again, in innocent language, progress in international law.

There is clearly, though again slowly, being formed an international elite. In one sense, modern Europe has never wholly lacked such an elite. In the early eighteenth-century, and largely under French cultural influ-

ence, cosmopolitan administrators and intellectuals seemed almost on the point of restoring at least the kind of cultural unity Europe had in the Middle Ages. Their work was largely destroyed by the romantic nationalists of the next century. Nowadays, in the working bodies of the League universities and the learned foundations, in the press, even in the more of Nations and its successor the United Nations, in the churches, in the extreme pressure groups, such as the world federationists I have been faintly and ambiguously damning, yes, even in the chancelleries of professional diplomacy, even in departments of State, there is growing a group of men and women skilled in the ways of cooperation among varied peoples, trained and practiced persons, an international elite not entirely divorced from national allegiance, but on the whole devoted to the task of getting in practice beyond the sovereign nation-state. This elite has not yet all the characteristics we found in other international elites. Notably these people have not yet a common language — and, parenthetically, I cannot believe that language will be English, if only because the language will have to be spelled as well as spoken — and they have no such common faith as the Stoics had. They are perhaps too sharply divided into the hard-boiled and the soft-boiled, and there are not enough just properly set. The proportion of preachers and teachers among them may still be a bit excessive. They probably form too much of a coterie, if not a sect, who see too much of one another at meetings, conferences, congresses, and other places where the converted preach to the converted. But they exist, and to me their existence is a sign of progress.

They do not, as a matter of fact, wholly preach to the converted, they do make converts — subject, like all converts, to occasional backsliding. No one who remembers 1918 can doubt that there has been in this country a vast increase in public interest in foreign affairs. There are no doubt many reasons why, after refusing to join the League of Nations, we now find ourselves a charter member of the United Nations. But one of the chief reasons is surely that the American people are beginning to try to understand their place in the world, to try to implement their firm desire for peace. In Britain and in France the story is the same. We have throughout the world the beginnings, perhaps only the faint beginnings, of the kind of mass interest and mass participation in the affairs of the world without which precedent would indicate no lasting world order is possible. I know you will not accuse me of innocent idealism. We have a very long way to go before we can get the participation of the common man in a common thing greater than the nation-state as we know it. Even in Britain, where the people are perhaps the most internationally minded of any, John Smith and Jack Jones are certainly more interested in the Football Cup, the Oaks or the Ashes, than they are in international rela-

tions But again, there is in public opinion all over the world a foundation, a beginning, something on which we can all get to work

How far regional federations promote world peace is difficult to say. Four or five superstates could, and probably would, quarrel as badly as have the miscellaneous dozens of today, or hundreds of yesterday, or thousands of ancient times Perhaps there is a certain naiveté in holding that the reduction of the states of South America or of Europe by federation would be a step toward world unity. Yet I incline to believe that some such federations are in fact a necessary step on the long road to world unity, that only by bringing together states closely allied by tradition (even if like that of France and England it is a tradition of hostility), by geographic and economic conditions, by a certain similarity of culture, can we test the capacity of the human race to unite On the whole, we human beings usually in practice do quite strongly prefer to attempt the easier thing before the harder thing, even though such a choice may seem inglorious, and is not approved by our more idealistic spiritual leaders.

I need hardly add that science and technology can help build international peace, and that they can help destroy it Rapid transportation and communications can help solve the problems they have so largely served to raise But their use depends on the heads and hearts of the men who use them There are no machines that can, by themselves, promote the process of political integration — nor, I believe, wholly and catastrophically destroy the possibility of such integration Even the atomic bomb remains an instrument within the scope of human purpose; its force is the force of human will.

We have, then, seen signs that the goal of ending war among territorial units by the establishment of some sort of world government is, very distantly, to be glimpsed by the eye of faith. I cannot believe the goal so near that there will be no war between us and it. I cannot, therefore, believe that those extremists who go about insisting that there can and hence must never be another war, that we must have world government immediately or be blown to bits, are doing the least good. Indeed, I fear that to the extent that plain people take these extremists seriously, the world federationists are doing harm But, finally, I do not think plain people do take the extremists, the idealists, the “either . . . or” folk, seriously. No one has yet called this last one the “war to end war.” We human beings are perhaps rather silly animals, rather stupid ones, but we are also very tough ones, men, women and children of our great and supposedly effete European cities stood up under months of bombardment, though the Italian military prophet Giulio Douhet had before the war written confidently that no civilian population could stand forty-eight hours of air attacks. And we are very persistent animals; we go on spraying, oranges or apples, California or New England, year after year without a

ray of hope that we can ever totally eliminate insect pests and fungi, and so not ever again have to spray. Some of our scientists may cherish such hopes, but they have not contaminated the workers in the field. Some of our social scientists may cherish the hope that they can find a way to prevent war ever again breaking out, but they clearly have not contaminated the workers in the field. I cannot really believe that even atomic war will finish so tough an organism as man.

Checking Your Reading

What does Mr. Brinton mean by "political integration"? What conclusions does he draw from his review of past attempts to maintain peace through political integration? What does he mean by "force and consent, . . . imperialism and federalism"? What new factors does he list which might invalidate the lessons of history as keys to the present situation? Does he believe that these new factors do in fact have this effect? What three potential imperialist world-organizers does he see? What does he think of their respective chances of success? What does he think of the prospects for world unity by federalism in our time? How does he support his opinion? What hopes has he for the ultimate achievement of world unity? Does he consider regional federations a necessary step toward it?

Forming Your Opinion

What do you think of Mr. Brinton's case against the feasibility of a world state at this time? Does he place too much reliance on the record of history? What do you think of his arguments in reply to the veteran's remarks? Does he underestimate the power of the atomic bomb as a stimulus to world peace? What do you think of his disparagement of the "either . . . or" school which, he says, seeks to frighten us into world federalist action? Is there real cause for fear? Is fear a good basis from which to seek world federation? In forming your opinion on the questions raised here, read the selections in this volume by Norman Cousins, Arnold Toynbee, and John Hersey.

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

Arnold J. Toynbee

One of the most eminent of living historians, Arnold J Toynbee (1889–) was educated at Oxford, taught at Oxford and at the University of London, and since 1925 has been Director of Studies in the Royal Institute of International Affairs. He is the author of a series of studies on the history of East and West. In his monumental work now nearing completion, A Study of History (Vols I–III, 1934, IV–VI, 1939), Toynbee discards narrow nationalistic criteria and surveys on a cultural plane all of world history. A recent study, Civilization on Trial (1948), considers the numerous civilizations which have existed on our planet in the last six thousand years and examines critically the five which now exist, in an effort to foretell which will survive in a peaceful world or in one which continues to run mad.

OUR PRESENT WESTERN OUTLOOK on history is an extraordinarily contradictory one. While our historical horizon has been expanding vastly in both the space dimension and the time dimension, our historical vision — what we actually do see, in contrast to what we now could see if we chose — has been contracting rapidly to the narrow field of what a horse sees between its blinkers or what a U-boat commander sees through his periscope.

This is certainly extraordinary, yet it is only one of a number of contradictions of this kind that seem to be characteristic of the times in which we are living. There are other examples that probably loom larger in the minds of most of us. For instance, our world has risen to an unprecedented degree of humanitarian feeling. There is now a recognition of the human rights of people of all classes, nations, and races, yet at the same time we have sunk to perhaps unheard-of depths of class warfare, nationalism, and racialism. These bad passions find vent in cold-blooded, scientifically planned cruelties, and the two incompatible states of mind and standards of conduct are to be seen today, side by side, not merely in the same world, but sometimes in the same country and even in the same soul.

Again, we now have an unprecedented power of production side by side with unprecedented shortages. We have invented machines to work for us, but have less spare labor than ever before for human service — even for such an essential and elementary service as helping mothers to

From *Civilization on Trial* by Arnold J. Toynbee. Copyright 1948 by Oxford University Press, Inc.

look after their babies. We have persistent alternations of widespread unemployment with famines of manpower. Undoubtedly, the contrast between our expanding historical horizon and our contracting historical vision is something characteristic of our age. Yet, looked at in itself, what an astonishing contradiction it is!

Let us remind ourselves first of the recent expansion of our horizon. In space, our Western field of vision has expanded to take in the whole of mankind over all the habitable and traversable surface of this planet, and the whole stellar universe in which this planet is an infinitesimally small speck of dust. In time, our Western field of vision has expanded to take in all the civilizations that have risen and fallen during these last 6000 years, the previous history of the human race back to its genesis between 600,000 and 1,000,000 years ago, the history of life on this planet back to perhaps 800,000,000 years ago. What a marvelous widening of our historical horizon! Yet, at the same time, our field of historical vision has been contracting, it has been tending to shrink within the narrow limits in time and space of the particular republic or kingdom of which each of us happens to be a citizen. The oldest surviving Western states — say France or England — have so far had no more than a thousand years of continuous political existence; the largest surviving Western state — say Brazil or the United States — embraces only a very small fraction of the total inhabited surface of the earth.

Before the widening of our horizon began — before our Western seamen circumnavigated the globe, and before our Western cosmogonists and geologists pushed out the bounds of our universe in both time and space — our pre-nationalist medieval ancestors had a broader and juster historical vision than we have today. For them, history did not mean the history of one's own parochial community; it meant the history of Israel, Greece, and Rome. And, even if they were mistaken in believing that the world was created in 4004 B.C., it is at any rate better to look as far back as 4004 B.C. than to look back no farther than the Declaration of Independence or the voyages of the *Mayflower* or Columbus or Hengist and Horsa. (As a matter of fact, 4004 B.C. happens, though our ancestors did not know this, to be a quite important date: it approximately marks the first appearance of representatives of the species of human society called civilizations.)

Again, for our ancestors, Rome and Jerusalem meant much more than their own home towns. When our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were converted to Roman Christianity at the end of the sixth century of the Christian Era, they learned Latin, studied the treasures of sacred and profane literature to which a knowledge of the Latin language gives access, and went on pilgrimages to Rome and Jerusalem — and this in an age when the difficulties and dangers of traveling were such as to make modern wartime traveling seem child's play. Our ancestors seem to have been big-minded,

and this is a great intellectual virtue as well as a great moral one, for national histories are unintelligible within their own time limits and space limits.

II

In the time dimension, you cannot understand the history of England if you begin only at the coming of the English to Britain, any better than you can understand the history of the United States if you begin only at the coming of the English to North America. In the space dimension, likewise, you cannot understand the history of a country if you cut its outlines out of the map of the world and rule out of consideration anything that has originated outside that particular country's frontiers.

What are the epoch-making events in the national histories of the United States and the United Kingdom? Working back from the present towards the past, I should say they were the two World Wars, the Industrial Revolution, the Reformation, the Western voyages of discovery, the Renaissance, the conversion to Christianity. Now I defy anyone to tell the history of either the United States or the United Kingdom without making these events the cardinal ones, or to explain these events as local American or local English affairs. To explain these major events in the history of any Western country, the smallest unit that one can take into account is the whole of Western Christendom. By Western Christendom I mean the Roman Catholic and Protestant world — the adherents of the Patriarchate of Rome who have maintained their allegiance to the Papacy, together with the former adherents who have repudiated it.

But the history of Western Christendom, too, is unintelligible within its own time limits and space limits. While Western Christendom is a much better unit than the United States or the United Kingdom or France for a historian to operate with, it too turns out, on inspection, to be inadequate. In the time dimension, it goes back only to the close of the Dark Ages following the collapse of the western part of the Roman Empire, that is, it goes back less than 1300 years, and 1300 years is less than a quarter of the 6000 years during which the species of society represented by Western Christendom has been in existence. Western Christendom is a civilization belonging to the third of the three generations of civilizations that there have been so far.

In the space dimension, the narrowness of the limits of Western Christendom is still more striking. If you look at the physical map of the world as a whole, you will see that the small part of it which is dry land consists of a single continent — Asia — which has a number of peninsulas and off-lying islands. Now, what are the farthest limits to which Western Christendom has managed to expand? You will find them at Alaska and Chile on the west and at Finland and Dalmatia on the east. What lies between those four points is Western Christendom's domain at its widest.

And what does that domain amount to? Just the tip of Asia's European peninsula, together with a couple of large islands. (By these two large islands, I mean, of course, North and South America) Even if you add in the outlying and precarious footholds of the Western world in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, its total habitable present area amounts to only a very minor part of the total habitable area of the surface of the planet And you cannot understand the history of Western Christendom within its own geographical limits

Western Christendom is a product of Christianity, but Christianity did not arise in the Western world, it arose outside the bounds of Western Christendom, in a district that lies today within the domain of a different civilization Islam. We Western Christians did once try to capture from the Moslems the cradle of our religion in Palestine If the Crusades had succeeded, Western Christendom would have slightly broadened its footing on the all-important Asiatic mainland But the Crusades ended in failure.

Western Christendom is merely one of five civilizations that survive in the world today, and these are merely five out of about nineteen that one can identify as having come into existence since the first appearance of representatives of this species of society about 6000 years ago.

III

To take the four other surviving civilizations first: if the firmness of a civilization's foothold on the continent — by which I mean the solid land-mass of Asia — may be taken as giving a rough indication of that civilization's relative expectation of life, then the other four surviving civilizations are "better lives" — in the jargon of the life insurance business — than our own Western Christendom.

Our sister civilization, Orthodox Christendom, straddles the continent from the Baltic to the Pacific and from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Ocean: it occupies the northern half of Asia and the eastern half of Asia's European peninsula. Russia overlooks the back doors of all the other civilizations, from White Russia and Northeastern Siberia she overlooks the Polish and Alaskan back doors of our own Western world, from the Caucasus and Central Asia she overlooks the back doors of the Islamic and Hindu worlds, from Central and Eastern Siberia she overlooks the back door of the Far Eastern world.

Our half-sister civilization, Islam, also has a firm footing on the continent. The domain of Islam stretches from the heart of the Asiatic continent in Northwestern China all the way to the west coast of Asia's African peninsula At Dakar, the Islamic world commands the continental approaches to the straits that divide Asia's African peninsula from the island of South America. Islam also has a firm footing in Asia's Indian peninsula.

As for the Hindu society and the Far Eastern society, it needs no demonstration to show that the 400,000,000 Hindus and the 400,000,000 or 500,000,000 Chinese have a firm foothold on the continent

But we must not exaggerate the importance of any of these surviving civilizations just because, at this moment, they happen to be survivors. If, instead of thinking in terms of "expectation of life," we think in terms of achievement, a rough indication of relative achievement may be found in the giving of birth to individual souls that have conferred lasting blessings on the human race.

Now who are the individuals who are the greatest benefactors of the living generation of mankind? I should say. Confucius and Lao-tse, the Buddha; the Prophets of Israel and Judah, Zoroaster, Jesus, and Muhammad, and Socrates. And not one of these lasting benefactors of mankind happens to be a child of any of the five living civilizations. Confucius and Lao-tse were children of a now extinct Far Eastern civilization of an earlier generation, the Buddha was the child of a now extinct Indian civilization of an earlier generation. Hosea, Zoroaster, Jesus, and Muhammad were children of a now extinct Syrian civilization. Socrates was the child of a now extinct Greek civilization.

Within the last 400 years, all the five surviving civilizations have been brought into contact with each other as a result of the enterprise of two of them: the expansion of Western Christendom from the tip of Asia's European peninsula over the ocean, and the expansion of Orthodox Christendom overland across the whole breadth of the Asiatic continent.

The expansion of Western Christendom displays two special features. being oceanic, it is the only expansion of a civilization to date that has been literally world-wide in the sense of extending over the whole habitable portion of the earth's surface, and, owing to the "conquest of space and time" by modern mechanical means, the spread of the network of Western material civilization has brought the different parts of the world into far closer physical contact than ever before. But, even in these points, the expansion of the Western civilization differs in degree only, and not in kind, from the contemporary overland expansion of Russian Orthodox Christendom, and from similar expansions of other civilizations at earlier dates.

There are earlier expansions that have made important contributions towards the present unification of mankind — with its corollary, the unification of our vision of human history. The now extinct Syrian civilization was propagated to the Atlantic coasts of Asia's European and African peninsulas westward by the Phoenicians, to the tip of Asia's Indian peninsula southeastwards by the Hymyarites and Nestorians, and to the Pacific northeastwards by the Manichaeans and Nestorians. It expanded in two directions overseas and in a third direction overland. Any visitor to Peking will have seen a striking monument of the Syrian civilization's overland

cultural conquests In the trilingual inscriptions of the Manchu Dynasty of China at Peking, the Manchu and Mongol texts are inscribed in the Syriac form of the alphabet, not in Chinese characters

Other examples of the expansion of now extinct civilizations are the propagation of the Greek civilization overseas westwards to Marseilles by the Greeks themselves, overland northwards to the Rhine and Danube by the Romans, and overland eastwards to the interiors of India and China by the Macedonians, and the expansion of the Sumerian civilization in all directions overland from its cradle in Iraq.

IV

As a result of these successive expansions of particular civilizations, the whole habitable world has now been unified into a single Great Society. The movement through which this process has been finally consummated is the modern expansion of Western Christendom. But we have to bear in mind, first, that this expansion of Western Christendom has merely completed the unification of the world and has not been the agency that has produced more than the last stage of the process, and second, that, though the unification of the world has been finally achieved within a Western framework, the present Western ascendancy in the world is certain not to last

In a unified world, the eighteen non-Western civilizations — four of them living, fourteen of them extinct — will assuredly reassert their influence And as, in the course of generations and centuries, a unified world gradually works its way toward an equilibrium between its diverse component cultures, the Western component will gradually be relegated to the modest place which is all that it can expect to retain in virtue of its intrinsic worth by comparison with those other cultures — surviving and extinct — which the Western society, through its modern expansion, has brought into association with itself and with one another

History, seen in this perspective, makes, I feel, the following call upon historians of our generation and of the generations that will come after ours If we are to perform the full service that we have the power to perform for our fellow human beings — the important service of helping them to find their bearings in a unified world — we must make the necessary effort of imagination and effort of will to break our way out of the prison walls of the local and short-lived histories of our own countries and our own cultures, and we must accustom ourselves to taking a synoptic view of history as a whole

Our first task is to perceive, and to present to other people, the history of all the known civilizations, surviving and extinct, as a unity. There are, I believe, two ways in which this can be done

One way is to study the encounters between civilizations, of which I

have mentioned four outstanding examples. These encounters between civilizations are historically illuminating, not only because they bring a number of civilizations into a single focus of vision, but also because, out of encounters between civilizations, the higher religions have been born — the worship, perhaps originally Sumerian, of the Great Mother and her Son who suffers and dies and rises again, Judaism and Zoroastrianism, which sprang from an encounter between the Syrian and Babylonian civilizations, Christianity and Islam, which sprang from an encounter between the Syrian and Greek civilizations, the Mahayana form of Buddhism and Hinduism, which sprang from an encounter between the Indian and Greek civilizations. The future of mankind in this world — if mankind is going to have a future in this world — lies, I believe, with these higher religions that have appeared within the last 4000 years (and all but the first within the last 3000 years), and not with the civilizations whose encounters have provided opportunities for the higher religions to come to birth.

A second way of studying the history of all the known civilizations as a unity is to make a comparative study of their individual histories, looking at them as so many representatives of one particular species of the genus Human Society. If we map out the principal phases in the histories of civilizations — their births, growths, breakdowns, and declines — we can compare their experiences phase by phase, and by this method of study we shall perhaps be able to sort out their common experiences, which are specific, from their unique experiences, which are individual. In this way we may be able to work out a morphology of the species of society called civilizations.

If, by the use of these two methods of study, we can arrive at a unified vision of history, we shall probably find that we need to make very far-going adjustments of the perspective in which the histories of diverse civilizations and peoples appear when looked at through our peculiar present-day Western spectacles.

In setting out to adjust our perspective, we shall be wise, I suggest, to proceed simultaneously on two alternative assumptions. One of these alternatives is that the future of mankind may not, after all, be going to be catastrophic and that, even if the Second World War prove not to have been the last, we shall survive the rest of this batch of world wars as we survived the first two bouts, and shall eventually win our way out into calmer waters. The other possibility is that these first two World Wars may be merely overtures to some supreme catastrophe that we are going to bring on ourselves.

This second, more unpleasant, alternative has been made a very practical possibility by mankind's unfortunately having discovered how to tap atomic energy before we have succeeded in abolishing the institution of war. Those contradictions and paradoxes in the life of the world in our

time, which I took as my starting point, also look like symptoms of serious social and spiritual sickness, and their existence — which is one of the portentous features in the landscape of contemporary history — is another indication that we ought to take the more unpleasant of our alternatives as a serious possibility, and not just as a bad joke.

On either alternative, I suggest that we historians ought to concentrate our own attention — and direct the attention of our listeners and readers — upon the histories of those civilizations and peoples which, in the light of their past performances, seem likely, in a unified world, to come to the front in the long run in one or other of the alternative futures that may be lying in wait for mankind

V

If the future of mankind in a unified world is going to be on the whole a happy one, then I would prophesy that there is a future in the Old World for the Chinese, and in the island of North America for the *Canadiens*. Whatever the future of mankind in North America, I feel pretty confident that these French-speaking Canadians, at any rate, will be there at the end of the story.

On the assumption that the future of mankind is to be very catastrophic, I should have prophesied, even as lately as a few years ago, that whatever future we might be going to have would lie with the Tibetans and the Eskimos, because each of these people occupied, till quite lately, an unusually sheltered position. "Sheltered" means, of course, sheltered from the dangers arising from human folly and wickedness, not sheltered from the rigors of the physical environment. Mankind has been master of its physical environment, sufficiently for practical purposes, since the Middle Paleolithic Age, since that time, man's only dangers — but these have been deadly dangers — have come from man himself. But the homes of the Tibetans and the Eskimos are sheltered no longer, because we are on the point of managing to fly over the North Pole and over the Himalayas, and both Northern Canada and Tibet would (I think) be likely to be theaters of a future Russo-American war.

If mankind is going to run amok with atom bombs, I personally should look to the Negrito Pygmies of Central Africa to salvage some fraction of the present heritage of mankind. (Their eastern cousins in the Philippines and in the Malay Peninsula would probably perish with the rest of us, as they both live in what have now come to be dangerously exposed positions.)

The African Negritos are said by our anthropologists to have an unexpectedly pure and lofty conception of the nature of God and of God's relation to man. They might be able to give mankind a fresh start, and, though we should then have lost the achievements of the last 6000 to

10,000 years, what are 10,000 years compared to the 600,000 or 1,000,000 years for which the human race has already been in existence?

The extreme possibility of catastrophe is that we might succeed in exterminating the whole human race, African Negritos and all.

On the evidence of the past history of life on this planet, even that is not entirely unlikely. After all, the reign of man on the earth, if we are right in thinking that man established his present ascendancy in the Middle Paleolithic Age, is so far only about 100,000 years old, and what is that compared to the 500,000,000 or 800,000,000 years during which life has been in existence on the surface of this planet? In the past, other forms of life have enjoyed reigns which have lasted for almost inconceivably longer periods — and which yet at last have come to an end. There was a reign of the giant armored reptiles which may have lasted about 80,000,000 years, say from about the year 130,000,000 to the year 50,000,000 before the present day. But the reptiles' reign came to an end. Long before that — perhaps 300,000,000 years ago — there was a reign of giant armored fishes — creatures that had already accomplished the tremendous achievement of growing a movable lower jaw. But the reign of the fishes came to an end.

The winged insects are believed to have come into existence about 250,000,000 years ago. Perhaps the higher winged insects — the social insects that have anticipated mankind in creating an institutional life — are still waiting for their reign on earth to come. If the ants and bees were one day to acquire even that glimmer of intellectual understanding that man has possessed in his day, and if they were then to make their own shot at seeing history in perspective, they might see the advent of the mammals, and the brief reign of the human mammal, as almost irrelevant episodes, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The challenge to us, in our generation, is to see to it that this interpretation of history shall not become the true one.

Checking Your Reading

What examples of contradictions characteristic of our times does Toynbee mention? In what sense did our "pre-nationalist medieval ancestors" have a broader and juster historical vision than we have today? What does Toynbee regard as the epoch-making events of the United States and the United Kingdom? What is the time dimension of Western Christendom? the space dimension? How many different civilizations have existed in the six thousand years of so-called civilization? What are the five that survive today? What two special features does the expansion of Western Christendom display? In what two ways can we study the history of all the known civilizations as a unity? Why does Toynbee feel that such a study is imperative? What alternative possibilities must we consider in setting out to adjust our world historical perspective? What prophecies does

Toynbee make in connection with each of these? Identify. Hengist and Horsa, the Industrial Revolution, the Reformation, the Crusades, Confucius, Lao-tse, Buddha, the prophets of Israel and Judah, Zoroaster, Muhammad (Mohammed), Socrates. Define, genesis, cosmogonist, parochial, corollary, synoptic, morphology, portentous, amok.

Forming Your Opinion

What are the advantages of Toynbee's world-civilizations perspective of history? Has it any limitations? Do you think that he underestimates the importance of Western Christendom? If so, how? What do you think of his list of "the greatest benefactors of the living generation of mankind"? What are its limitations? Would you add other names to it? Which? Do you agree that the future of mankind in this world lies with the higher religions? What do you think of Toynbee's proposals for studying the history of human civilizations? Which of his alternative assumptions concerning our future seems to you the more likely today? Why?

The Light Touch

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY!

Lee Strout White

Lee Strout White is the pseudonym of E B White and Richard Lee Strout, who collaborate here in valedictory tribute to the Model T

Born in Mount Vernon, New York, and educated at Cornell, Elwyn Brooks White (1899—) has been connected with The New Yorker since its founding, and its Talk of the Town department usually reflects the flavor of his fresh and disarming style Dissatisfied with city life, he lived for a time on a Maine farm, an experience best reflected in the monthly column which for several years he contributed to Harper's Magazine In addition to being a humorous essayist and versifier (The Fox of Peapack, 1938, Quo Vadimus, 1939, One Man's Meat, 1942), he is a shrewd commentator on international politics (The Wild Flag, 1947).

Richard Lee Strout (1898—) became a journalist upon his graduation from Harvard in 1919 He was a reporter for a British newspaper and for the Boston Post before joining the staff of the Christian Science Monitor in 1921; since 1925 he has been with its Washington bureau He is a frequent contributor to American periodicals

I SEE by the new Sears Roebuck catalogue that it is still possible to buy an axle for a 1909 Model T Ford, but I am not deceived The great days have faded, the end is in sight. Only one page in the current catalogue is devoted to parts and accessories for the Model T, yet everyone remembers springtimes when the Ford gadget section was larger than men's clothing, almost as large as household furnishings The last Model T was built in 1927, and the car is fading from what scholars call the American scene — which is an understatement, because to a few million people who grew up with it, the old Ford practically *was* the American scene.

It was the miracle God had wrought And it was patently the sort of thing that could only happen once Mechanically uncanny, it was like nothing that had ever come to the world before Flourishing industries rose and fell with it As a vehicle, it was hard-working, commonplace, heroic, and it often seemed to transmit those qualities to the persons who rode in it. My own generation identifies it with Youth, with its gaudy, irretrievable excitements, before it fades into the mist, I would like to pay it the tribute of the sigh that is not a sob, and set down random entries

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in a shape somewhat less cumbersome than a Sears Roebuck catalogue

The Model T was distinguished from all other makes of cars by the fact that its transmission was of a type known as planetary — which was half metaphysics, half sheer friction. Engineers accepted the word “planetary” in its epicyclic sense, but I was always conscious that it also meant “wandering,” “erratic.” Because of the peculiar nature of this planetary element, there was always, in Model T, a certain dull rapport between engine and wheels, and even when the car was in a state known as neutral, it trembled with a deep imperative and tended to inch forward. There was never a moment when the bands were not faintly egging the machine on. In this respect it was like a horse, rolling the bit on its tongue, and country people brought to it the same technique they used with draft animals.

Its most remarkable quality was its rate of acceleration. In its palmy days the Model T could take off faster than anything on the road. The reason was simple. To get under way, you simply hooked the third finger of the right hand around a lever on the steering column, pulled down hard, and shoved your left foot forcibly against the low-speed pedal. These were simple, positive motions, the car responded by lunging forward with a roar. After a few seconds of this turmoil, you took your toe off the pedal, eased up a mite on the throttle, and the car, possessed of only two forward speeds, catapulted directly into high with a series of ugly jerks and was off on its glorious errand. The abruptness of this departure was never equalled in other cars of the period. The human leg was (and still is) incapable of letting in a clutch with anything like the forthright abandon that used to send Model T on its way. Letting in a clutch is a negative, hesitant motion, depending on delicate nervous control, pushing down the Ford pedal was a simple, country motion — an expansive act, which came as natural as kicking an old door to make it budge.

The driver of the old Model T was a man enthroned. The car, with top up, stood seven feet high. The driver sat on top of the gas tank, brooding it with his own body. When he wanted gasoline, he alighted, along with everything else in the front seat, the seat was pulled off, the metal cap unscrewed, and a wooden stick thrust down to sound the liquid in the well. There were always a couple of these sounding sticks kicking around in the ratty sub-cushion regions of a flivver. Refuelling was more of a social function then, because the driver had to unbend, whether he wanted to or not. Directly in front of the driver was the windshield — high, uncompromisingly erect. Nobody talked about air resistance, and the four cylinders pushed the car through the atmosphere with a simple disregard of physical law.

There was this about a Model T: the purchaser never regarded his purchase as a complete, finished product. When you bought a Ford, you figured you had a start — a vibrant, spirited framework to which could be

screwed an almost limitless assortment of decorative and functional hardware. Driving away from the agency, hugging the new wheel between your knees, you were already full of creative worry. A Ford was born naked as a baby, and a flourishing industry grew up out of correcting its rare deficiencies and combatting its fascinating diseases. Those were the great days of lily-painting. I have been looking at some old Sears Roebuck catalogues and they bring everything back so clear.

First you bought a Ruby Safety Reflector for the rear, so that your posterior would glow in another car's brilliance. Then you invested thirty-nine cents in some radiator Moto Wings, a popular ornament which gave the Pegasus touch to the machine and did something godlike to the owner. For nine cents you bought a fan-belt guide to keep the belt from slipping off the pulley.

You bought a radiator compound to stop leaks. This was as much a part of everybody's equipment as aspirin tablets are of a medicine cabinet. You bought special oil to prevent chattering, a clamp-on dash light, a patching outfit, a tool box which you bolted to the running board, a sun visor, a steering-column brace to keep the column rigid, and a set of emergency containers for gas, oil, and water — three thin, disc-like cans which reposed in a case on the running board during long, important journeys — red for gas, gray for water, green for oil. It was only a beginning. After the car was about a year old, steps were taken to check the alarming disintegration. (Model T was full of tumors, but they were benign.) A set of anti-rattlers (98c) was a popular panacea. You hooked them on to the gas and spark rods, to the brake pull rod, and to the steering-rod connections. Hood silencers, of black rubber, were applied to the fluttering hood. Shock-absorbers and snubbers gave "complete relaxation." Some people bought rubber pedal pads, to fit over the standard metal pedals. (I didn't like these, I remember.) Persons of a suspicious or pugnacious turn of mind bought a rear-view mirror, but most Model T owners weren't worried by what was coming from behind because they would soon enough see it out in front. They rode in a state of cheerful catalepsy. Quite a large mutinous clique among Ford owners went over to a foot accelerator (you could buy one and screw it to the floor board), but there was a certain madness in these people, because the Model T, just as she stood, had a choice of three foot pedals to push, and there were plenty of moments when both feet were occupied in the routine performance of duty and when the only way to speed up the engine was with the hand throttle.

Gadget bred gadget. Owners not only bought ready-made gadgets, they invented gadgets to meet special needs. I myself drove my car directly from the agency to the blacksmith's, and had the smith affix two enormous iron brackets to the port running board to support an army trunk.

People who owned closed models bullded along different lines. they bought ball grip handles for opening doors, window anti-rattlers, and de-luxe flower vases of the cut-glass anti-splash type. People with delicate sensibilities garnished their car with a device called the Donna Lee Automobile Disseminator — a porous vase guaranteed, according to Sears, to fill the car with a “faint clean odor of lavender.” The gap between open cars and closed cars was not as great then as it is now. for \$11.95, Sears Roebuck converted your touring car into a sedan and you went forth renewed. One agreeable quality of the old Fords was that they had no bumpers, and their fenders softened and wilted with the years and permitted the driver to squeeze in and out of tight places.

Tires were 30 x 3½, cost about twelve dollars, and punctured readily. Everybody carried a Jiffy patching set, with a nutmeg grater to roughen the tube before the goo was spread on. Everybody was capable of putting on a patch, expected to have to, and did have to.

During my association with Model T's, self-starters were not a prevalent accessory. They were expensive and under suspicion. Your car came equipped with a serviceable crank, and the first thing you learned was how to Get Results. It was a special trick, and until you learned it (usually from another Ford owner, but sometimes by a period of appalling experimentation) you might as well have been winding up an awning. The trick was to leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animal's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator), and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts. Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank, and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin with plenty of That. If this procedure was followed, the engine almost always responded — first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gunfire, which you checked by racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle. Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it. I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket.

In zero weather, ordinary cranking became an impossibility, except for giants. The oil thickened, and it became necessary to jack up the rear wheels, which, for some planetary reason, eased the throw.

The lore and legend that governed the Ford were boundless. Owners had their own theories about everything; they discussed mutual problems in that wise, infinitely resourceful way old women discuss rheumatism. Exact knowledge was pretty scarce, and often proved less effective than superstition. Dropping a camphor ball into the gas tank was a popular expedient, it seemed to have a tonic effect on both man and machine.

There wasn't much to base exact knowledge on. The Ford driver flew blind. He didn't know the temperature of his engine, the speed of his car, the amount of his fuel, or the pressure of his oil (the old Ford lubricated itself by what was amiably described as the "splash system") A speedometer cost money and was an extra, like a windshield-wiper. The dashboard of the early models was bare save for an ignition key, later models, grown effete, boasted an ammeter which pulsed alarmingly with the throbbing of the car. Under the dash was a box of coils, with vibrators which you adjusted, or thought you adjusted. Whatever the driver learned of his motor, he learned not through instruments but through sudden developments. I remember that the timer was one of the vital organs about which there was ample doctrine. When everything else had been checked, you "had a look" at the timer. It was an extravagantly odd little device, simple in construction, mysterious in function. It contained a roller, held by a spring, and there were four contact points on the inside of the case against which, many people believed, the roller rolled. I have had a timer apart on a sick Ford many times, but I never really knew what I was up to — I was just showing off before God. There were almost as many schools of thought as there were timers. Some people, when things went wrong, just clenched their teeth and gave the timer a smart crack with a wrench. Other people opened it up and blew on it. There was a school that held that the timer needed large amounts of oil, they fixed it by frequent baptism. And there was a school that was positive it was meant to run dry as a bone, these people were continually taking it off and wiping it. I remember once spitting into a timer, not in anger, but in a spirit of research. You see, the Model T driver moved in the realm of metaphysics. He believed his car could be hexed.

One reason the Ford anatomy was never reduced to an exact science was that, having "fixed" it, the owner couldn't honestly claim that the treatment had brought about the cure. There were too many authenticated cases of Fords fixing themselves — restored naturally to health after a short rest. Farmers soon discovered this, and it fitted nicely with their draft-horse philosophy. "Let 'er cool off and she'll snap into it again."

A Ford owner had Number One Bearing constantly in mind. This bearing, being at the front end of the motor, was the one that always burned out, because the oil didn't reach it when the car was climbing hills. (That's what I was always told, anyway.) The oil used to recede and leave Number One dry as a clam flat, you had to watch that bearing like a hawk. It was like a weak heart — you could hear it start knocking, and that was when you stopped and let her cool off. Try as you would to keep the oil supply right, in the end Number One always went out. "Number One Bearing burned out on me and I had to have her replaced," you would say, wisely, and your companions always had a lot to tell about how to protect and pamper Number One to keep her alive.

Sprinkled not too liberally among the millions of amateur witch doctors who drove Fords and applied their own abominable cures were the heaven-sent mechanics who could really make the car talk. These professionals turned up in undreamed-of spots. One time, on the banks of the Columbia River in Washington, I heard the rear end go out of my Model T when I was trying to whip it up a steep incline onto the deck of a ferry. Something snapped, the car slid backward into the mud. It seemed to me like the end of the trail. But the captain of the ferry, observing the withered remnant, spoke up.

"What's got her?" he asked.

"I guess it's the rear end," I replied listlessly. The captain leaned over the rail and stared. Then I saw that there was a hunger in his eyes that set him off from other men.

"Tell you what," he said, carelessly, trying to cover up his eagerness, "let's pull the son of a bitch up onto the boat, and I'll help you fix her while we're going back and forth on the river."

We did just this. All that day I plied between the towns of Pasco and Kennewick, while the skipper (who had once worked in a Ford garage) directed the amazing work of resetting the bones of my car.

Springtime in the heyday of the Model T was a delirious season. Owning a car was still a major excitement, roads were still wonderful and bad. The Fords were obviously concerned in madness: any car which was capable of going from forward into reverse without any perceptible mechanical hiatus was bound to be a mighty challenging thing to the human imagination. Boys used to veer them off the highway into a level pasture and run wild with them, as though they were cutting up with a girl. Most everybody used the reverse pedal quite as much as the regular foot brake — it distributed the wear over the bands and wore them all down evenly. That was the big trick, to wear all the bands down evenly, so that the final chattering would be total and the whole unit scream for renewal.

The days were golden, the nights were dim and strange. I still recall with trembling those loud, nocturnal crises when you drew up to a signpost and raced the engine so the lights would be bright enough to read destinations by. I have never been really planetary since. I suppose it's time to say good-bye. Farewell, my lovely!

Interpreting Your Reading

Have you ever driven or worked on a Model T? Is it still possible to order parts for one? What other idiosyncrasies have you found in old cars? To what extent is "hly-painting" still possible with recent cars? Point out the words and details through which the authors make us think of the Model T as a living

creature. What devices convey their emotional attitude toward it? Define this attitude as precisely as you can. How do the authors succeed in this essay in recapturing the flavor of a particular era? Can you think of other mechanical devices to which the informal and humorous treatment of this essay could be adapted? Define. epicyclic, planetary, rapport, panacea, snubbers, catalepsy, hexed, hiatus.

UNIVERSITY DAYS

James Thurber

James Thurber believes "humor is a kind of emotional chaos told about calmly and quietly in retrospect" Being both an artist and a writer, he has managed to record his peculiar view of life and its chaos in satirical essays, in short stories, in drama, and in his distinctive two-dimensional line drawings Mr Thurber (1894-) is Ohio-born but his habitat is the metropolis, the world of The New Yorker, in which almost all of his work has first appeared He knows the weaknesses of our civilization almost more acutely than he has a right to and in whatever medium he is working he is quick to satirize Never does he laugh raucously, instead, he needles his victims with irony, innuendo, or a sharp wit hidden behind deceptively kind and gentle prose He recalls that in his childhood he fell down a great deal because of the habit he had of walking into himself, that his "gold-rimmed glasses forever needed straightening, which gave him the appearance of a person who hears somebody calling but can't make out where the sound is coming from Because of his badly focused lenses he saw, not two of everything, but one and a half." The selections he made himself for The Thurber Carnival (1945) illustrate every variation of the genius of his work The three pieces here are taken, respectively, from My Life and Hard Times (1933), Let Your Mind Alone (1937), and My World and Welcome to It (1942). The latter volume contains the original version of the Hollywood film, The Secret Life of Walter Mitty.

I PASSED all the other courses that I took at my University, but I could never pass botany. This was because all botany students had to spend several hours a week in a laboratory looking through a microscope at plant cells, and I could never see through a microscope. I never once saw a cell through a microscope. This used to enrage my instructor. He would wander around the laboratory pleased with the progress all the students were making in drawing the involved and, so I am told, interesting structure of flower cells, until he came to me. I would just be standing there. "I can't see anything," I would say. He would begin patiently enough, explaining how anybody can see through a microscope, but he would always end up in a fury, claiming that I could *too* see through a microscope but just pretended that I couldn't. "It takes away from the beauty of the flowers anyway," I used to tell him "We are not concerned with

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beauty in this course," he would say. "We are concerned solely with what I may call the *mechanics* of flars." "Well," I'd say, "I can't see anything." "Try it just once again," he'd say, and I would put my eye to the microscope and see nothing at all, except now and again a nebulous milky substance — a phenomenon of maladjustment. You were supposed to see a vivid, restless clockwork of sharply defined plant cells. "I see what looks like a lot of milk," I would tell him. This, he claimed, was the result of my not having adjusted the microscope properly, so he would readjust it for me, or rather, for himself. And I would look again and see milk.

I finally took a deferred pass, as they called it, and waited a year and tried again. (You had to pass one of the biological sciences or you couldn't graduate.) The professor had come back from vacation brown as a berry, bright-eyed, and eager to explain cell-structure again to his classes. "Well," he said to me, cheerily, when we met in the first laboratory hour of the semester, "we're going to see cells this time, aren't we?" "Yes, sir," I said. Students to right of me and to left of me and in front of me were seeing cells, what's more, they were quietly drawing pictures of them in their notebooks. Of course, I didn't see anything.

"We'll try it," the professor said to me, grimly, "with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. As God is my witness, I'll arrange this glass so that you see cells through it or I'll give up teaching. In twenty-two years of botany, I —" He cut off abruptly, for he was beginning to quiver all over, like Lionel Barrymore, and he genuinely wished to hold onto his temper, his scenes with me had taken a great deal out of him.

So we tried it with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. With only one of them did I see anything but blackness or the familiar lacteal opacity, and that time I saw, to my pleasure and amazement, a variegated constellation of flecks, specks, and dots. These I hastily drew. The instructor, noting my activity, came back from an adjoining desk, a smile on his lips and his eyebrows high in hope. He looked at my cell drawing. "What's that?" he demanded, with a hint of a squeal in his voice. "That's what I saw," I said. "You didn't, you didn't, you *didn't*!" he screamed, losing control of his temper instantly, and he bent over and squinted into the microscope. His head snapped up. "That's your eye!" he shouted. "You've fixed the lens so that it reflects! You've drawn your eye!"

Another course that I didn't like, but somehow managed to pass, was economics. I went to that class straight from the botany class, which didn't help me any in understanding either subject. I used to get them mixed up. But not as mixed up as another student in my economics class who came there direct from a physics laboratory. He was a tackle on the football team, named Bolenciewicz. At that time Ohio State University had one of the best football teams in the country, and Bolenciewicz was one of its outstanding stars. In order to be eligible to play it was necessary for him

to keep up in his studies, a very difficult matter, for while he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter. Most of his professors were lenient and helped him along. None gave him more hints, in answering questions, or asked him simpler ones than the economics professor, a thin, timid man named Bassum. One day when we were on the subject of transportation and distribution, it came Bolenciewicz's turn to answer a question "Name one means of transportation," the professor said to him. No light came into the big tackle's eyes. "Just any means of transportation," said the professor. Bolenciewicz sat staring at him. "That is," pursued the professor, "any medium, agency, or method of going from one place to another." Bolenciewicz had the look of a man who is being led into a trap. "You may choose among steam, horse-drawn, or electrically propelled vehicles," said the instructor. "I might suggest the one which we commonly take in making long journeys across land." There was a profound silence in which everybody stirred uneasily, including Bolenciewicz and Mr. Bassum. Mr. Bassum abruptly broke this silence in an amazing manner. "Choo-choo-choo," he said, in a low voice, and turned instantly scarlet. He glanced appealingly around the room. All of us, of course, shared Mr. Bassum's desire that Bolenciewicz should stay abreast of the class in economics, for the Illinois game, one of the hardest and most important of the season, was only a week off. "Toot, toot, too-tooooooot!" some student with a deep voice moaned, and we all looked encouragingly at Bolenciewicz. Somebody else gave a fine imitation of a locomotive letting off steam. Mr. Bassum himself rounded off the little show "Ding, dong, ding, dong," he said, hopefully. Bolenciewicz was staring at the floor now, trying to think, his great brow furrowed, his huge hands rubbing together, his face red.

"How did you come to college this year, Mr. Bolenciewicz?" asked the professor. "*Chuffa chuffa, chuffa chuffa.*"

"M'father sent me," said the football player.

"What on?" asked Bassum.

"I git an 'lowance," said the tackle, in a low, husky voice, obviously embarrassed.

"No, no," said Bassum. "Name a means of transportation. What did you *ride* here on?"

"Train," said Bolenciewicz.

"Quite right," said the professor. "Now, Mr. Nugent, will you tell us —"

If I went through anguish in botany and economics — for different reasons — gymnasium work was even worse. I don't even like to think about it. They wouldn't let you play games or join in the exercises with your glasses on and I couldn't see with mine off. I bumped into professors, horizontal bars, agricultural students, and swinging iron rings. Not being able to see, I could take it but I couldn't dish it out. Also, in order to pass gymnasium (and you had to pass it to graduate) you had to learn to

swim if you didn't know how. I didn't like the swimming pool, I didn't like swimming, and I didn't like the swimming instructor, and after all these years I still don't. I never swam but I passed my gym work anyway, by having another student give my gymnasium number (978) and swim across the pool in my place. He was a quiet, amiable blonde youth, number 473, and he would have seen through a microscope for me if we could have got away with it, but we couldn't get away with it. Another thing I didn't like about gymnasium work was that they made you strip the day you registered. It is impossible for me to be happy when I am stripped and being asked a lot of questions. Still, I did better than a lanky agricultural student who was cross-examined just before I was. They asked each student what college he was in — that is, whether Arts, Engineering, Commerce, or Agriculture. "What college are you in?" the instructor snapped at the youth in front of me. "Ohio State University," he said promptly.

It wasn't that agricultural student but it was another a whole lot like him who decided to take up journalism, possibly on the ground that when farming went to hell he could fall back on newspaper work. He didn't realize, of course, that that would be very much like falling back full-length on a kit of carpenter's tools. Haskins didn't seem cut out for journalism, being too embarrassed to talk to anybody and unable to use a typewriter, but the editor of the college paper assigned him to the cow barns, the sheep house, the horse pavilion, and the animal husbandry department generally. This was a genuinely big "beat," for it took up five times as much ground and got ten times as great a legislative appropriation as the College of Liberal Arts. The agricultural student knew animals, but nevertheless his stories were dull and colorlessly written. He took all afternoon on each of them, on account of having to hunt for each letter on the typewriter. Once in a while he had to ask somebody to help him hunt C and L, in particular, were hard letters for him to find. His editor finally got pretty much annoyed at the farmer-journalist because his pieces were so uninteresting. "See here, Haskins," he snapped at him one day, "why is it we never have anything hot from you on the horse pavilion? Here we have two hundred head of horses on this campus — more than any other university in the Western Conference except Purdue — and yet you never get any real low-down on them. Now shoot over to the horse barns and dig up something lively." Haskins shambled out and came back in about an hour, he said he had something. "Well, start it off snappily," said the editor. "Something people will read." Haskins set to work and in a couple of hours brought a sheet of typewritten paper to the desk; it was a two-hundred-word story about some disease that had broken out among the horses. Its opening sentence was simple but arresting. It read. "Who has noticed the sores on the tops of the horses in the animal husbandry building?"

Ohio State was a land grant university and therefore two years of military drill was compulsory. We drilled with old Springfield rifles and studied the tactics of the Civil War even though the World War was going on at the time. At eleven o'clock each morning thousands of freshmen and sophomores used to deploy over the campus, moodily creeping up on the old chemistry building. It was good training for the kind of warfare that was waged at Shiloh, but it had no connection with what was going on in Europe. Some people used to think there was German money behind it, but they didn't dare say so or they would have been thrown in jail as German spies. It was a period of muddy thought and marked, I believe, the decline of higher education in the Middle West.

As a soldier I was never any good at all. Most of the cadets were glumly indifferent soldiers, but I was no good at all. Once General Littlefield, who was commandant of the cadet corps, popped up in front of me during regimental drill and snapped, "You are the main trouble with this university!" I think he meant that my type was the main trouble with the university, but he may have meant me individually. I was mediocre at drill, certainly — that is, until my senior year. By that time I had drilled longer than anybody else in the Western Conference, having failed at military at the end of each preceding year so that I had to do it all over again. I was the only senior still in uniform. The uniform which, when new, had made me look like an interurban railway conductor, now that it had become faded and too tight made me look like Bert Williams in his bellboy act. This had a definitely bad effect on my morale. Even so, I had become by sheer practice little short of wonderful at squad manoeuvres.

One day General Littlefield picked our company out of the whole regiment and tried to get it mixed up by putting it through one movement after another as fast as we could execute them: squads right, squads left, squads on right into line, squads right about, squads left front into line, etc. In about three minutes one hundred and nine men were marching in one direction and I was marching away from them at an angle of forty degrees, all alone. "Company, halt!" shouted General Littlefield. "That man is the only man who has it right!" I was made a corporal for my achievement.

The next day General Littlefield summoned me to his office. He was swatting flies when I went in. I was silent and he was silent too, for a long time. I don't think he remembered me or why he had sent for me, but he didn't want to admit it. He swatted some more flies, keeping his eyes on them narrowly before he let go with the swatter. "Button up your coat!" he snapped. Looking back on it now I can see that he meant me although he was looking at a fly, but I just stood there. Another fly came to rest on a paper in front of the general and began rubbing its hind legs together. The general lifted the swatter cautiously. I moved restlessly and the fly flew away. "You startled him!" barked General Littlefield, looking at me.

severely. I said I was sorry. "That won't help the situation!" snapped the general, with cold military logic I didn't see what I could do except offer to chase some more flies toward his desk, but I didn't say anything. He stared out the window at the faraway figures of co-eds crossing the campus toward the library. Finally, he told me I could go. So I went. He either didn't know which cadet I was or else he forgot what he wanted to see me about. It may have been that he wished to apologize for having called me the main trouble with the university, or maybe he had decided to compliment me on my brilliant drilling of the day before and then at the last minute decided not to. I don't know. I don't think about it much any more.

Interpreting Your Reading

Like many radio comedians, Mr. Thurber uses the device of self-depreciation; that is, he turns his humor upon himself. What do you think of the effectiveness of this device? What qualities in himself does he satirize? Who else feels the impact of his humor? Is the piece more than a collection of laughable episodes about Mr. Thurber's college days at Ohio State University? What else holds it together? Point out examples of humorous effects created or intensified by Mr. Thurber's use of words. Define. lacteal opacity, animal husbandry, deploy

SEX EX MACHINA

James Thurber

WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE of the gas mantle and the advent of the short circuit, man's tranquillity began to be threatened by everything he put his hand on. Many people believe that it was a sad day indeed when Benjamin Franklin tied that key to a kite string and flew the kite in a thunderstorm, other people believe that if it hadn't been Franklin, it would have been someone else. As, of course, it was in the case of the harnessing of steam and the invention of the gas engine. At any rate, it has come about that so-called civilized man finds himself today surrounded by the myriad technical devices of a technological world. Writers of books on how to control your nerves, how to conquer fear, how to cultivate calm, how to be happy in spite of everything, are of several minds as regards the relation of man and the machine. Some of them are prone to believe that the mind and body, if properly disciplined, can get the upper hand of this mechanized existence. Others merely ignore the situation and go on to the profitable writing of more facile chapters of inspiration. Still others attribute the whole menace of the machine to sex, and so confuse the average reader that he cannot always be certain whether he has been knocked down by an automobile or is merely in love.

Dr. Bisch, the Be-Glad-You're-Neurotic man, has a remarkable chapter which deals, in part, with man, sex, and the machine. He examines the case of the three hypothetical men who start across a street on a red light and get in the way of an oncoming automobile. A dodges successfully, B stands still, "accepting the situation with calm and resignation," thus becoming one of my favorite heroes in modern belles-lettres, and C hesitates, wavers, jumps backward and forward, and finally runs head on into the car. To lead you through Dr. Bisch's complete analysis of what was wrong with B and C would occupy your whole day. He mentions what the McDougallians would say ("Instinct!"), what the Freudians would retort ("Complexes!"), and what the behaviorists would shout ("Conditioned reflexes!"). He also brings in what the physiologists would say — deficient thyroid, hypoadrenal functioning, and so on. The average sedentary man of our time who is at all suggestible must emerge from this chapter believing that his chances of surviving a combination of instinct, complexes,

reflexes, glands, sex, and present-day traffic conditions are about equal to those of a one-legged blind man trying to get out of a labyrinth.

Let us single out what Dr. Bisch thinks the Freudians would say about poor Mr. C, who ran right into the car. He writes, "‘Sex hunger,’ the Freudians would declare ‘Always keyed up and irritable because of it. Undoubtedly suffers from insomnia and when he does sleep his dream life must be productive, distorted, and possibly frightening. Automobile unquestionably has sex significance for him . . . to C the car is both enticing and menacing at one and the same time. . . . A thorough analysis is indicated. . . . It might take months. But then, the man needs an analysis as much as food. He is heading for a complete nervous collapse.’" It is my studied opinion, not to put too fine a point on it, that Mr. C is heading for a good mangling, and that if he gets away with only a nervous collapse, it will be a miracle.

I have not always, I am sorry to say, been able to go the whole way with the Freudians, or even a very considerable distance. Even though, as Dr. Bisch says, "One must admit that the Freudians have had the best of it so far. At least they have received the most publicity." It is in matters like their analysis of men and machines, of Mr. C and the automobile, that the Freudians and I part company. Of course, the analysis above is simply Dr. Bisch's idea of what the Freudians would say, but I think he has got it down pretty well. Dr. Bisch himself leans toward the Freudian analysis of Mr. C, for he says in this same chapter, "An automobile bearing down upon you may be a sex symbol at that, you know, especially if you dream it." It is my contention, of course, that even if you dream it, it is probably not a sex symbol but merely an automobile bearing down on you. And if it bears down upon you in real life, I am sure it is an automobile. I have seen the same behavior that characterized Mr. C displayed by a squirrel (Mr. S) that lives in the grounds of my house in the country. He is a fairly tame squirrel, happily mated and not sex-hungry, if I am any judge, but nevertheless he frequently runs out toward my automobile when I start down the driveway, and then hesitates, wavers, jumps forward and backward, and occasionally would run right into the car except that he is awfully fast on his feet and that I always hurriedly put on the brakes of the 1935 V-8 Sex Symbol that I drive.

I have seen this same behavior in the case of rabbits (notoriously uninfluenced by any sex symbols save those of other rabbits), dogs, pigeons, a doe, a young hawk (which flew at my car), a blue heron that I encountered on a country road in Vermont, and once, near Paul Smith's in the Adirondacks, a fox. They all acted exactly like Mr. C. The hawk, unhappily, was killed. All the others escaped with nothing worse, I suppose, than a complete nervous collapse. Although I cannot claim to have been conversant with the private life and the secret compulsions, the psycho-neuroses and the glandular activities of all these animals, it is neverthe-

less my confident and unswervable belief that there was nothing at all the matter with any one of them. Like Mr. C, they suddenly saw a car swiftly bearing down upon them, got excited, and lost their heads. I do not believe, you see, there was anything the matter with Mr. C, either. But I do believe that, after a thorough analysis lasting months, with a lot of harping on the incident of the automobile, something might very well come to be the matter with him. He might even actually get to suffering from the delusion that he believes automobiles are sex symbols.

It seems to me worthy of note that Dr. Bisch, in reciting the reactions of three persons in the face of an oncoming car, selected three men. What would have happened had they been Mrs. A, Mrs. B, and Mrs. C? You know as well as I do: all three of them would have hesitated, wavered, jumped forward and backward, and finally run head on into the car if some man hadn't grabbed them. (I used to know a motorist who, every time he approached a woman standing on a curb preparing to cross the street, shouted, "Hold it, stupid!") It is not too much to say that, with a car bearing down upon them, ninety-five women out of a hundred would act like Mr. C — or Mr. S, the squirrel, or Mr. F, the fox. But it is certainly too much to say that ninety-five out of every hundred women look upon an automobile as a sex symbol. For one thing, Dr. Bisch points out that the automobile serves as a sex symbol because of the "mechanical principle involved." But only one woman in a thousand really knows anything about the mechanical principle in an automobile. And yet, as I have said, ninety-five out of a hundred would hesitate, waver, and jump, just as Mr. C did. I think we have the Freudians there. If we haven't proved our case with rabbits and a blue heron, we have certainly proved it with women.

To my notion, the effect of the automobile and of other mechanical contrivances on the state of our nerves, minds, and spirits is a problem which the popular psychologists whom I have dealt with know very little about. The sexual explanation of the relationship of man and the machine is not good enough. To arrive at the real explanation, we have to begin very far back, as far back as Franklin and the kite, or at least as far back as a certain man and woman who appear in a book of stories written more than sixty years ago by Max Adeler. One story in this book tells about a housewife who bought a combination ironing board and card table, which some New England genius had thought up in his spare time. The husband, coming home to find the devilish contraption in the parlor, was appalled. "What is that thing?" he demanded. His wife explained that it was a card table, but that if you pressed a button underneath, it would become an ironing board. Whereupon she pushed the button and the table leaped a foot into the air, extended itself, and became an ironing board. The story goes on to tell how the thing finally became so sensitized that it would change back and forth if you merely touched it — you didn't have to push the button. The husband stuck it in the attic (after it had leaped

up and struck him a couple of times while he was playing euchre), and on windy nights it could be heard flopping and banging around, changing from a card table to an ironing board and back. The story serves as one example of our dread heritage of annoyance, shock, and terror arising out of the nature of mechanical contrivances *per se*. The mechanical principle involved in this damnable invention had, I believe, no relationship to sex whatsoever. There are certain analysts who see sex in anything, even a leaping ironing board, but I think we can ignore these scientists.

No man (to go on) who has wrestled with a self-adjusting card table can ever be quite the man he once was. If he arrives at the state where he hesitates, wavers, and jumps at every mechanical device he encounters, it is not, I submit, because he recognizes the enticements of sex in the device, but only because he recognizes the menace of the machine as such. There might very well be, in every descendant of the man we have been discussing, an inherited desire to jump at, and conquer, mechanical devices before they have a chance to turn into something twice as big and twice as menacing. It is not reasonable to expect that his children and their children will have entirely escaped the stigma of such traumata. I myself will never be the man I once was, nor will my descendants probably ever amount to much, because of a certain experience I had with an automobile.

I had gone out to the barn of my country place, a barn which was used both as a garage and a kennel, to quiet some large black poodles. It was 1 A.M. of a pitch-dark night in winter and the poodles had apparently been terrified by some kind of a prowler, a tramp, a turtle, or perhaps a fiend of some sort. Both my poodles and I myself believed, at the time, in fiends, and still do. Fiends who materialize out of nothing and nowhere, like winged pigweed or Russian thistle. I had quite a time quieting the dogs, because their panic spread to me and mine spread back to them again, in a kind of vicious circle. Finally, a hush as ominous as their uproar fell upon them, but they kept looking over their shoulders, in a kind of apprehensive way. "There's nothing to be afraid of," I told them as firmly as I could, and just at that moment the klaxon on my car, which was just behind me, began to shriek. Everybody has heard a klaxon on a car suddenly begin to sound; I understand it is a short circuit that causes it. But very few people have heard one scream behind them while they were quieting six or eight alarmed poodles in the middle of the night in an old barn. I jump now whenever I hear a klaxon, even the klaxon on my own car when I push the button intentionally. The experience has left its mark. Everybody, from the day of the jumping card table to the day of the screaming klaxon, has had similar shocks. You can see the result, entirely unsuperinduced by sex, in the strained faces and muttering lips of people who pass you on the streets of great, highly mechanized cities. There goes a man who picked up one of those trick matchboxes that whirl in your

hands, there goes a woman who tried to change a fuse without turning off the current; and yonder toddles an ancient who cranked an old Reo with the spark advanced. Every person carries in his consciousness the old scar, or the fresh wound, of some harrowing misadventure with a contraption of some sort. I know people who would not deposit a nickel and a dime in a cigarette-vending machine and push the lever even if a diamond necklace came out. I know dozens who would not climb into an airplane even if it didn't move off the ground. In none of these people have I discerned what I would call a neurosis, an "exaggerated" fear, I have discerned only a natural caution in a world made up of gadgets that whirl and whine and whiz and shriek and sometimes explode.

I should like to end with the case history of a friend of mine in Ohio named Harvey Lake. When he was only nineteen, the steering bar of an old electric runabout broke off in his hand, causing the machine to carry him through a fence and into the grounds of the Columbus School for Girls. He developed a fear of automobiles, trains, and every other kind of vehicle that was not pulled by a horse. Now, the psychologists would call this a complex and represent the fear as abnormal, but I see it as a purely reasonable apprehension. If Harvey Lake had, because he was catapulted into the grounds of the Columbus School for Girls, developed a fear of girls, I would call that a complex; but I don't call his normal fear of machines a complex. Harvey Lake never in his life got into a plane (he died from a fall from a porch), but I do not regard that as neurotic, either, but only sensible.

I have, to be sure, encountered men with complexes. There was, for example, Marvin Belt. He had a complex about airplanes that was quite interesting. He was not afraid of machinery, or of high places, or of crashes. He was simply afraid that the pilot of any plane he got into might lose his mind. "I imagine myself high over Montana," he once said to me, "in a huge, perfectly safe tri-motored plane. Several of the passengers are dozing, others are reading, but I am keeping my eyes glued on the door to the cockpit. Suddenly the pilot steps out of it, a wild light in his eyes, and in a falsetto like that of a girl he says to me, 'Conductor, will you please let me off at One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth Street?'" "But," I said to Belt, "even if the pilot does go crazy, there is still the co-pilot." "No, there isn't," said Belt. "The pilot has hit the co-pilot over the head with something and killed him." Yes, the psychoanalysts can have Marvin Belt. But they can't have Harvey Lake, or Mr. C, or Mr. S, or Mr. F, or, while I have my strength, me.

Interpreting Your Reading

What, exactly, is the point of Mr. Thurber's satire? State his attitude toward the modern mechanized world, toward Dr. Bisch's interpretation. (Dr. Bisch is

not an individual fabricated for the purpose of this satire. He is a practicing New York psychiatrist, formerly professor of neuropsychiatry at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, author of *Why Be Shy*⁹ and *Your Nerves* as well as the book mentioned in this essay, *Be Glad You're Neurotic*) How serious is Mr. Thurber's intention⁹ Is his method effective for carrying it out⁹ Compare *Sex ex Machina*, in intention and method, with another comment on the mechanized world, E. B. White's *The Door* (page 273) Show the relevance of each of Mr. Thurber's illustrative episodes to his point. Do you know any Harvey Lakes or Marvin Belts⁹ Have you any "exaggerated" fears⁹ How, in your opinion, should such fears be combated⁹ Define or explain: thyroid deficiency, hypoadrenal functioning, McDougallians, Freudians, behaviorists, sedentary, stigma, traumata, klaxon, psychoneurosis.

THE MACBETH MURDER MYSTERY

James Thurber

"IT WAS A STUPID MISTAKE to make," said the American woman I had met at my hotel in the English Lake Country, "but it was on the counter with the other Penguin books — the little sixpenny ones, you know, with the paper covers — and I supposed of course it was a detective story. All the others were detective stories. I'd read all the others, so I bought this one without really looking at it carefully. You can imagine how mad I was when I found it was Shakespeare." I murmured something sympathetically "I don't see why the Penguin-books people had to get out Shakespeare's plays in the same size and everything as the detective stories," went on my companion. "I think they have different-colored jackets," I said. "Well, I didn't notice that," she said "Anyway, I got real comfy in bed that night and all ready to read a good mystery story and here I had *The Tragedy of Macbeth*—a book for high-school students Like *Ivanhoe* "Or *Lorna Doone*," I said. "Exactly," said the American lady. "And I was just crazy for a good Agatha Christie, or something. Hercule Poirot is my favorite detective." "Is he the rabbit one?" I asked "Oh, no," said my crime-fiction expert. "He's the Belgian one You're thinking of Mr. Pinkerton, the one that helps Inspector Bull He's good, too."

Over her second cup of tea my companion began to tell the plot of a detective story that had fooled her completely — it seems it was the old family doctor all the time But I cut in on her. "Tell me," I said "Did you read *Macbeth*?" "I had to read it," she said "There wasn't a scrap of anything else to read in the whole room" "Did you like it?" I asked. "No, I did not," she said, decisively. "In the first place, I don't think for a moment that Macbeth did it" I looked at her blankly "Did what?" I asked "I don't think for a moment that he killed the King," she said. "I don't think the Macbeth woman was mixed up in it, either. You suspect them the most, of course, but those are the ones that are never guilty — or shouldn't be, anyway." "I'm afraid," I began, "that I —" "But don't you see?" said the American lady. "It would spoil everything if you could figure out right away who did it Shakespeare was too smart for that. I've read that people never *have* figured out *Hamlet*, so it isn't likely Shakespeare would have made *Macbeth* as simple as it seems" I thought this over while I filled my

pipe "Who do you suspect?" I asked, suddenly. "Macduff," she said promptly. "Good God!" I whispered, softly.

"Oh, Macduff did it, all right," said the murder specialist "Hercule Poirot would have got him easily." "How did you figure it out?" I demanded. "Well," she said, "I didn't right away. At first I suspected Banquo. And then, of course, he was the second person killed. That was good right in there, that part The person you suspect of the first murder should always be the second victim." "Is that so?" I murmured "Oh, yes," said my informant "They have to keep surprising you Well, after the second murder I didn't know *who* the killer was for a while." "How about Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's sons?" I asked. "As I remember it, they fled right after the first murder. That looks suspicious" "Too suspicious," said the American lady. "Much too suspicious When they flee, they're never guilty You can count on that" "I believe," I said, "I'll have a brandy," and I summoned the waiter. My companion leaned toward me, her eyes bright, her teacup quivering "Do you know who discovered Duncan's body?" she demanded. I said I was sorry, but I had forgotten. "Macduff discovers it," she said, slipping into the historical present "Then he comes running downstairs and shouts, 'Confusion has broke open the Lord's anointed temple' and 'Sacrilegious murder has made his masterpiece' and on and on like that" The good lady tapped me on the knee "All that stuff was *rehearsed*," she said. "You wouldn't say a lot of stuff like that, offhand, would you — if you had found a body?" She fixed me with a glittering eye. "I —" I began "You're right!" she said "You wouldn't! Unless you had practiced it in advance 'My God, there's a body in here!' is what an innocent man would say." She sat back with a confident glare.

I thought for a while. "But what do you make of the Third Murderer?" I asked. "You know, the Thrd Murderer has puzzled *Macbeth* scholars for three hundred years" "That's because they never thought of Macduff," said the American lady "It was Macduff, I'm certain. You couldn't have one of the victims murdered by two ordinary thugs — the murderer always has to be somebody important." "But what about the banquet scene?" I asked, after a moment "How do you account for Macbeth's guilty actions there, when Banquo's ghost came in and sat in his chair?" The lady leaned forward and tapped me on the knee again "There wasn't any ghost," she said "A big, strong man like that doesn't go around seeing ghosts — especially in a brightly lighted banquet hall with dozens of people around Macbeth was *shielding somebody*" "Who was he shielding?" I asked "Mrs Macbeth, of course," she said. "He thought she did it and he was going to take the rap himself. The husband always does that when the wife is suspected" "But what," I demanded, "about the sleepwalking scene, then?" "The same thing, only the other way around," said my companion. "That time *she* was shielding *him* She wasn't asleep at all Do you remember where it says, 'Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper?'" "Yes," I

said "Well, people who walk in their sleep *never carry lights*" said my fellow traveler. "They have a second sight Did you ever hear of a sleep-walker carrying a light?" "No," I said, "I never did." "Well, then, she wasn't asleep. She was acting guilty to shield Macbeth." "I think," I said, "I'll have another brandy," and I called the waiter. When he brought it, I drank it rapidly and rose to go. "I believe," I said, "that you have got hold of something. Would you lend me that *Macbeth*? I'd like to look it over tonight. I don't feel, somehow, as if I'd ever really read it." "I'll get it for you," she said. "But you'll find that I am right."

I read the play over carefully that night, and the next morning, after breakfast, I sought out the American woman. She was on the putting green, and I came up behind her silently and took her arm. She gave an exclamation. "Could I see you alone?" I asked, in a low voice. She nodded cautiously and followed me to a secluded spot. "You've found out something?" she breathed. "I've found out," I said, triumphantly, "the name of the murderer!" "You mean it wasn't Macduff?" she said. "Macduff is as innocent of those murders," I said, "as Macbeth and the Macbeth woman." I opened the copy of the play, which I had with me, and turned to Act II, Scene 2. "Here," I said, "you will see where Lady Macbeth says, 'I laid their daggers ready. He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it.' Do you see?" "No," said the American woman, bluntly, "I don't." "But it's simple!" I exclaimed. "I wonder I didn't see it years ago. The reason Duncan resembled Lady Macbeth's father as he slept is that *it actually was her father*!" "Good God!" breathed my companion, softly. "Lady Macbeth's father killed the King," I said, "and hearing someone coming, thrust the body under the bed and crawled into the bed himself." "But," said the lady, "you can't have a murderer who only appears in the story once. You can't have that." "I know that," I said, and I turned to Act II, Scene 4. "It says here, 'Enter Ross and an Old Man.' Now, that old man is never identified and it is my contention he was old Mr. Macbeth, whose ambition it was to make his daughter Queen. There you have your motive." "But even then," cried the American lady, "he's still a minor character!" "Not," I said, gleefully, "when you realize that he was also *one of the weird sisters in disguise*!" "You mean one of the three witches?" "Precisely," I said. "Listen to this speech of the old man's: 'On Tuesday last, a falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place, was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.' Who does that sound like?" "It sounds like the way the three witches talk," said my companion, reluctantly. "Precisely!" I said again. "Well," said the American woman, "maybe you're right, but —" "I'm sure I am," I said. "And do you know what I'm going to do now?" "No," she said. "What?" "Buy a copy of *Hamlet*," I said, "and solve *that*!" My companion's eyes brightened. "Then," she said, "you don't think Hamlet did it?" "I am," I said, "absolutely positive he didn't." "But who," she demanded, "do you suspect?" I looked at her cryptically

"Everybody," I said, and disappeared into a small grove of trees as silently as I had come.

Interpreting Your Reading

This brief sketch is a matchless example of Mr. Thurber's world, and when he welcomes us to it he expects we will have the same light-hearted yet intellectual approach to wit that he does. He presumes a close knowledge of *Macbeth*. Remember that Macbeth murders Duncan at Lady Macbeth's instigation, then he murders Banquo and finally Lady Macduff and her children. Lady Macbeth loses her reason and dies, Macduff kills Macbeth, and Malcolm is hailed king of Scotland. But Mr. Thurber's fertile brain puts an avid mystery reader on the trail of loopholes in Shakespeare's tragedy.

How would you define Mr. Thurber's humorous intention in this sketch? Note that he confines himself almost entirely to dialogue and very brief narrative detail. What is the result of this technique? How is the second section related to the first? What is the effect of the conclusion? How would you describe Mr. Thurber's world and what sort of people do you think live in it?

THE SOCK HUNT

Ruth McKenney

The wide success of Ruth McKenney's gay autobiography, My Sister Eileen (1938), as a book, a play, and a motion picture established Miss McKenney (1911-) as a humorist and a lively reporter of the twenties and thirties Born in Mishawaka, Indiana, "a town which took me nearly twenty years to learn how to spell," she has been at times a printer, a newspaper reporter, a student at Ohio State University, "an extremely bad waitress and an enormously unsuccessful book salesman" Despite her success as a humorist, Miss McKenney has recently devoted herself to such serious writing as Industrial Valley (1938) and Jake Home (1943) But her account here of an embarrassingly successful newspaper interview is for most readers Ruth McKenney at her best

I SUPPOSE, what with the passing years and the girls he's met since, that young Mr. Randolph Churchill, the scion of the London Churchills, does not remember me Still, looking back on it all, I should think he would I certainly do Precisely as I can never, for so long as I walk this earth, forget the time I fell down at my high-school senior prom, right smack in front of the orchestra with my best beau sprawled beside me, so can I never put aside the memory of young Mr. Churchill My flesh still crawls. Not that Mr. Churchill is anything to make a girl's flesh crawl. Not at all. In a certain way, like the men in the breakfast-food ads, he is quite handsome.

Mr. Churchill and I met in a purely professional capacity It was the late fall of 1930. He was touring America, speaking before literary clubs, Rotary Clubs, university clubs, and the like on a variety of light topics, including "Fate of an Empire" and "Why I Am a Conservative" He was then nineteen, and I was the daisy-eyed star reporter on the *Ohio State Lantern*, a newspaper published daily, except Saturday and Sunday, by the students of journalism at Ohio State University.

Young Mr. Churchill arrived in Columbus, Ohio, on the flood tide of a lot of awe-struck advance notices He was to address a local men's dinner club which for pure hauteur would make the Union Club look sick any day All the speeches before this tony outfit were dead secret, no reporters allowed Furthermore, celebrities who appeared before these

hallowed few were never interviewed by the Columbus press. The editors of the papers were all members of the club, and that was that.

Well, my mouth watered to interview Mr. Churchill. I had never seen a real Englishman in the flesh, for one thing. For another thing, my deadly rival on the *Lantern* staff, a chap of considerable energy and no ethics, had publicly stated that he considered the feat of obtaining an interview with Mr. Churchill too great even for his remarkable talents. After this, nothing could hold me. I marched forward with determination to my doom.

I arrived at the hotel lobby at 4:35 P.M. and briskly set about finding out Mr. Churchill's room number. Then, with success almost in the hollow of my hand, I collapsed on a lobby lounge with an attack of acute panic. This lasted until 5.22 P.M., when a man insulted me. At least he came directly over to my lounge and said, in a chummy tone, "Waiting for somebody?"

This drove me to Mr. Churchill. I fled from my insulter and arrived at the forbidding door of Mr. Churchill's hotel room, still unnerved. I knocked valiantly. I had mapped out my strategy well in advance. When Mr. Churchill asked, "Who's there?" I intended to reply, "Maid, with towels." Then, when he opened the door, I planned to stick my foot in the crack and ask him a lot of questions very fast. I think a scene such as this had been in a newspaper film about that time.

Anyway, Mr. Churchill ruined my pretty plans by replying, to the knock, "Come in." I hesitated, getting a burning sensation in my throat. I was nineteen and lived with my grandmother, who would have been absolutely horrified at the thought of any young woman traipsing into a man's hotel room alone.

"Come in!" roared Mr. Churchill from behind the door. He sounded rather angry. I kept telling myself that after I got out of school and got a real job on a newspaper, I would look back on this moment and laugh. As it turned out, however, in spite of a lot of jobs on newspapers, genuine daily ones, the mere thought of that frightful moment, with Mr. Churchill bellowing "Come in" on one side of the door and me trembling on the other, has never brought even the sickliest of smiles to my face. It still makes my hair prickle.

Finally I opened the door very timidly indeed, and beheld Mr. Churchill, surely the blondest young man in the world, seated at a desk, writing. He wore a smoking jacket over his dinner trousers, black vest, and starched shirt front. His bare feet were stuck in floppy leather slippers. Mr. Churchill looked so very public-school English he was faintly incredible. Maybe he's grown out of that now, but in 1930 he was certainly breath of Empire. You could — or at least I could — just see him wolfing down supper off in the tropics, dressed to the teeth in tails and white tie. Mr.

Churchill's eyes were a china blue and his smoking jacket was the same, overlaid, however, with old rose and gold.

I stood by the door for several seconds while Mr. Churchill continued to scratch away at his desk. Now, a cynical old interviewer of ripened years, I fear that Mr. Churchill was attempting to impress me. But on that trying evening I felt that I had intruded on the literary labors of a young genius. Finally Mr. Churchill lifted his blue eyes to mine.

"Ah," he said, leaping gallantly to his feet, "a lady! I beg your pardon. Pray do forgive me."

My mouth sagged. Mr. Churchill drew up a chair beside his desk and, with a cozy gesture, beckoned me over. I went.

"Pray excuse me," said Mr. Churchill. "I must finish this wireless message." On his desk lay eleven or twelve Western Union blanks covered with writing.

"What?" I said. The reason I said this was that I could not understand very much of what he said. His accent, which I had so longed to hear, a real, bona-fide Oxford accent, was so broad that unfortunately he might as well have spoken French. I can get every other word a Frenchman says, too, which is fairly good, considering I studied French in the Ohio public schools for only eight years.

Young Mr. Churchill now turned to me and said in a fierce tone, "What would you say if you wanted to tell your manager you did not want ladies to give you flowers at lectures?" At least that is what I thought he said. It was so difficult for me to decipher Mr. Churchill's accent, and the question seemed so entirely improbable, that, after agonized reflection, I simply shook my head.

Mr. Churchill didn't note my silence. He apparently hit on just the right words, for he signed his name with a flourish. I am sure no American operator ever spelled out, and turned briskly to me, saying, "Now, what may I do for you?"

I explained haltingly that I was a newspaper reporter. Mr. Churchill didn't ask, so I didn't find it necessary to tell him that the paper I was interviewing him for was only, alas, the university daily. I simply trotted out all my carefully prepared questions. I asked him about Ramsay MacDonald and Hoover and Briand and a few other such people. Mr. Churchill roundly denounced them all, for different reasons. MacDonald was too far left, and even Mr. Hoover was pretty much of a Socialist. I asked him about the future of English youth, and Mr. Churchill said that if only a few more young people of his class would awaken to their responsibility, the future of England was safe. I was slightly shaken at Mr. Churchill's firm Tory opinions. He seemed quite young to be so fierce.

However, I drew a breath and started off on the English public-school system. Just at this point Mr. Churchill created a diversion.

In an ordinary speaking voice, as distinguished from the voice in

which he denounced Mr Hoover or Mr. MacDonald, he said, "Would you care for a drink?"

This unnerved me again. I could explain the interview to Grandma and my conscience, but drinking with a total stranger in his hotel room certainly seemed excessive. In those days, most college students — at least at my school — still thought drinking, no matter where, was pretty darned daring Mr Churchill, however, had already unearthed from his suitcase a bottle of what he assured me was fine Scotch, straight from England

I was no judge Up to that very moment I had never tasted anything in alcoholic beverages except a variety of bootleg liquor called "New Straitsville corn," because it was distilled in some abandoned mines near New Straitsville, Ohio New Straitsville corn burned your throat and made you sick Also, it hurt so to choke down New Straitsville corn that you were acutely conscious of every drink It was the suave, sneaking quality of Mr Churchill's fine liquor which undid me You hardly knew you were drinking it, until afterward

Mr Churchill and I soon forgot serious topics. I asked him whether he really enjoyed lecturing about "Fate of an Empire." He said he did not, and also that he hated America and couldn't wait to get home. After a while Mr Churchill thought we ought to eat something.

"I say," he said, "how about a spot of food, what?" He really talked just like that

"O K," I said. "Let me order, though. They can't understand you over the phone. You talk so funny"

Mr. Churchill glowered. He said I was the one who had a peculiar accent.

"You talk through your nose," he said, with truth, "and you pronounce all your 'r's. They aren't supposed to be pronounced."

"That's what you think," I said, feeling hilarious, "Old Mushroom."

For some reason, Mr. Churchill thought that was very funny. "Mush-mouth!" he shouted joyously, amid peals of real upper-class English laughter, very high-pitched, like a whinny. "'Mushmouth'! Deah me, I must remembaw that."

We ate lamb chops, a lot of them "Tell them to send up a bally lot of them!" Mr Churchill roared while I telephoned "I want six lamb chops all for myself After all, I must lecture on the 'Fate of an Empire.'"

While we were gnawing on lamb-chop bones we traded opinions on moving pictures. Mr. Churchill was a fan, and so was I. It turned out we both adored Vilma Banky. Suddenly Mr. Churchill said, "What about my lecture?"

"Well," I said, "what about it?"

"I won't do it," Mr. Churchill said "Let the Empire go rot for tonight. Let's go to the cinema. You and I."

For a moment I was sorely tempted. Then I pictured the fearful scan-

dal. The lecturer disappears. The town's leading citizens are left waiting. Among the leading citizens was the publisher of the *Columbus Dispatch*. I was the campus correspondent for the *Columbus Dispatch*, and I lived — in a very meagre way, to be sure, but still I lived — on the weekly wages the *Dispatch* paid me. In my fancy I saw the publisher of the *Dispatch* discovering that his most minor employee had practically kidnapped young Mr. Churchill.

"No," I said firmly. "You have to make that speech."

Mr. Churchill sighed. "Well, then," he said, "I have to put on my dinner jacket." He found that all right; also his white scarf and his black overcoat and his two patent-leather pumps. But alas, as the hour approached nine, he could find only one black sock. The club was to send a committee at nine, to escort Mr. Churchill to the lecture hall.

"What shall I do?" Mr. Churchill inquired frantically. "I can't lecture with only one sock." I rose from the dinner table, still gnawing a bone, and cast a quick look over the room.

"Be calm," I said. "They'll never notice."

"Oh, yes they will," Mr. Churchill said. "Besides, I won't go unless we find that sock. And I only have one black pair with me. The rest of them are in Pittsburgh."

"Wear another color," I said lightly. "What happened to the socks you had on this afternoon?"

"Tan socks," Mr. Churchill shouted, "with a dinner coat?"

I observed Mr. Churchill's frenzy with a motherly eye. "There, there," I said. "Relax. I'll find it."

Mr. Churchill sat down, putting a childish faith in me. I failed. I trotted around in circles, afraid to look in his luggage — for after all, that would hardly be proper — and unable to spot a stray black sock in the immediate surroundings.

Suddenly Mr. Churchill shouted, "I bet it's under the bed. I unpacked my things on the bed, and maybe it fell off on the floor." He threw himself down beside his bed and stuck his head under the springs.

"I can't see it," he said dismally, sounding muffled. "You have a look from the other side."

I obligingly sprawled out under the wall side of the bed, and peered around, coughing in the dust. At this moment precisely, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" bellowed Mr. Churchill, before he thought. I gave a faint scream, and too late Mr. Churchill considered the informality of his position. He tried to get up, too suddenly, and bumped his head severely on the bed slats. He relapsed, groaning, just as the committee of super-leading citizens walked in.

Fortunately, I do not now remember the names of those three well-starched, beautifully tailored citizens who marched in on that sock-hunt-

ing expedition. It would be frightful to be haunted all my life by their names as well as their faces.

"Mr. Churchill?" said the first leading citizen, in a tone of pained surprise.

Young Mr. Churchill showed the heritage of generations of gentlemen. Still reclining on the floor, he turned his head, nodded an acknowledgment, and said in a loud, belligerent voice, "I'm looking for my lost black sock." The second leading citizen went directly to the bureau and picked up the lost black sock.

"Your sock, sir," he said. Mr. Churchill rose, bowed slightly, and said, "I thank you very much." Then he shouted to me, "Get up! We've found it."

I hesitated. I wanted to stay under that bed and just die there peacefully, without ever having to rise and face those three leading citizens. I did get up, though, feeling the way you do in dreams when you have no clothes on at a gala performance of "Aida" in the Metropolitan. I suppose, from the expression on the faces of the three leading citizens, that they had not realized until the moment my face slowly emerged from behind the bed that there was a young lady in the room. Each leading citizen did a combination gasp and snort.

"She's coming to hear my lecture," Mr. Churchill announced as he put on his sock. The purple staining my cheeks now rose to my hairline.

"I couldn't," I said weakly. "I couldn't indeed. It's private. They don't allow women in."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Churchill briskly, "I don't speak unless you come."

The three leading citizens looked so grim I thought I should really faint, although I never had in my whole life. Mr. Churchill and I and the committee now left the room and boarded the elevator. All the way down, Mr. Churchill maintained his position. I was to come or he wouldn't speak. The three leading citizens took turns saying, "But that is impossible, Mr. Churchill. The rules of the club do not permit ladies."

As we got off the elevator, one of the leading citizens, a tall, white-haired man with a large stomach, managed to fall in step with me while the two other leading citizens took Mr. Churchill by the arms.

"Now," said my sudden escort, "you go away fast, and stop bothering Mr. Churchill."

"Me?" I said in honest astonishment. "I never bothered him."

The leading citizen did not stop to argue. "Go away," he hissed, giving me a slight push into the lobby. I went. I was never so glad to leave any place in my life. I wrote my interview that night, and it was a big success. My rival, Ernest, was a picture of jealous confusion when he read it next day. But even the sweet rewards of college fame and my colleagues' envy did not erase the memory of that hideous moment when I was caught, red-

handed, looking for Mr. Churchill's sock. It is comparatively easy to recover from honest sorrows, but I wake up in the dead of night at least twice a year and my heart fills with agony, remembering that unspeakable moment when, like a rising moon, my face slowly appeared from behind Mr Churchill's bed, to confound the three leading citizens of Columbus, Ohio.

Life can hold no further terrors for me.

Interpreting Your Reading

To what extent does the humor of this piece spring from the situation itself? the character of Miss McKenney and Mr Churchill? Miss McKenney's use of language? Do you suspect Miss McKenney of having heightened or exaggerated the situation? On what evidence? To what effect? What details create the atmosphere of the environment in which Miss McKenney grew up? What details "date" the selection? How do they contribute to the total effect? What details illustrate ways of acting and thinking that do not change?

MY REMARKABLE UNCLE

A Personal Document

Stephen Leacock

Not very often does a scholar venture to write outside his own field. Stephen Butler Leacock (1869–1944) has done so, and his humorous stories and essays, which combine gay absurdities with penetrating social satire, have found a far larger audience than his serious studies in political science, history, biography, and criticism. Born in England, he grew up in Canada, was educated at the Universities of Toronto and Chicago, and became professor of political science and economics at McGill University in Montreal. His wit and charm were not confined to his writings, and he was constantly in demand as a lecturer. Among his many humorous writings are Literary Lapses (1910), Nonsense Novels (1911), Winnowed Wisdom (1926), and Laughing with Leacock (1946). The following sketch of Leacock's really remarkable uncle was one of his own favorite pieces

THE MOST REMARKABLE MAN I have ever known in my life was my uncle Edward Philip Leacock — known to ever so many people in Winnipeg fifty or sixty years ago as E. P. His character was so exceptional that it needs nothing but plain narration. It was so exaggerated already that you couldn't exaggerate it.

When I was a boy of six, my father brought us, a family flock, to settle on an Ontario farm. We lived in an isolation unknown, in these days of radio, anywhere in the world. We were thirty-five miles from a railway. There were no newspapers. Nobody came and went. There was nowhere to come and go. In the solitude of the dark winter nights the stillness was that of eternity.

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Into this isolation there broke, two years later, my dynamic Uncle Edward, my father's younger brother. He had just come from a year's travel around the Mediterranean. He must have been about twenty-eight, but seemed a more than adult man, bronzed and self-confident, with a square beard like a Plantagenet King. His talk was of Algiers, of the African slave market; of the Golden Horn and the Pyramids. To us it sounded like the *Arabian Nights*. When we asked, "Uncle Edward, do you

know the Prince of Wales?" he answered, "Quite intimately" — with no further explanation. It was an impressive trick he had.

In that year, 1878, there was a general election in Canada. E. P. was in it up to the neck in less than no time. He picked up the history and politics of Upper Canada in a day, and in a week knew everybody in the countryside. He spoke at every meeting, but his strong point was the personal contact of electioneering, of barroom treats. This gave full scope for his marvellous talent for flattery and make-believe.

"Why, let me see" — he would say to some tattered country specimen beside him glass in hand — "surely, if your name is Framley, you must be a relation of my dear old friend General Sir Charles Framley of the Horse Artillery?" "Mebbe," the flattered specimen would answer. "I guess, mebbe; I ain't kept track very good of my folks in the old country." "Dear me! I must tell Sir Charles that I've seen you. He'll be so pleased". . . In this way in a fortnight E. P. had conferred honours and distinctions on half the township of Georgina. They lived in a recaptured atmosphere of generals, admirals and earls. Vote? How else could they vote than conservative, men of family like them?

It goes without saying that in politics, then and always, E. P. was on the conservative side, the *aristocratic* side, but along with that was hail-fellow-well-met with the humblest. This was instinct. A democrat can't condescend. He's down already. But when a conservative stoops, he conquers.

The election, of course, was a walk-over. E. P. might have stayed to reap the fruits. But he knew better. Ontario at that day was too small a horizon. For these were the days of the hard times of Ontario farming, when mortgages fell like snowflakes, and farmers were sold up, or sold out, or went "to the States," or faded humbly underground.

But all the talk was of Manitoba now opening up. Nothing would do E. P. but that he and my father must go west. So we had a sale of our farm, with refreshments, old-time fashion, for the buyers. The poor, lean cattle and the broken machines fetched less than the price of the whisky. But E. P. laughed it all off, quoted that the star of the Empire glittered in the west, and off to the West they went, leaving us children behind at school.

They hit Winnipeg just on the rise of the boom, and E. P. came at once into his own and rode on the crest of the wave. There is something of magic appeal in the rush and movement of a "boom" town — a Winnipeg of the 80's, a Carson City of the 60's. . . . Life comes to a focus; it is all here and now, all *present*, no past and no outside — just a clatter of hammers and saws, rounds of drinks and rolls of money. In such an atmos-

phere every man seems a remarkable fellow, a man of exception, individuality separates out and character blossoms like a rose.

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E. P. came into his own In less than no time he was in everything and knew everybody, conferring titles and honours up and down Portage Avenue In six months he had a great fortune, on paper, took a trip east and brought back a charming wife from Toronto, built a large house beside the river, filled it with pictures that he said were his ancestors, and carried on in it a roaring hospitality that never stopped

His activities were wide He was president of a bank (that never opened), head of a brewery (for brewing the Red River) and, above all, secretary-treasurer of the Winnipeg Hudson Bay and Arctic Ocean Railway that had a charter authorizing it to build a road to the Arctic Ocean, when it got ready They had no track, but they printed stationery and passes, and in return E. P. received passes over all North America.

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But naturally his main hold was politics He was elected right away into the Manitoba Legislature They would have made him Prime Minister but for the existence of the grand old man of the province, John Norquay But even at that in a very short time Norquay ate out of E. P.'s hand, and E. P. led him on a string I remember how they came down to Toronto, when I was a schoolboy, with an adherent group of "Westerners," all in heavy buffalo coats and bearded like Assyrians. E. P. paraded them on King Street like a returned explorer with savages.

Naturally E. P.'s politics remained conservative But he pitched the note higher. Even the ancestors weren't good enough He invented a Portuguese Dukedom (some one of our family once worked in Portugal) — and he conferred it, by some kind of reversion, on my elder brother Jim who had gone to Winnipeg to work in E. P.'s office This enabled him to say to visitors in his big house, after looking at the ancestors — to say in a half-whisper behind his hand, "Strange to think that two deaths would make that boy a Portuguese Duke." But Jim never knew which two Portuguese to kill.

To aristocracy E. P. also added a touch of peculiar prestige by always being apparently just about to be called away — imperially If some one said, "Will you be in Winnipeg all winter, Mr Leacock?" he answered, "It will depend a good deal on what happens in West Africa." Just that, West Africa beat them.

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Then came the crash of the Manitoba boom Simple people, like my father, were wiped out in a day Not so E. P. The crash just gave him a lift as the smash of a big wave lifts a strong swimmer He just went right on. I believe that in reality he was left utterly bankrupt But it made no difference. He used credit instead of cash. He still had his imaginary bank,

and his railway to the Arctic Ocean. Hospitality still roared and the tradesmen still paid for it. Any one who called about a bill was told that E. P.'s movements were uncertain and would depend a good deal on what happened in Johannesburg. That held them another six months.

It was during this period that I used to see him when he made his periodic trips "east," to impress his creditors in the West. He floated, at first very easily, on hotel credit, borrowed loans and unpaid bills. A banker, especially a country town banker, was his natural mark and victim. He would tremble as E. P. came in, like a stock dove that sees a hawk. E. P.'s method was so simple, it was like showing a farmer peas under thimbles. As he entered the banker's side-office he would say, "I say. Do you fish? Surely that's a greenheart casting-rod on the wall?" (E. P. knew the names of everything.) In a few minutes the banker, flushed and pleased, was exhibiting the rod, and showing flies in a box out of a drawer. When E. P. went out he carried a hundred dollars with him. There was no security. The transaction was all over.

He dealt similarly with credit, with hotels, livery stables and bills in shops. They all fell for his method. He bought with lavish generosity, never asking a price. He never suggested pay till just as an after-thought, just as he was going out. And then: "By the way, please let me have the account promptly. I may be going away," and, in an aside to me, as if not meant for the shop, "Sir Henry Loch has cabled again from West Africa." And so out, they had never seen him before, nor since.

The proceeding with a hotel was different. A country hotel was, of course, easy, in fact too easy. E. P. would sometimes pay such a bill in cash, just as a sportsman won't shoot a sitting partridge. But a large hotel was another thing. E. P., on leaving — that is, when all ready to leave, coat, bag, and all — would call for his bill at the desk. At the sight of it he would break out into enthusiasm at the reasonableness of it. "Just think!" he would say in his "aside" to me, "compare that with the Hotel Crillon in Paris!" The hotel proprietor had no way of doing this, he just felt that he ran a cheap hotel. Then another "aside," "Do remind me to mention to Sir John how admirably we've been treated; he's coming here next week." "Sir John" was our Prime Minister and the hotel keeper hadn't known he was coming — and he wasn't. . . . Then came the final touch — "Now, let me see . . . seventy-six dollars . . . seventy-six. . . . 'You give me' — and E. P. fixed his eye firmly on the hotel man — "give me twenty-four dollars, and then I can remember to send an even hundred." The man's hand trembled. But he gave it.

This does not mean that E. P. was in any sense a crook, in any degree dishonest. His bills to him were just "deferred pay," like the British debts

to the United States He never did, never contemplated, a crooked deal in his life All his grand schemes were as open as sunlight — and as empty.

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In all his interviews E. P. could fashion his talk to his audience. On one of his appearances I introduced him to a group of college friends, young men near to degrees, to whom degrees mean everything In casual conversation E. P. turned to me and said, "Oh, by the way you'll be glad to know that I've just received my honorary degree from the Vatican — at last!" The "at last" was a knock-out — a degree from the Pope, and overdue at that!

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Of course it could not last Gradually credit crumbles. Faith weakens. Creditors grow hard, and friends turn their faces away Gradually E. P. sank down The death of his wife had left him a widower, a shuffling, half-shabby figure, familiar on the street, that would have been pathetic but for his indomitable self-belief, the illumination of his mind Even at that, times grew hard with him. At length even the simple credit of the bar-rooms broke under him I have been told by my brother Jim — the Portuguese Duke — of E. P. being put out of a Winnipeg bar, by an angry bartender who at last broke the mesmerism E. P. had brought in a little group, spread up the fingers of one hand and said, "Mr Leacock, five!" . . . The bar-tender broke into oaths. E. P. hooked a friend by the arm. "Come away," he said "I'm afraid the poor fellow's crazy! But I hate to report him."

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Presently even his power to travel came to an end. The railways found out at last that there wasn't any Arctic Ocean, and anyway the printer wouldn't print.

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Just once again he managed to "come east" It was in June of 1891. I met him forging along King Street in Toronto — a trifle shabby but with a plug hat with a big band of crape around it "Poor Sir John," he said. "I felt I simply must come down for his funeral." Then I remembered that the Prime Minister was dead, and realized that kindly sentiment had meant free transportation.

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That was the last I ever saw of E. P. A little after that some one paid his fare back to England. He received, from some family trust, a little income of perhaps two pounds a week. On that he lived, with such dignity as might be, in a lost village in Worcestershire. He told the people of the village — so I learned later — that his stay was uncertain, it would depend a good deal on what happened in China. But nothing happened in China; there he stayed, years and years There he might have finished out, but for

a strange chance of fortune, a sort of poetic justice, that gave to E. P. an evening in the sunset.

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It happened that in the part of England where our family belonged there was an ancient religious brotherhood, with a monastery and dilapidated estates that went back for centuries. E. P. descended on them, the brothers seeming to him an easy mark, as brothers indeed are. In the course of his pious "retreat," E. P. took a look into the brothers' finances, and his quick intelligence discovered an old claim against the British Government, large in amount and valid beyond a doubt.

In less than no time E. P. was at Westminster, representing the brothers. He knew exactly how to handle British officials, they were easier even than Ontario hotel keepers. All that is needed is hints of marvellous investment overseas. They never go there but they remember how they just missed Johannesburg or were just late on Persian oil. All E. P. needed was his Arctic Railway. "When you come out, I must take you over our railway. I really think that as soon as we reach the Coppermine River we must put the shares on here, it's too big for New York. . . ."

So E. P. got what he wanted. The British Government are so used to old claims that it would as soon pay as not. There are plenty left.

The brothers got a whole lot of money. In gratitude they invited E. P. to be their permanent manager, so there he was, lifted into ease and affluence. The years went easily by, among gardens, orchards and fishponds old as the Crusades.

When I was lecturing in London in 1921 he wrote to me: "Do come down; I am too old now to travel, but any day you like I will send a chauffeur with a car and two lay-brothers to bring you down." I thought the "lay-brothers" a fine touch — just like E. P.

I couldn't go. I never saw him again. He ended out his days at the monastery, no cable calling him to West Africa. Years ago I used to think of E. P. as a sort of humbug, a source of humour. Looking back now I realize better the unbeatable quality of his spirit, the mark, we like to think just now, of the British race.

If there is a paradise, I am sure he will get in. He will say at the gate — "Peter? Then surely you must be a relation of Lord Peter Tichfield?"

But if he fails, then, as the Spaniards say so fittingly, "May the earth lie light upon him."

Interpreting Your Reading

To what extent does Mr. Leacock allow his anecdotes to speak for themselves in suggesting E. P.'s character? To what extent does he supply explicit interpretation? With what justice might E. P. be called a humbug, a crook, an opportunist,

an unbeatable spirit? In what sense was he a source of humor? How would you sum up his character? How would you define Leacock's attitude toward him — kindly, censorious, mixed? What is your own? Have you known anyone like him, in life or in books? Do you think that the present offers less nourishment for "remarkable" characters than an earlier day? If E. P. had been born sixty years later, would he have had to exercise his talents differently?

HOW LOVE CAME TO GENERAL GRANT

In the Manner of Harold Bell Wright

Donald Ogden Stewart

Born in Ohio and educated at Yale, Donald Ogden Stewart (1894—) has been author, actor, playwright, and more recently script writer in Hollywood. Among his most successful scenarios are The Barretts of Wimpole Street, The Philadelphia Story, and Life with Father. The following sketch is from his book, A Parody Outline of History (1921).

ON A BRISK WINTER EVENING in the winter of 1864 the palatial Fifth Avenue "palace" of Cornelius van der Griff was brilliantly lighted with many brilliant lights. Outside the imposing front entrance a small group of pedestrians had gathered to gape enviously at the invited guests of the "four hundred" who were beginning to arrive in elegant equipages, expensive ball dresses, and fashionable "swallowtails."

"Hully gee!" exclaimed little Frank, a crippled newsboy who was the only support of an aged mother, as a particularly sumptuous carriage drove up and a stylishly dressed lady of fifty-five or sixty stepped out, accompanied by a haughty society girl and an elderly gentleman in clerical dress. It was Mrs. Rhinelander, a social leader, and her daughter Geraldine, together with the Reverend Dr. Gedney, pastor of an exclusive Fifth Avenue church.

"What common-looking people," said Mrs. Rhinelander, surveying the crowd aristocratically with her lorgnette.

"Yes, aren't they?" replied the clergyman with a condescending glance which ill befitted his clerical garb.

"I'm glad you don't have people like that *dans votre église*, Dr. Gedney," said young Geraldine, who thought it was "smart" to display her proficiency in the stylish French tongue. At this moment the door of the van der Griff residence was opened for them by an imposing footman in scarlet livery and they passed into the abode of the "elect."

"Hully gee!" repeated little Frank.

"What's going on tonight?" asked a newcomer.

"Gee — don't youse know?" answered the newsboy. "Dis is de van der Griffs', and tonight dey are givin' a swell dinner for General Grant. Dat

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lady wot just went in was old Mrs Rhinelander I seen her pitcher in de last *Harper's Weekly*, and dere was a story in de paper dis morning dat her daughter Geraldine was going to marry de general."

"That isn't so," broke in another "It was just a rumor."

"Well, anyway," said Frank, "I wisht de general would hurry up and come — it's getting cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass monkey." The onlookers laughed merrily at his humorous reference to the frigid temperature, although many cast sympathetic looks at his thin, thread-bare garments and registered a kindly thought for this brave boy who so philosophically accepted the buffets of fate.

"I bet this is him now," cried Frank, and all waited expectantly as a vehicle drove up. The cabman jumped off his box and held the carriage door open.

"Here you are, Miss Flowers," he said, touching his hat respectfully

A silver peal of rippling laughter sounded from the interior of the carriage.

"Why, Jerry," came in velvet tones addressed to the coachman, "you mustn't be so formal just because I have come to New York to live. Call me Miss Ella, of course, just like you did when we lived out in Kansas," and with these words Miss Ella Flowers, for it was she, stepped out of the carriage.

A hush fell on the crowd as they caught sight of her face — a hush of silent tribute to the clear, sweet womanhood of that pure countenance. A young man on the edge of the crowd who was on the verge of becoming a drunkard burst into tears and walked rapidly away to join the nearest church. A pr-st---te who had been plying her nefarious trade on the avenue sank to her knees to pray for strength to go back to her aged parents on the farm. Another young man, catching sight of Ella's pure face, vowed to write home to his old mother and send her the money he had been expending in the city on drinks and dissipation.

And well might these city people be affected by the glimpse of the sweet, noble virtue which shone forth so radiantly in this Kansas girl's countenance. Although born in Jersey City, Ella had moved with her parents to the West at an early age, and she had grown up in the open country where a man's a man and women lead clean, sweet, womanly lives. Out in the pure air of God's green places and amid kindly, simple, big-hearted folks, little Ella had blossomed and thrived, the pride of the whole country, and as she had grown to womanhood there was many a masculine heart beat a little faster for her presence and many a manly blush of admiration came into the features of her admirers as she whirled gracefully with them in the innocent pleasure of a simple country dance. But on her eighteenth birthday, her parents had passed on to the Great Beyond and the heartbroken Ella had come east to live with Mrs. Montgomery, her aunt in Jersey City. This lady, being socially prominent in

New York's "four hundred," was of course quite ambitious that her pretty little niece from the West should also enter society. For the last three months, therefore, Ella had been fêted at all the better-class homes in New York and Jersey City, and as Mrs. van der Griff, the Fifth Avenue social leader, was in the same set as Ella's aunt, it was only natural that when making out her list of guests for the dinner in honor of General Grant she should include the beautiful niece of her friend.

As Ella stepped from her carriage, her gaze fell upon little Frank, the crippled newsboy, and her eyes quickly filled with tears, for social success had not yet caused her to forget that "blessed are the weak." Taking out her purse, she gave Frank a silver dollar and a warm look of sympathy as she passed into the house.

"Gee, there went an angel," whispered the little cripple, and many who heard him silently echoed that thought in their hearts. Nor were they far from wrong.

But even an angel is not free from temptation, and by letting Ella go into society her aunt was exposing the girl to the whisperings of Satan — whisperings of things material rather than things spiritual. Many a girl just as pure as Ella has found her standards gradually lowered and her moral character slowly weakened by the contact with the so-called "refined" and "cultured" infidels one meets in fashionable society. Many a father and mother whose ambition has caused them to have their daughter go out in society have bitterly repented of that step as they watched the poor girl gradually succumbing to the temptation of the world. Let her who thinks it is "smart" to be in society consider that our brothels with their red plush curtains, their hardwood floors, and their luxurious appointments are filled largely with the worn-out belles and debutantes of fashionable society.

The next minute a bugle call sounded down the street, and up drove a team of prancing grays. Two soldiers sprang down from the coachman's box and stood at rigid attention while the door of the carriage opened and out stepped General Ulysses S. Grant.

A murmur of admiration swept over the crowd at the sight of his manly inspiring features, in which the clean-cut virility of a life free from dissipation was accentuated by the neatly trimmed black beard. His erect military bearing — his neat, well-fitting uniform — but above all his frank, open face proclaimed him a man's man — a man among men. A cheer burst from the lips of the onlookers, and the brave but modest general lowered his eyes and blushed as he acknowledged their greeting.

"Men and women," he said, in a voice which, although low, one could see was accustomed to being obeyed, "I thank you for your cheers. It makes my heart rejoice to hear them, for I know you are not cheering me personally but only as one of the many men who are fighting for the cause

of liberty and freedom, and for —” the general’s voice broke a little, but he mastered his emotion and went on — “for the flag we all love.”

At this he pulled from his pocket an American flag and held it up so that all could see. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and tears came to the general’s eyes at this mark of devotion to the common cause.

“Wipe the d—d rebels off the face of the earth, G-d d— ’em,” shouted a too enthusiastic member of the crowd who, I fear, was a little the worse for drink. In an instant General Grant had stepped up to him and fixed upon him those fearless blue eyes

“My man,” said the general, “it hurts me to hear you give vent to those oaths, especially in the presence of ladies. Soldiers do not curse, and I think you would do well to follow their example.”

The other lowered his head shamefacedly. “General,” he said, “you’re right and I apologize”

A smile lit up the general’s handsome features, and he extended his hand to the other.

“Shake on it,” he said simply, and as the crowd roared its approval of this speech the two men “shook.”

Meanwhile within the van der Griff house all were agog with excitement in expectation of the arrival of the distinguished guest. Expensively dressed ladies fluttered here and there amid the elegant appointments, servants in stylish livery passed to and fro with trays of wine and other spirituous liquors.

At the sound of the cheering outside, the haughty Mrs Rhinelander patted her daughter Geraldine nervously, and between mother and daughter passed a glance of understanding, for both felt that tonight, if ever, was Geraldine’s opportunity to win the handsome and popular general.

The doorbell rang, and a hush fell over the chattering assemblage, then came the proud announcement from the doorman — “General Ulysses S Grant” — and all the society belles crowded forward around the guest of honor.

It had been rumored that the general, being a soldier, was ignorant of social etiquette, but such proved to be far from the case. Indeed, he handled himself with such ease of manner that he captivated all, and for each and every young miss he had an apt phrase or a pretty compliment, greatly to their delight.

“Pleased to know you” — “Glad to shake the hand of such a pretty girl” — “What a nice little hand — I wish I might hold it all evening” — with these and kindred pleasantries the general won the way into the graces of Mrs van der Griff’s fair guests, and many a female heart fluttered in her bosom as she gazed into the clear blue eyes of the soldier and listened to his well-chosen, tactful words.

"And how is the dear general this evening?" — this in the affected tone of old Mrs. Rhinelander as she forced her way through the crowd

"Finer than silk," replied he, and he added solicitously. "I hope you have recovered from your lumbago, Mrs. Rhinelander."

"Oh, quite," answered she, "and here is Geraldine, General," and the ambitious mother pushed her daughter forward.

"*Comment vous portez-vous, mon Général?*" said Geraldine in French "I hope we can have a nice *tête-à-tête* tonight," and she fawned upon her prey in a manner that would have sickened a less artificial gathering

Were there not some amid all that fashionable throng in whom ideals of purity and true womanhood lived — some who cared enough for the sacredness of real love to cry upon this hollow mockery that was being used to ensnare the simple, honest soldier? There was only one, and she was at that moment entering the drawing room for the purpose of being presented to the general. Need I name her?

Ella, for it was she, had been upstairs busying herself with her toilet when General Grant had arrived, and she now hurried forward to pay her homage to the great soldier. And then, as she caught sight of his face, she stopped suddenly and a deep crimson blush spread over her features. She looked again, and then drew back behind a near-by portiere, her heart beating wildly.

Well did Ella remember where she had seen that countenance before, and as she stood there trembling the whole scene of her folly came back to her. It had happened in Kansas, just before her parents died, on one sunny May morning. She had gone for a walk, her footsteps had led her to the banks of a secluded lake where she often went when she wished to be alone. Many an afternoon had Ella dreamed idly away on this shore, but that day, for some reason, she had felt unusually full of life and not at all like dreaming. Obeying a thoughtless but innocent impulse, with no intention of evil, she had taken off her clothes and plunged thus naked into the cool waters of the lake. After she had swum around a little she began to realize the extent of her folly and was hurriedly swimming toward the shore when a terrific cramp had seized her lower limbs, rendering them powerless. Her first impulse, to scream for help, was quickly checked with a deep blush, as she realized the consequences if a man should hear her call, for near by was an encampment of Union soldiers, none of whom she knew. The perplexed and helpless girl was in sore straits and was slowly sinking for the third time when a bearded stranger in soldier's uniform appeared on the bank and dove into the water. To her horror he swam rapidly toward her — but her shame was soon changed to joy when she realized that he was purposely keeping his eyes tight shut. With a few swift, powerful strokes he reached her side and, blushing deeply, took off his blue coat, fastened it around her, opened his eyes, and swam with her to the shore. Carrying her to where she had left her clothes, he

stayed only long enough to assure himself that she had completely recovered the use of her limbs, and evidently to spare her further embarrassment, had vanished as quickly and as mysteriously as he had appeared.

Many a night after that had Ella lain awake thinking of the splendid features and the even more splendid conduct of this unknown knight who wore the uniform of the Union army. "How I love him," she would whisper to herself, "but how he must despise me!" she would cry, and her pillow was often wet with tears of shame and mortification at her folly.

It was shortly after this episode that her parents had taken sick and passed away. Ella had come east and had given up hope of ever seeing her rescuer again. You may imagine her feelings then when, on entering the drawing room at the van der Griff's, she discovered that the stranger who had so gallantly and tactfully rescued her from a watery grave was none other than General Ulysses S. Grant.

The poor girl was torn by a tumult of contrary emotions. Suppose he should remember her face. She blushed at the thought. And, besides, what chance had she to win such a great man's heart in competition with these society girls like Geraldine Rhinelanders who had been "abroad" and spoke French?

At that moment one of the liveried servants approached the general with a trayful of filled wineglasses. So engrossed was the soldier hero in talking to Geraldine — or, rather, in listening to her alluring chatter — that he did not at first notice what was being offered him.

"Will you have a drink of champagne wine, General?" asked Mrs. van der Griff, who stood near.

The general raised his head and frowned as if he did not understand. "Come, *mon Général*," cried Geraldine gayly, "we shall drink *à votre succès dans la guerre*," and the flighty girl raised a glass of wine on high.

Several of the guests crowded around, and all were about to drink to the general's health.

"Stop," cried General Grant, suddenly realizing what was being done, and something in the tone of his voice made everyone pause.

"Madam," said he, turning to Mrs. van der Griff, "am I to understand that there is liquor in those glasses?"

"Why, yes, General," said the hostess, smiling uneasily. "It is just a little champagne wine."

"Madam," said the general, "it may be 'just champagne wine' to you, but 'just champagne wine' has ruined many a poor fellow, and to me all alcoholic beverages are an abomination. I cannot consent, madam, to remain under your roof if they are to be served. I have never taken a drop — I have tried to stamp it out of the army, and I owe it to my soldiers to decline to be a guest at a house where wine and liquor are served."

An excited buzz of comment arose as the general delivered this ultimatum. A few there were who secretly approved his sentiments, but they

were far too few in numbers, and constant indulgence in alcohol had weakened their wills so that they dared not stand forth. An angry flush appeared on the face of the hostess, for in society, "good form" is more important than courage and ideals, and by his frank statement General Grant had violently violated the canons of correct social etiquette.

"Very well, Mr. Grant," she said, stressing the "Mr." "if that's the way you feel about it —"

"Stop," cried an unexpected voice, and to the amazement of all Ella Flowers stepped forward, her teeth clenched, her eyes blazing.

"Stop," she repeated "He is right — the liquor evil is one of the worst curses of modern civilization, and if General Grant leaves so do I."

Mrs. van der Griff hesitated for an instant and then suddenly forced a smile.

"Why, Ella dear, of course General Grant is right," said she, for it was well known in financial circles that her husband, Mr. van der Griff, had recently borrowed heavily from Ella's uncle. "There will not be a drop of wine served tonight, and now, General, shall we go in to dinner? Will you be so kind as to lead the way with Miss Rhinelander?" The hostess had recovered her composure, and smiling sweetly at the guest of honor, gave orders to the servants to remove the wineglasses.

But General Grant did not hear her, he was looking at Ella Flowers. And as he gazed at the sweet beauty of her countenance he seemed to feel rising within him something which he had never felt before — something which made everything else seem petty and trivial. And as he looked into her eyes and she looked into his, he read her answer — the only answer true womanhood can make to clean, worthy manhood.

"Shall we go *à la salle-à-manger*?" sounded a voice in his ears, and Geraldine's sinuous arm was thrust through his.

General Grant took the proffered talon and gently removed it from him.

"Miss Rhinelander," he said firmly, "I am taking this young lady as my partner," and suiting the action to the word, he graciously extended his arm to Ella, who took it with a pretty blush.

It was General Grant's turn to blush when the other guests, with a few exceptions, applauded his choice loudly and made way enthusiastically as the handsome couple advanced to the brilliantly lighted dining room.

But although the hostess had provided the most costly of viands, I am afraid that the brave general did not fully appreciate them, for in his soul was the joy of a strong man who has found his mate and in his heart was the singing of the eternal song, "I love her — I love her — I love her!"

It was only too apparent to the other guests what had happened, and to their credit be it said that they heartily approved his choice, for Mrs. Rhinelander and her scheming daughter Geraldine had made countless enemies with their haughty manners, whereas the sweet simplicity of Ella

Flowers had won her numerous friends. And all laughed merrily when General Grant, in his after-dinner speech, said "flowers" instead of "flour" when speaking of provisioning the army — a slip which caused both the general and Miss Flowers to blush furiously, greatly to the delight of the good-natured guests. "All the world loves a lover" — truer words were never penned.

After dinner, while the other men, according to the usages of best society, were filling the air of the dining room with the fumes of nicotine, the general, who did not use tobacco, excused himself — amid many sly winks from the other men — and wandered out into the conservatory.

There he found Ella

"General," she began.

"Miss Flowers," said the strong man simply, "call me Ulysses"

And there let us leave them.

Interpreting Your Reading

Who was Harold Bell Wright? What kind of novels did he write? Why were they popular? What kind of man was Ulysses S. Grant — with respect to parties, to his dress, to his taste for alcoholic beverages? To what extent is the humor of the parody dependent upon the reader's knowledge of Wright's novels? If you knew nothing about them, could you draw safe inferences about them from Mr. Stewart's parody? To what extent might his piece serve as general literary parody of stock characterization and trite language? Do some aspects of the parody apply to other novels that you have read? Is Mr. Stewart's parody "good-natured," "in good fun"? Have such parodies as his a genuine critical value? What other parodies, old or new, do you know? What modern writers, magazines, radio programs, types of moving pictures lend themselves to ready parody?

THE OPEN WINDOW

Saki (H. H. Munro)

As a satirist of early twentieth-century British society, Hector Hugh Munro (1870-1916), who wrote under the pseudonym "Saki," deftly exposed the foibles of his contemporaries in short stories which combine urbane, often cynical wit or puckish humor with compactness of plot and pungency of phrase. Although his career was cut short by the first World War, the suave but ruthless tone of his social satire, with its impatience of conventional standards, seems now to have anticipated the characteristic mood of the society literature of the nineteen-twenties. Beginning his literary career as a political satirist for the Westminster Gazette, he was subsequently correspondent in Russia, and later in France, for the Morning Post. Among his collections of short stories are Reginald (1904), The Chronicles of Clovis (1911), and Beasts and Super Beasts (1914). A novel, The Unbearable Bassington, appeared in 1912.

"MY AUNT will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

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"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child, "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton, somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton, "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing, 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window —"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely

horrible He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic, he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention — but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window, they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window, "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illness, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make any one lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her specialty.

Interpreting Your Reading

Note the economy with which Saki introduces the details which cooperate to produce the denouement. Read the story twice and compare your experience during the two readings. Which details have new significance in view of your knowledge of the ending? Do they prepare adequately for the ending? Was the ending a surprise when you first read the story? Do all the details necessary for the denouement spring naturally from the situation which is the basis of the story, or do any seem contrived in a fashion that gives away the show prematurely or makes the ending less satisfactory? How does Vera's second "romance on short notice" contribute to the total effect? How fully can you characterize Vera and Nuttel?

SREDNI VASHTAR

Saki (H. H. Munro)

CONRADIN WAS TEN YEARS OLD, and the doctor had pronounced his professional opinion that the boy would not live another five years. The doctor was silky and effete, and counted for little, but his opinion was endorsed by Mrs. De Ropp, who counted for nearly everything. Mrs. De Ropp was Conradin's cousin and guardian, and in his eyes she represented those three-fifths of the world that are necessary and disagreeable and real, the other two-fifths, in perpetual antagonism to the foregoing, were summed up in himself and his imagination. One of these days Conradin supposed he would succumb to the mastering pressure of wearisome necessary things — such as illnesses and coddling restrictions and drawn-out dulness. Without his imagination, which was rampant under the spur of loneliness, he would have succumbed long ago.

Mrs. De Ropp would never, in her honestest moments, have confessed to herself that she disliked Conradin, though she might have been dimly aware that thwarting him "for his good" was a duty which she did not find particularly irksome. Conradin hated her with a desperate sincerity which he was perfectly able to mask. Such few pleasures as he could contrive for himself gained an added relish from the likelihood that they would be displeasing to his guardian, and from the realm of his imagination she was locked out — an unclean thing, which should find no entrance.

In the dull, cheerless garden, overlooked by so many windows that were ready to open with a message not to do this or that, or a reminder that medicines were due, he found little attraction. The few fruit-trees that it contained were set jealously apart from his plucking, as though they were rare specimens of their kind blooming in an arid waste, it would probably have been difficult to find a market-gardener who would have offered ten shillings for their entire yearly produce. In a forgotten corner, however, almost hidden behind a dismal shrubbery, was a disused tool-shed of respectable proportions, and within its walls Conradin found a haven, something that took on the varying aspects of a playroom and a cathedral. He had peopled it with a legion of familiar phantoms, evoked partly from fragments of history and partly from his own brain, but it also boasted two inmates of flesh and blood. In one corner lived a ragged-

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plumaged hen, on which the boy lavished an affection that had scarcely another outlet. Further back in the gloom stood a large hutch, divided into two compartments, one of which was fronted with close iron bars. This was the abode of a large polecat-ferret, which a friendly butcher-boy had once smuggled, cage and all, into its present quarters, in exchange for a long-secreted hoard of small silver. Conradin was dreadfully afraid of the lithe, sharp-fanged beast, but it was his most treasured possession. Its very presence in the tool-shed was a secret and fearful joy, to be kept scrupulously from the knowledge of the Woman, as he privately dubbed his cousin. And one day, out of Heaven knows what material, he spun the beast a wonderful name, and from that moment it grew into a god and a religion. The Woman indulged in religion once a week at a church near by, and took Conradin with her, but to him the church service was an alien rite in the House of Rimmon. Every Thursday, in the dim and musty silence of the tool-shed, he worshipped with mystic and elaborate ceremonial before the wooden hutch where dwelt *Sredni Vashtar*, the great ferret. Red flowers in their season and scarlet berries in the winter-time were offered at his shrine, for he was a god who laid some special stress on the fierce impatient side of things, as opposed to the Woman's religion, which, as far as Conradin could observe, went to great lengths in the contrary direction. And on great festivals powdered nutmeg was strewn in front of his hutch, an important feature of the offering being that the nutmeg had to be stolen. These festivals were of irregular occurrence, and were chiefly appointed to celebrate some passing event. On one occasion, when Mrs. De Ropp suffered from acute toothache for three days, Conradin kept up the festival during the entire three days, and almost succeeded in persuading himself that *Sredni Vashtar* was personally responsible for the toothache. If the malady had lasted for another day the supply of nutmeg would have given out.

The Houdan hen was never drawn into the cult of *Sredni Vashtar*. Conradin had long ago settled that she was an Anabaptist. He did not pretend to have the remotest knowledge as to what an Anabaptist was, but he privately hoped that it was dashing and not very respectable. Mrs. De Ropp was the ground plan on which he based and detested all respectability.

After a while Conradin's absorption in the tool-shed began to attract the notice of his guardian. "It is not good for him to be pottering down there in all weathers," she promptly decided, and at breakfast one morning she announced that the Houdan hen had been sold and taken away overnight. With her short-sighted eyes she peered at Conradin, waiting for an outbreak of rage and sorrow, which she was ready to rebuke with a flow of excellent precepts and reasoning. But Conradin said nothing: there was nothing to be said. Something perhaps in his white set face gave her a momentary qualm, for at tea that afternoon there was toast

on the table, a delicacy which she usually banned on the ground that it was bad for him, also because the making of it "gave trouble," a deadly offence in the middle-class feminine eye.

"I thought you liked toast," she exclaimed, with an injured air, observing that he did not touch it.

"Sometimes," said Conradin.

In the shed that evening there was an innovation in the worship of the hutch-god. Conradin had been wont to chant his praises, tonight he asked a boon.

"Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar."

The thing was not specified. As Sredni Vashtar was a god he must be supposed to know. And choking back a sob as he looked at that other empty corner, Conradin went back to the world he so hated

And every night, in the welcome darkness of his bedroom, and every evening in the dusk of the tool-shed, Conradin's bitter litany went up. "Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar."

Mrs De Ropp noticed that the visits to the shed did not cease, and one day she made a further journey of inspection

"What are you keeping in that locked hutch?" she asked. "I believe it's guinea-pigs I'll have them all cleared away."

Conradin shut his lips tight, but the Woman ransacked his bedroom till she found the carefully hidden key, and forthwith marched down to the shed to complete her discovery. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin had been bidden to keep to the house. From the furthest window of the dining-room the door of the shed could just be seen beyond the corner of the shrubbery, and there Conradin stationed himself. He saw the Woman enter, and then he imagined her opening the door of the sacred hutch and peering down with her short-sighted eyes into the thick straw bed where his god lay hidden. Perhaps she would prod at the straw in her clumsy impatience. And Conradin fervently breathed his prayer for the last time. But he knew as he prayed that he did not believe. He knew that the Woman would come out presently with that pursed smile he loathed so well on her face, and that in an hour or two the gardener would carry away his wonderful god, a god no longer, but a simple brown ferret in a hutch. And he knew that the Woman would triumph always as she triumphed now, and that he would grow ever more sickly under her pestering and domineering and superior wisdom, till one day nothing would matter much more with him, and the doctor would be proved right. And in the sting and misery of his defeat, he began to chant loudly and defiantly the hymn of his threatened idol:

Sredni Vashtar went forth,

His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.

His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death.

Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful.

And then of a sudden he stopped his chanting and drew closer to the window-pane. The door of the shed still stood ajar as it had been left, and the minutes were slipping by. They were long minutes, but they slipped by nevertheless. He watched the starlings running and flying in little parties across the lawn, he counted them over and over again, with one eye always on that swinging door. A sour-faced maid came in to lay the table for tea, and still Conradin stood and waited and watched. Hope had crept by inches into his heart, and now a look of triumph began to blaze in his eyes that had only known the wistful patience of defeat. Under his breath, with a further exultation, he began once again the paean of victory and devastation. And presently his eyes were rewarded. Out through that doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blink at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the fur of jaws and throat. Conradin dropped on his knees. The great polecat-ferret made its way down to a small brook at the foot of the garden, drank for a moment, then crossed a little plank bridge and was lost to sight in the bushes. Such was the passing of *Sredni Vashtar*.

"Tea is ready," said the sour-faced maid, "where is the mistress?"

"She went down to the shed some time ago," said Conradin.

And while the maid went to summon her mistress to tea, Conradin fished a toasting-fork out of the sideboard drawer and proceeded to toast himself a piece of bread. And during the toasting of it and the buttering of it with much butter and the slow enjoyment of eating it, Conradin listened to the noises and silences which fell in quick spasms beyond the dining-room door. The loud foolish screaming of the maid, the answering chorus of wondering ejaculations from the kitchen region, the scuttering footsteps and hurried embassies for outside help, and then, after a lull, the scared sobbings and the shuffling tread of those who bore a heavy burden into the house.

"Whoever will break it to the poor child? I couldn't for the life of me!" exclaimed a shrill voice. And while they debated the matter among themselves, Conradin made himself another piece of toast.

Interpreting Your Reading

What quality has Conradin in common with Vera in "The Open Window"? How is this quality an essential factor in both stories? Is "Sredni Vashtar" objectively recounted, or are characters and events interpreted as Conradin would see them? How would the treatment differ if someone of Mrs. DeRopp's temperament were telling the story? Is more than one conjecture possible as to what really happened in the shed? Can you see any significance in the story beyond the events narrated?

Fact in Fiction

THE COUP DE GRÂCE

Ambrose Bierce

In sharp, almost bitter contrast to the sentimental fiction of his contemporaries are the writings of Ambrose Bierce (1842–1914), which earned him the nickname of "Bitter Bierce." Born in Ohio and educated in Kentucky, he served in the Union Army throughout the Civil War and at its close became a brilliant and savage journalist in San Francisco. After a brief period in England (1872–1876) as writer and editor, he returned to California and by his powerful satire and acrid wit soon became the literary dictator of the Pacific coast. His connection with the Hearst newspapers later took him to Washington (1897) as a correspondent for Hearst's New York American. Disgusted with American civilization, he disappeared in 1913 into Mexico, where, despite many subsequent rumors, his ultimate fate has remained a mystery. "The Coup de Grâce," one of his Tales of Soldiers and Civilians (1891), is typical of Bierce – and reminiscent of Poe – in its realistic gruesomeness, ingenious use of the surprise ending, and intensity of emotion. Its sardonic humor and grim irony have a twist that is peculiarly Bierce's. A group of stories similar in setting and subject matter to the Tales compose the volume Can These Things Be? (1893). Bierce's collected works include such characteristic titles as The Fiend's Delight (1872), Cobwebs from an Empty Skull (1872), Fantastic Fables (1899), and The Cymic's Word Book (1906).

THE FIGHTING HAD BEEN HARD and continuous; that was attested by all the senses. The very taste of battle was in the air. All was now over, it remained only to succor the wounded and bury the dead – to "tidy up a bit," as the humorist of a burial squad put it. A good deal of "tidying up" was required. As far as one could see through the forests, among the splintered trees, lay wrecks of men and horses. Among them moved the stretcher-bearer, gathering and carrying away the few who showed signs of life. Most of the wounded had died of neglect while the right to minister to their wants was in dispute. It is an army regulation that the wounded must wait; the best way to care for them is to win the battle. It must be confessed that victory is a distinct advantage to a man requiring attention, but many do not live to avail themselves of it.

The dead were collected in groups of a dozen or a score and laid side by side in rows while the trenches were dug to receive them. Some, found at too great a distance from these rallying points, were buried where they lay. There was little attempt at identification, though in most

cases, the burial parties being detailed to glean the same ground which they had assisted to reap, the names of the victorious dead were known and listed. The enemy's fallen had to be content with counting. But of that they got enough: many of them were counted several times, and the total, as given afterward in the official report of the victorious commander, denoted rather a hope than a result.

At some little distance from the spot where one of the burial parties had established its "bivouac of the dead," a man in the uniform of a Federal officer stood leaning against a tree. From his feet upward to his neck his attitude was that of weariness reposing, but he turned his head uneasily from side to side, his mind was apparently not at rest. He was perhaps uncertain in which direction to go, he was not likely to remain long where he was, for already the level rays of the setting sun straggled redly through the open spaces of the wood and the weary soldiers were quitting their task for the day. He would hardly make a night of it alone there among the dead. Nine men in ten whom you meet after a battle inquire the way to some fraction of the army — as if any one could know. Doubtless this officer was lost. After resting himself a moment he would presumably follow one of the retiring burial squads.

When all were gone he walked straight away into the forest toward the red west, its light staining his face like blood. The air of confidence with which he now strode along showed that he was on familiar ground; he had recovered his bearings. The dead on his right and on his left were unregarded as he passed. An occasional low moan from some sorely-stricken wretch whom the relief-parties had not reached, and who would have to pass a comfortless night beneath the stars with his thirst to keep him company, was equally unheeded. What, indeed, could the officer have done, being no surgeon and having no water?

At the head of a shallow ravine, a mere depression of the ground, lay a small group of bodies. He saw, and swerving suddenly from his course walked rapidly toward them. Scanning each one sharply as he passed, he stopped at last above one which lay at a slight remove from the others, near a clump of small trees. He looked at it narrowly. It seemed to stir. He stooped and laid his hand upon its face. It screamed.

The officer was Captain Downing Madwell, of a Massachusetts regiment of infantry, a daring and intelligent soldier, an honorable man.

In the regiment were two brothers named Halcrow — Caffal and Creede Halcrow. Caffal Halcrow was a sergeant in Captain Madwell's company, and these two men, the sergeant and the captain, were devoted friends. In so far as disparity of rank, difference in duties and considerations of military discipline would permit they were commonly together. They had, indeed, grown up together from childhood. A habit of the heart is not easily broken off. Caffal Halcrow had nothing military in his taste nor disposition, but the thought of separation from his friend was dis-

agreeable; he enlisted in the company in which Madwell was second-lieutenant. Each had taken two steps upward in rank, but between the highest non-commissioned and the lowest commissioned officer the gulf is deep and wide and the old relation was maintained with difficulty and a difference.

Creede Halcrow, the brother of Caffal, was the major of the regiment — a cynical, saturnine man, between whom and Captain Madwell there was a natural antipathy which circumstances had nourished and strengthened to an active animosity. But for the restraining influence of their mutual relation to Caffal these two patriots would doubtless have endeavored to deprive their country of each other's services.

At the opening of the battle that morning the regiment was performing outpost duty a mile away from the main army. It was attacked and nearly surrounded in the forest, but stubbornly held its ground. During a lull in the fighting, Major Halcrow came to Captain Madwell. The two exchanged formal salutes, and the major said "Captain, the colonel directs that you push your company to the head of this ravine and hold your place there until recalled. I need hardly apprise you of the dangerous character of the movement, but if you wish, you can, I suppose, turn over the command to your first-lieutenant. I was not, however, directed to authorize the substitution; it is merely a suggestion of my own, unofficially made."

To this deadly insult Captain Madwell coolly replied:

"Sir, I invite you to accompany the movement. A mounted officer would be a conspicuous mark, and I have long held the opinion that it would be better if you were dead."

The art of repartee was cultivated in military circles as early as 1862.

A half-hour later Captain Madwell's company was driven from its position at the head of the ravine, with a loss of one-third its number. Among the fallen was Sergeant Halcrow. The regiment was soon afterward forced back to the main line, and at the close of the battle was miles away. The captain was now standing at the side of his subordinate and friend.

Sergeant Halcrow was mortally hurt. His clothing was deranged, it seemed to have been violently torn apart, exposing the abdomen. Some of the buttons of his jacket had been pulled off and lay on the ground beside him and fragments of his other garments were strewn about. His leather belt was parted and had apparently been dragged from beneath him as he lay. There had been no great effusion of blood. The only visible wound was a wide, ragged opening in the abdomen. It was defiled with earth and dead leaves. Protruding from it was a loop of small intestine. In all his experience Captain Madwell had not seen a wound like this. He could neither conjecture how it was made nor explain the attendant circumstances — the strangely torn clothing, the parted belt, the besmirching

of the white skin. He knelt and made a closer examination. When he rose to his feet, he turned his eyes in different directions as if looking for an enemy. Fifty yards away, on the crest of a low, thinly wooded hill, he saw several dark objects moving about among the fallen men — a herd of swine. One stood with its back to him, its shoulders sharply elevated. Its forefeet were upon a human body, its head was depressed and invisible. The bristly ridge of its chine showed black against the red west. Captain Madwell drew away his eyes and fixed them again upon the thing which had been his friend.

The man who had suffered these monstrous mutilations was alive. At intervals he moved his limbs, he moaned at every breath. He stared blankly into the face of his friend and if touched screamed. In his giant agony he had torn up the ground on which he lay; his clenched hands were full of leaves and twigs and earth. Articulate speech was beyond his power, it was impossible to know if he were sensible to anything but pain. The expression of his face was an appeal, his eyes were full of prayer. For what?

There was no misreading that look, the captain had too frequently seen it in eyes of those whose lips had still the power to formulate it by an entreaty for death. Consciously or unconsciously, this writhing fragment of humanity, this type and example of acute sensation, this handiwork of man and beast, this humble, unheroic Prometheus, was imploring everything, all, the whole non-ego, for the boon of oblivion. To the earth and the sky alike, to the trees, to the man, to whatever took form in sense or consciousness, this incarnate suffering addressed that silent plea.

For what, indeed? For that which we accord to even the meanest creature without sense to demand it, denying it only to the wretched of our own race: for the blessed release, the rite of uttermost compassion, the *coup de grâce*.

Captain Madwell spoke the name of his friend. He repeated it over and over without effect until emotion choked his utterance. His tears plashed upon the livid face beneath his own and blinded himself. He saw nothing but a blurred and moving object, but the moans were more distinct than ever, interrupted at briefer intervals by sharper shrieks. He turned away, struck his hand upon his forehead, and strode from the spot. The swine, catching sight of him, threw up their crimson muzzles, regarding him suspiciously a second, and then with a gruff, concerted grunt, raced away out of sight. A horse, its foreleg splintered by a cannon-shot, lifted its head sidewise from the ground and neighed piteously. Madwell stepped forward, drew his revolver and shot the poor beast between the eyes, narrowly observing its death-struggle, which, contrary to his expectation, was violent and long, but at last it lay still. The tense muscles of its lips, which had uncovered the teeth in a horrible grin, relaxed; the sharp, clean-cut profile took on a look of profound peace and rest.

Along the distant, thinly wooded crest to westward the fringe of sunset fire had now nearly burned itself out. The light upon the trunks of the trees had faded to a tender gray, shadows were in their tops, like great dark birds a-perch. Night was coming and there were miles of haunted forest between Captain Madwell and camp. Yet he stood there at the side of the dead animal, apparently lost to all sense of his surroundings. His eyes were bent upon the earth at his feet, his left hand hung loosely at his side, his right still held the pistol. Presently he lifted his face, turned it toward his dying friend and walked rapidly back to his side. He knelt upon one knee, cocked the weapon, placed the muzzle against the man's forehead, and turning away his eyes pulled the trigger. There was no report. He had used his last cartridge for the horse.

The sufferer moaned and his lips moved convulsively. The froth that ran from them had a tinge of blood.

Captain Madwell rose to his feet and drew his sword from the scabbard. He passed the fingers of his left hand along the edge from hilt to point. He held it out straight before him, as if to test his nerves. There was no visible tremor of the blade, the ray of bleak skylight that it reflected was steady and true. He stooped and with his left hand tore away the dying man's shirt, rose and placed the point of the sword just over the heart. This time he did not withdraw his eyes. Grasping the hilt with both hands, he thrust downward with all his strength and weight. The blade sank into the man's body—through his body into the earth, Captain Madwell came near falling forward upon his work. The dying man drew up his knees and at the same time threw his right arm across his breast and grasped the steel so tightly that the knuckles of the hand visibly whitened. By a violent but vain effort to withdraw the blade the wound was enlarged, a rill of blood escaped, running sinuously down into the deranged clothing. At that moment three men stepped silently forward from behind the clump of young trees which had concealed their approach. Two were hospital attendants and carried a stretcher.

The third was Major Creede Halcrow.

Interpreting Your Reading

How would you describe Bierce's narrative method? Is it suitable to his subject matter? Does he maintain an impersonal or objective attitude toward the events he relates? Support your answer by specific references to the narrative. What does the killing of the wounded horse contribute to the total effect? What is the effect of the ending? Is it adequately prepared for? Has it any value beside surprise or shock value? Has the story a meaning or significance which transcends the actual events related? Has the surprise ending any essential connection with it? Is the meaning reinforced by the occasional glints of grim humor? by the use of gruesome or horrible detail? How much does the story reveal about Bierce?

ROMAN FEVER

Edith Wharton

*Edith Wharton (1862–1937) was born into a distinguished New York family and spent much of her youth touring Europe with her family and reading omnivorously. She wrote her first novel at the age of eleven and another at fifteen. After her marriage in 1885 to Edward Wharton, a Boston banker of a Virginia family, she divided her time between Newport and New York, a home in Lenox, Massachusetts, and yacht cruises in the Mediterranean. In effect, she finally divided her life between her “social set” friends, who ignored or disapproved of her writing, and her literary acquaintances, who included the Howellses, Clyde Fitch, Charles Eliot Norton, and the Jameses. After the appearance of *The House of Mirth* (1905), an early best seller, she spent most of her life in France, writing of both American and French people and, during World War I, doing an amazing organizational job of caring for sick and homeless Europeans. *Ethan Frome* (1911) and *The Age of Innocence* (1920, Pulitzer Prize, 1921) are usually regarded as her best novels.*

FROM THE TABLE at which they had been lunching two American ladies of ripe but well-cared-for middle age moved across the lofty terrace of the Roman restaurant and, leaning on its parapet, looked first at each other, and then down on the outspread glories of the Palatine and the Forum, with the same expression of vague but benevolent approval.

As they leaned there a girlish voice echoed up gaily from the stairs leading to the court below. “Well, come along, then,” it cried, not to them but to an invisible companion, “and let’s leave the young things to their knitting”; and a voice as fresh laughed back. “Oh, look here, Babs, not actually *knitting*—” “Well, I mean figuratively,” rejoined the first. “After all, we haven’t left our poor parents much else to do . . .” and at that point the turn of the stairs engulfed the dialogue.

The two ladies looked at each other again, this time with a tinge of smiling embarrassment, and the smaller and paler one shook her head and coloured slightly.

“Barbara!” she murmured, sending an unheard rebuke after the mocking voice in the stairway.

The other lady, who was fuller, and higher in color, with a small deter-

mined nose supported by vigorous black eyebrows, gave a good-humoured laugh "That's what our daughters think of us!"

Her companion replied by a deprecating gesture "Not of us individually We must remember that It's just the collective modern idea of Mothers And you see —" Half guiltily she drew from her handsomely mounted black hand-bag a twist of crimson silk run through by two fine knitting needles "One never knows," she murmured "The new system has certainly given us a good deal of time to kill, and sometimes I get tired of just looking — even at this" Her gesture was now addressed to the stupendous scene at their feet.

The dark lady laughed again, and they both relapsed upon the view, contemplating it in silence, with a sort of diffused serenity which might have been borrowed from the spring effulgence of the Roman skies The luncheon-hour was long past, and the two had their end of the vast terrace to themselves At this opposite extremity a few groups, detained by a lingering look at the outspread city, were gathering up guide-books and fumbling for tips The last of them scattered, and the two ladies were alone on the air-washed height.

"Well, I don't see why we shouldn't just stay here," said Mrs. Slade, the lady of the high colour and energetic brows Two derelict basket-chairs stood near, and she pushed them into the angle of the parapet, and settled herself in one, her gaze upon the Palatine "After all, it's still the most beautiful view in the world"

"It always will be, to me," assented her friend Mrs. Ansley, with so slight a stress on the "me" that Mrs. Slade, though she noticed it, wondered if it were not merely accidental, like the random underlinings of old-fashioned letter-writers

"Grace Ansley was always old-fashioned," she thought; and added aloud, with a retrospective smile "It's a view we've both been familiar with for a good many years When we first met here we were younger than our girls are now You remember?"

"Oh, yes, I remember," murmured Mrs. Ansley, with the same undefinable stress — "There's that head-waiter wondering," she interpolated She was evidently far less sure than her companion of herself and of her rights in the world.

"I'll cure him of wondering," said Mrs. Slade, stretching her hand toward a bag as discreetly opulent-looking as Mrs. Ansley's. Signing to the head-waiter, she explained that she and her friend were old lovers of Rome, and would like to spend the end of the afternoon looking down on the view — that is, if it did not disturb the service? The head-waiter, bowing over her gratuity, assured her that the ladies were most welcome, and would be still more so if they would condescend to remain for dinner. A full moon night, they would remember. .

Mrs. Slade's black brows drew together, as though references to the

moon were out-of-place and even unwelcome. But she smiled away her frown as the head-waiter retreated. "Well, why not? We might do worse. There's no knowing, I suppose, when the girls will be back. Do you even know back from *where*? I don't!"

Mrs Ansley again coloured slightly. "I think those young Italian aviators we met at the Embassy invited them to fly to Tarquina for tea. I suppose they'll want to wait and fly back by moonlight."

"Moonlight — moonlight! What a part it still plays. Do you suppose they're as sentimental as we were?"

"I've come to the conclusion that I don't in the least know what they are," said Mrs. Ansley. "And perhaps we didn't know much more about each other."

"No, perhaps we didn't."

Her friend gave her a shy glance. "I never should have supposed you were sentimental, Alida."

"Well, perhaps I wasn't." Mrs. Slade drew her lids together in retrospect, and for a few moments the two ladies, who had been intimate since childhood, reflected how little they knew each other. Each one, of course, had a label ready to attach to the other's name, Mrs. Delphin Slade, for instance, would have told herself, or any one who asked her, that Mrs. Horace Ansley, twenty-five years ago, had been exquisitely lovely — no, you wouldn't believe it, would you? . . . though, of course, still charming, distinguished . . . Well, as a girl she had been exquisite, far more beautiful than her daughter Barbara, though certainly Babs, according to the new standards at any rate, was more effective — had more *edge*, as they say. Funny where she got it, with those two nullities as parents. Yes, Horace Ansley was — well, just the duplicate of his wife. Museum specimens of old New York. Good-looking, irreproachable, exemplary. Mrs. Slade and Mrs. Ansley had lived opposite each other — actually as well as figuratively — for years. When the drawing-room curtains in No. 20 East 73rd Street were renewed, No. 23, across the way, was always aware of it. And of all the movings, buyings, travels, anniversaries, illnesses — the tame chronicle of an estimable pair. Little of it escaped Mrs. Slade. But she had grown bored with it by the time her husband made his big *coup* in Wall Street, and when they bought in upper Park Avenue had already begun to think: "I'd rather live opposite a speak-easy for a change, at least one might see it raided." The idea of seeing Grace raided was so amusing that (before the move) she launched it at a woman's lunch. It made a hit, and went the rounds — she sometimes wondered if it had crossed the street, and reached Mrs. Ansley. She hoped not, but didn't much mind. Those were the days when respectability was at a discount, and it did the irreproachable no harm to laugh at them a little.

A few years later, and not many months apart, both ladies lost their husbands. There was an appropriate exchange of wreaths and condo-

lences, and a brief renewal of intimacy in the half-shadow of their mourning, and now, after another interval, they had run across each other in Rome, at the same hotel, each of them the modest appendage of a salient daughter. The similarity of their lot had again drawn them together, lending itself to mild jokes, and the mutual confession that, if in old days it must have been tiring to "keep up" with daughters, it was now, at times, a little dull not to

No doubt, Mrs Slade reflected, she felt her unemployment more than poor Grace ever would. It was a big drop from being the wife of Delphin Slade to being his widow. She had always regarded herself (with a certain conjugal pride) as his equal in social gifts, as contributing her full share to the making of the exceptional couple they were: but the difference after his death was irremediable. As the wife of the famous corporation lawyer, always with an international case or two on hand, every day brought its exciting and unexpected obligation. the impromptu entertaining of eminent colleagues from abroad, the hurried dashes on legal business to London, Paris or Rome, where the entertaining was so handsomely reciprocated, the amusement of hearing in her wake: "What, that handsome woman with the good clothes and eyes is Mrs Slade — *the* Slade's wife? Really? Generally the wives of celebrities are such frumps."

Yes, being *the* Slade's widow was a dullish business after that. In living up to such a husband all her faculties had been engaged, now she had only her daughter to live up to, for the son who seemed to have inherited his father's gifts had died suddenly in boyhood. She had fought through that agony because her husband was there, to be helped and to help, now, after the father's death, the thought of the boy had become unbearable. There was nothing left to do but to mother her daughter; and dear Jenny was such a perfect daughter that she needed no excessive mothering. "Now with Babs Ansley I don't know that I *should* be so quiet," Mrs Slade sometimes half-enviously reflected, but Jenny, who was younger than her brilliant friend, was that rare accident, an extremely pretty girl who somehow made youth and prettiness seem as safe as their absence. It was all perplexing — and to Mrs. Slade a little boring. She wished that Jenny would fall in love — with the wrong man, even, that she might have to be watched, out-manoeuvred, rescued. And instead, it was Jenny who watched her mother, kept her out of draughts, made sure that she had taken her tonic.

Mrs Ansley was much less articulate than her friend, and her mental portrait of Mrs Slade was slighter, and drawn with fainter touches. "Alida Slade's awfully brilliant, but not as brilliant as she thinks," would have summed it up, though she would have added, for the enlightenment of strangers, that Mrs Slade had been an extremely dashing girl; much more so than her daughter, who was pretty, of course, and clever in a way, but had none of her mother's — well, "vividness," some one had once called it. Mrs. Ansley would take up current words like this, and cite them in

quotation marks, as unheard-of audacities No; Jenny was not like her mother. Sometimes Mrs Ansley thought Alida Slade was disappointed, on the whole she had had a sad life Full of failures and mistakes, Mrs Ansley had always been rather sorry for her

So these two ladies visualized each other, each through the wrong end of her little telescope.

II

For a long time they continued to sit side by side without speaking. It seemed as though, to both, there was a relief in laying down their somewhat futile activities in the presence of the vast Memento Mori which faced them. Mrs Slade sat quite still, her eyes fixed on the golden slope of the Palace of the Caesars, and after a while Mrs. Ansley ceased to fidget with her bag, and she too sank into meditation Like many intimate friends, the two ladies had never before had occasion to be silent together, and Mrs. Ansley was slightly embarrassed by what seemed, after so many years, a new stage in their intimacy, and one with which she did not yet know how to deal.

Suddenly the air was full of that deep clangour of bells which periodically covers Rome with a roof of silver Mrs Slade glanced at her wrist-watch. "Five o'clock already," she said, as though surprised.

Mrs Ansley suggested interrogatively. "There's bridge at the Embassy at five" For a long time Mrs Slade did not answer She appeared to be lost in contemplation, and Mrs Ansley thought the remark had escaped her But after a while she said, as if speaking out of a dream "Bridge, did you say? Not unless you want to But I don't think I will, you know."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Ansley hastened to assure her. "I don't care to at all It's so lovely here, and so full of old memories, as you say" She settled herself in her chair, and almost furtively drew forth her knitting Mrs. Slade took sideway note of this activity, but her own beautifully cared-for hands remained motionless on her knee.

"I was just thinking," she said slowly, "what different things Rome stands for to each generation of travellers To our grandmothers, Roman fever, to our mothers, sentimental dangers — how we used to be guarded! — to our daughters, no more dangers than the middle of Main Street. They don't know it — but how much they're missing!"

The long golden light was beginning to pale, and Mrs. Ansley lifted her knitting a little closer to her eyes "Yes, how we were guarded!"

"I always used to think," Mrs Slade continued, "that our mothers had a much more difficult job than our grandmothers When Roman fever stalked the streets it must have been comparatively easy to gather in the girls at the danger hour, but when you and I were young, with such beauty calling us, and the spice of disobedience thrown in, and no worse risk than catching cold during the cool hour after sunset, the mothers used to be put to it to keep us in — didn't they?"

She turned again toward Mrs Ansley, but the latter had reached a delicate point in her knitting "One, two, three — slip two, yes, they must have been," she assented, without looking up

Mrs Slade's eyes rested on her with a deepened attention. "She can knit — in the face of *this*! How like her. . ."

Mrs Slade leaned back, brooding, her eyes ranging from the ruins which faced her to the long green hollow of the Forum, the fading glow of the church fronts beyond it, and the outlying immensity of the Colosseum. Suddenly she thought: "It's all very well to say that our girls have done away with sentiment and moonlight. But if Babs Ansley isn't out to catch that young aviator — the one who's a Marchese — then I don't know anything And Jenny has no chance beside her I know that too I wonder if that's why Grace Ansley likes the two girls to go everywhere together? My poor Jenny as a foil —!" Mrs Slade gave a hardly audible laugh, and at the sound Mrs Ansley dropped her knitting.

"Yes —?"

"I — oh, nothing I was only thinking how your Babs carries everything before her That Campolieri boy is one of the best matches in Rome Don't look so innocent, my dear — you know he is. And I was wondering, ever so respectfully, you understand . . . wondering how two such exemplary characters as you and Horace had managed to produce anything quite so dynamic" Mrs. Slade laughed again, with a touch of asperity.

Mrs Ansley's hands lay inert across her needles She looked straight out at the great accumulated wreckage of passion and splendour at her feet. But her small profile was almost expressionless. At length she said. "I think you overrate Babs, my dear"

Mrs Slade's tone grew easier "No, I don't. I appreciate her And perhaps envy you. Oh, my girl's perfect, if I were a chronic invalid I'd — well, I think I'd rather be in Jenny's hands. There must be times . . . but there! I always wanted a brilliant daughter . . . and never quite understood why I got an angel instead"

Mrs. Ansley echoed her laugh in a faint murmur "Babs is an angel too"

"Of course — of course! But she's got rainbow wings. Well, they're wandering by the sea with their young men, and here we sit . . . and it all brings back the past a little too acutely"

Mrs. Ansley had resumed her knitting One might almost have imagined (if one had known her less well, Mrs. Slade reflected) that, for her also, too many memories rose from the lengthening shadows of those august ruins. But no; she was simply absorbed in her work. What was there for her to worry about? She knew that Babs would almost certainly come back engaged to the extremely eligible Campolieri "And she'll sell the New York house, and settle down near them in Rome, and never be in their way . . . she's much too tactful. But she'll have an excellent cook,

and just the right people in for bridge and cocktails . . . and a perfectly peaceful old age among her grandchildren ”

Mrs Slade broke off this prophetic flight with a recoil of self-disgust. There was no one of whom she had less right to think unkindly than of Grace Ansley. Would she never cure herself of envying her? Perhaps she had begun too long ago.

She stood up and leaned against the parapet, filling her troubled eyes with the tranquillizing magic of the hour. But instead of tranquillizing her the sight seemed to increase her exasperation. Her gaze turned toward the Colosseum. Already its golden flank was drowned in purple shadow, and above it the sky curved crystal clear, without light or colour. It was the moment when afternoon and evening hang balanced in mid-heaven.

Mrs. Slade turned back and laid her hand on her friend's arm. The gesture was so abrupt that Mrs. Ansley looked up, startled.

“The sun's set. You're not afraid, my dear?”

“Afraid — ?”

“Of Roman fever or pneumonia? I remember how ill you were that winter. As a girl you had a very delicate throat, hadn't you?”

“Oh, we're all right up here. Down below, in the Forum, it does get deathly cold, all of a sudden . . . but not here ”

“Ah, of course you know because you had to be so careful ” Mrs. Slade turned back to the parapet. She thought: “I must make one more effort not to hate her ” Aloud she said. “Whenever I look at the Forum from up here, I remember that story about a great-aunt of yours, wasn't she? A dreadfully wicked great-aunt?”

“Oh, yes, Great-aunt Harriet. The one who was supposed to have sent her young sister out to the Forum after sunset to gather a night-blooming flower for her album. All our great-aunts and grandmothers used to have albums of dried flowers.”

Mrs Slade nodded. “But she really sent her because they were in love with the same man — ”

“Well, that was the family tradition. They said Aunt Harriet confessed it years afterward. At any rate, the poor little sister caught the fever and died. Mother used to frighten us with the story when we were children ”

“And you frightened *me* with it, that winter when you and I were here as girls. The winter I was engaged to Delphin ”

Mrs Ansley gave a faint laugh. “Oh, did I? Really frightened you? I don't believe you're easily frightened.”

“Not often, but I was then. I was easily frightened because I was too happy. I wonder if you know what that means?”

“I — yes . . . ” Mrs. Ansley faltered.

“Well, I suppose that was why the story of your wicked aunt made such an impression on me. And I thought: ‘There's no more Roman fever,

but the Forum is deathly cold after sunset — especially after a hot day And the Colosseum's even colder and damper'."

"The Colosseum — ?"

"Yes. It wasn't easy to get in, after the gates were locked for the night. Far from easy. Still, in those days it could be managed, it *was* managed, often Lovers met there who couldn't meet elsewhere. You knew that?"

"I — I daresay I don't remember."

"You don't remember? You don't remember going to visit some ruins or other one evening, just after dark, and catching a bad chill? You were supposed to have gone to see the moon rise People always said that expedition was what caused your illness."

There was a moment's silence, then Mrs Ansley rejoined. "Did they? It was all so long ago"

"Yes And you got well again — so it didn't matter But I suppose it struck your friends — the reason given for your illness, I mean — because everybody knew you were so prudent on account of your throat, and your mother took such care of you . . . You *had* been out late sightseeing, hadn't you, that night?"

"Perhaps I had The most prudent girls aren't always prudent What made you think of it now?"

Mrs Slade seemed to have no answer ready But after a moment she broke out "Because I simply can't bear it any longer — I"

Mrs Ansley lifted her head quickly. Her eyes were wide and very pale. "Can't bear what?"

"Why — your not knowing that I've always known why you went"

"Why I went — ?"

"Yes. You think I'm bluffing, don't you? Well, you went to meet the man I was engaged to — and I can repeat every word of the letter that took you there."

While Mrs Slade spoke Mrs. Ansley had risen unsteadily to her feet. Her bag, her knitting and gloves, slid in a panic-stricken heap to the ground She looked at Mrs Slade as though she were looking at a ghost.

"No, no — don't," she faltered out.

"Why not? Listen, if you don't believe me 'My one darling, things can't go on like this I must see you alone Come to the Colosseum immediately after dark tomorrow There will be somebody to let you in No one whom you need fear will suspect' — but perhaps you've forgotten what the letter said?"

Mrs Ansley met the challenge with an unexpected composure. Steadying herself against the chair she looked at her friend, and replied: "No, I know it by heart too"

"And the signature? 'Only *your* D.S.' Was that it? I'm right, am I? That was the letter that took you out that evening after dark?"

Mrs. Ansley was still looking at her. It seemed to Mrs. Slade that a slow

struggle was going on behind the voluntarily controlled mask of her small quiet face. "I shouldn't have thought she had herself so well in hand," Mrs Slade reflected, almost resentfully. But at this moment Mrs Ansley spoke "I don't know how you knew. I burnt that letter at once."

"Yes, you would, naturally — you're so prudent!" The sneer was open now. "And if you burnt the letter you're wondering how on earth I know what was in it. That's it, isn't it?"

Mrs. Slade waited, but Mrs. Ansley did not speak.

"Well, my dear, I know what was in that letter because I wrote it!"

"You wrote it?"

"Yes"

The two women stood for a minute staring at each other in the last golden light. Then Mrs. Ansley dropped back into her chair. "Oh," she murmured, and covered her face with her hands.

Mrs Slade waited nervously for another word or movement. None came, and at length she broke out "I horrify you."

Mrs. Ansley's hands dropped to her knee. The face they uncovered was streaked with tears. "I wasn't thinking of you. I was thinking — it was the only letter I ever had from him!"

"And I wrote it. Yes, I wrote it! But I was the girl he was engaged to. Did you happen to remember that?"

Mrs Ansley's head dropped again. "I'm not trying to excuse myself. I remembered."

"And still you went?"

"Still I went"

Mrs. Slade stood looking down on the small bowed figure at her side. The flame of her wrath had already sunk, and she wondered why she had ever thought there would be any satisfaction in inflicting so purposeless a wound on her friend. But she had to justify herself.

"You do understand? I found out — and I hated you, hated you. I knew you were in love with Delphin — and I was afraid, afraid of you, of your quiet ways, your sweetness. . . . your . . . well, I wanted you out of the way, that's all. Just for a few weeks, just till I was sure of him. So in a blind fury I wrote that letter . . . I don't know why I'm telling you now."

"I suppose," said Mrs Ansley slowly, "it's because you've always gone on hating me."

"Perhaps. Or because I wanted to get the whole thing off my mind." She paused. "I'm glad you destroyed the letter. Of course I never thought you'd die."

Mrs. Ansley relapsed into silence, and Mrs Slade, leaning above her, was conscious of a strange sense of isolation, of being cut off from the warm current of human communion. "You think me a monster!"

"I don't know . . . It was the only letter I had, and you say he didn't write it?"

"Ah, how you care for him still!"

"I cared for that memory," said Mrs. Ansley.

Mrs. Slade continued to look down on her. She seemed physically reduced by the blow — as if, when she got up, the wind might scatter her like a puff of dust. Mrs. Slade's jealousy suddenly leapt up again at the sight. All these years the woman had been living on that letter. How she must have loved him, to treasure the mere memory of its ashes! The letter of the man her friend was engaged to. Wasn't it she who was the monster?

"You tried your best to get him away from me, didn't you? But you failed, and I kept him. That's all."

"Yes. That's all."

"I wish now I hadn't told you. I'd no idea you'd feel about it as you do, I thought you'd be amused. It all happened so long ago, as you say, and you must do me the justice to remember that I had no reason to think you'd ever taken it seriously. How could I, when you were married to Horace Ansley two months afterward? As soon as you could get out of bed your mother rushed you off to Florence and married you. People were rather surprised — they wondered at its being done so quickly, but I thought I knew. I had an idea you did it out of *pique* — to be able to say you'd got ahead of Delphin and me. Girls have such silly reasons for doing the most serious things. And your marrying so soon convinced me that you'd never really cared."

"Yes, I suppose it would," Mrs. Ansley assented.

The clear heaven overhead was emptied of all its gold. Dusk spread over it, abruptly darkening the Seven Hills. Here and there lights began to twinkle through the foliage at their feet. Steps were coming and going on the deserted terrace — waiters looking out of the doorway at the head of the stairs, then reappearing with trays and napkins and flasks of wine. Tables were moved, chairs straightened. A feeble string of electric lights flickered out. Some vases of faded flowers were carried away, and brought back replenished. A stout lady in a dust-coat suddenly appeared, asking in broken Italian if any one had seen the elastic band which held together her tattered Baedeker. She poked with her stick under the table at which she had lunched, the waiters assisting.

The corner where Mrs. Slade and Mrs. Ansley sat was still shadowy and deserted. For a long time neither of them spoke. At length Mrs. Slade began again. "I suppose I did it as a sort of joke —"

"A joke?"

"Well, girls are ferocious sometimes, you know. Girls in love especially. And I remember laughing to myself all that evening at the idea that you were waiting around there in the dark, dodging out of sight, listening for every sound, trying to get in —. Of course I was upset when I heard you were so ill afterward."

Mrs. Ansley had not moved for a long time. But now she turned

slowly toward her companion "But I didn't wait He'd arranged everything He was there We were let in at once," she said

Mrs. Slade sprang up from her leaning position "Delphin there? They let you in? — Ah, now you're lying!" she burst out without violence

Mrs. Ansley's voice grew clearer, and full of surprise "But of course he was there. Naturally he came — "

"Came? How did he know he'd find you there? You must be raving!"

Mrs. Ansley hesitated, as though reflecting "But I answered the letter. I told him I'd be there So he came."

Mrs. Slade flung her hands up to her face. "Oh, God — you answered! I never thought of your answering . . ."

"It's odd you never thought of it, if you wrote the letter."

"Yes I was blind with rage."

Mrs. Ansley rose, and drew her fur scarf about her. "It is cold here. We'd better go . . . I'm sorry for you," she said, as she clasped the fur about her throat.

The unexpected words sent a pang through Mrs. Slade. "Yes, we'd better go" She gathered up her bag and cloak "I don't know why you should be sorry for me," she muttered.

Mrs. Ansley stood looking away from her toward the dusky secret mass of the Colosseum "Well — because I didn't have to wait that night."

Mrs. Slade gave an unquiet laugh "Yes, I was beaten there But I oughtn't to begrudge it to you, I suppose At the end of all these years After all, I had everything, I had him for twenty-five years And you had nothing but that one letter that he didn't write."

Mrs. Ansley was again silent. At length she turned toward the door of the terrace. She took a step, and turned back, facing her companion.

"I had Barbara," she said, and began to move ahead of Mrs. Slade toward the stairway.

Interpreting Your Reading

Note the skill with which the pieces of the background are gradually revealed to the reader. What contribution does the setting make to the total effect? What mood does Mrs. Wharton wish to create? How would you sum up the character of each of the women? the attitude of each toward the other? Where does Mrs. Wharton wish the reader's sympathy to lie? What use does she make of the interior monologue? What other devices does she employ to move the story forward and yet permit digression? Analyze the effect of the last sentence on all that goes before In her book *The Writing of Fiction* (1925) Mrs. Wharton says that a novelist must "bear in mind at each step that his business is not to ask what the situation would be likely to make of his characters but what his characters, being what they are, would make of the situation." Is "Roman Fever" true to that artistic credo?

I WANT TO KNOW WHY

Sherwood Anderson

When he came to Chicago at the age of seventeen, Sherwood Anderson (1876-1941) had left behind in Ohio his large, poor family and a boyhood that was concerned less with schooling than with his jobs selling newspapers and popcorn, acting as stable boy and factory hand. He read constantly as a youth and was moved by a strong urge to write. To escape the drudgery of factory routine, he enlisted in the Spanish-American War, served in Cuba, returned to enter the advertising profession, and ran a paint factory in Elyria, Ohio, finally he gave up business to devote his full time and considerable talent to creative writing. In Chicago Theodore Dreiser and Carl Sandburg encouraged him, and in New York he entered the literary world that included Waldo Frank, James Oppenheim, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, the New Republic, and the Masses. When he won a Dial award in 1921 for such work as Winesburg, Ohio (1919) and Poor White (1920), he spent a year abroad and a year with William Faulkner in New Orleans. By 1925, he was established as a country editor and publisher on a farm near Marion, Virginia, where he spent most of his last years. In emphasizing the need for reality as a stimulus and basis for creative imagination, Mr. Anderson commented in Scribner's Bookbuyer in 1936 "It seems to me that the story-teller is one thing and the thinker, the political economist, the reformer another. The business of the story-teller is with life, in his own time, life as he feels it, smells it, tastes it. Not for him surely the making of the revolution." "I Want to Know Why" illustrates well how Mr. Anderson calls upon his memory, his senses, his sensitivity, to record a boyhood experience that is immensely real and meaningful.

WE GOT UP AT FOUR in the morning, that first day in the east. On the evening before we had climbed off a freight train at the edge of town, and with the true instinct of Kentucky boys had found our way across town and to the race track and the stables at once. Then we knew we were all right. Hanley Turner right away found a nigger we knew. It was Bildad Johnson who in the winter works at Ed Becker's livery barn in our home town, Beckersville. Bildad is a good cook as almost all our niggers are and of course he, like everyone in our part of Kentucky who is anyone at all, likes the horses. In the spring Bildad begins to scratch around. A nigger from our country can flatter and wheedle anyone into letting him do most anything he wants. Bildad wheedles the stable men and the

From *The Triumph of the Egg* by Sherwood Anderson. Copyright 1921 by Eleanor Anderson. Reprinted by permission of Harold Ober.

trainers from the horse farms in our country around Lexington. The trainers come into town in the evening to stand around and talk and maybe get into a poker game. Bildad gets in with them. He is always doing little favors and telling about things to eat, chicken browned in a pan, and how is the best way to cook sweet potatoes and corn bread. It makes your mouth water to hear him. When the racing season comes on and the horses go to the races and there is all the talk on the streets in the evenings about the new colts, and everyone says when they are going over to Lexington or to the spring meeting at Churchill Downs or to Latonia, and the horsemen that have been down to New Orleans or maybe at the winter meeting at Havana in Cuba come home to spend a week before they start out again, at such a time when everything talked about in Beckersville is just horses and nothing else and the outfits start out and horse racing is in every breath of air you breathe, Bildad shows up with a job as cook for some outfit. Often when I think about it, his always going all season to the races and working in the livery barn in the winter where horses are and where men like to come and talk about horses, I wish I was a nigger. It's a foolish thing to say, but that's the way I am about being around horses, just crazy. I can't help it.

Well, I must tell you about what we did and let you in on what I'm talking about. Four of us boys from Beckersville, all whites and sons of men who live in Beckersville regular, made up our minds we were going to the races, not just to Lexington or Louisville, I don't mean, but to the big eastern track we were always hearing our Beckersville men talk about, to Saratoga. We were all pretty young then. I was just turned fifteen and I was the oldest of the four. It was my scheme. I admit that and I talked the others into trying it. There was Hanley Turner and Henry Rueback and Tom Tumberton and myself. I had thirty-seven dollars I had earned during the winter working nights and Saturdays in Enoch Myer's grocery. Henry Rieback had eleven dollars and the others, Hanley and Tom, had only a dollar or two each. We fixed it all up and laid low until the Kentucky spring meetings were over and some of our men, the sportiest ones, the ones we envied the most, had cut out — then we cut out too.

I won't tell you the trouble we had beating our way on freights and all. We went through Cleveland and Buffalo and other cities and saw Niagara Falls. We bought things there, souvenirs and spoons and cards and shells with pictures of the falls on them for our sisters and mothers, but thought we had better not send any of the things home. We didn't want to put the folks on our trail and maybe be nabbed.

We got into Saratoga as I said at night and went to the track. Bildad fed us up. He showed us a place to sleep in hay over a shed and promised to keep still. Niggers are all right about things like that. They won't squeal on you. Often a white man you might meet, when you had run away from home like that, might appear to be all right and give you a quarter or a

half dollar or something, and then go right and give you away. White men will do that, but not a nigger. You can trust them They are squarer with kids I don't know why.

At the Saratoga meeting that year there were a lot of men from home Dave Williams and Arthur Mulford and Jerry Myers and others. Then there was a lot from Louisville and Lexington Henry Rieback knew but I didn't They were professional gamblers and Henry Rieback's father is one too He is what is called a sheet writer and goes away most of the year to tracks In the winter when he is home in Beckersville he don't stay there much but goes away to cities and deals faro He is a nice man and generous, is always sending Henry presents, a bicycle and a gold watch and a boy scout suit of clothes and things like that.

My own father is a lawyer. He's all right, but don't make much money and can't buy me things and anyway I'm getting so old now I don't expect it He never said nothing to me against Henry, but Hanley Turner and Tom Tumberton's fathers did. They said to their boys that money so come by is no good and they didn't want their boys brought up to hear gamblers' talk and be thinking about such things and maybe embrace them

That's all right and I guess the men know what they are talking about, but I don't see what it's got to do with Henry or with horses either. That's what I'm writing this story about I'm puzzled. I'm getting to be a man and want to think straight and be O K , and there's something I saw at the race meeting at the eastern track I can't figure out.

I can't help it, I'm crazy about thoroughbred horses. I've always been that way When I was ten years old and saw I was going to be big and couldn't be a rider I was so sorry I nearly died. Harry Hellinfinger in Beckersville, whose father is Postmaster, is grown up and too lazy to work, but likes to stand around in the street and get up jokes on boys like sending them to a hardware store for a gimlet to bore square holes and other jokes like that He played one on me. He told me that if I would eat a half a cigar I would be stunted and not grow any more and maybe could be a rider. I did it. When Father wasn't looking I took a cigar out of his pocket and gagged it down some way It made me awful sick and the doctor had to be sent for, and then it did no good I kept right on growing It was a joke. When I told what I had done and why, most fathers would have whipped me but mine didn't.

Well, I didn't get stunted and didn't die. It serves Harry Hellinfinger right. Then I made up my mind I would like to be a stable boy, but had to give that up too. Mostly niggers do that work and I knew Father wouldn't let me go into it. No use to ask him.

If you've never been crazy about thoroughbreds it's because you've never been around where they are much and don't know any better. They're beautiful. There isn't anything so lovely and clean and full of spunk and honest and everything as some race horses. On the big

horse farms that are all around our town, Beckersville, there are tracks and the horses run in the early morning. More than a thousand times I've got out of bed before daylight and walked two or three miles to the tracks. Mother wouldn't of let me go but Father always says, "Let him alone." So I got some bread out of the bread box and some butter and jam, gobbled it and lit out.

At the tracks you sit on the fence with men, whites and niggers, and they chew tobacco and talk, and then the colts are brought out. It's early and the grass is covered with shiny dew and in another field a man is plowing and they are frying things in a shed where the track niggers sleep, and you know how a nigger can giggle and laugh and say things that make you laugh. A white man can't do it and some niggers can't but a track nigger can every time.

And so the colts are brought out and some are just galloped by stable boys, but almost every morning on a big track owned by a rich man who lives maybe in New York, there are always, nearly every morning, a few colts and some of the old race horses and geldings and mares that are cut loose.

It brings a lump up in my throat when a horse runs. I don't mean all horses but some. I can pick them nearly every time. It's in my blood like in the blood of race track niggers and trainers. Even when they just go slop-jogging along with a little nigger on their backs I can tell a winner. If my throat hurts and it's hard for me to swallow, that's him. He'll run like Sam Hill when you let him out. If he don't win every time it'll be a wonder and because they've got him in a pocket behind another or he was pulled or got off bad at the post or something. If I wanted to be a gambler like Henry Rieback's father I could get rich. I know I could and Henry says so too. All I would have to do is to wait 'til that hurt comes when I see a horse and then bet every cent. That's what I would do if I wanted to be a gambler, but I don't.

When you're at the tracks in the morning — not the race tracks but the training tracks around Beckersville — you don't see a horse, the kind I've been talking about, very often, but it's nice anyway. Any thoroughbred, that is sired right and out of a good mare and trained by a man that knows how, can run. If he couldn't what would he be there for and not pulling a plow?

Well, out of the stables they come and the boys are on their backs and it's lovely to be there. You hunch down on top of the fence and itch inside you. Over in the sheds the niggers giggle and sing. Bacon is being fried and coffee made. Everything smells lovely. Nothing smells better than coffee and manure and horses and niggers and bacon frying and pipes being smoked out of doors on a morning like that. It just gets you, that's what it does.

But about Saratoga. We was there six days and not a soul from home

seen us and everything came off just as we wanted it to, fine weather and horses and races and all. We beat our way home and Bildad gave us a basket with fried chicken and bread and other eatables in, and I had eighteen dollars when we got back to Beckersville. Mother jawed and cried but Pop didn't say much. I told everything we done except one thing. I did and saw that alone That's what I'm writing about It got me upset. I think about it at night Here it is.

At Saratoga we laid up nights in the hay in the shed Bildad had showed us and ate with the niggers early and at night when the race people had all gone away. The men from home stayed mostly in the grandstand and betting field, and didn't come out around the places where the horses are kept except to the paddocks just before a race when the horses are saddled At Saratoga they don't have paddocks under an open shed as at Lexington and Churchill Downs and other tracks down in our country, but saddle the horses right out in an open place under trees on a lawn as smooth and nice as Banker Bohon's front yard here in Beckersville It's lovely The horses are sweaty and nervous and shine and the men come out and smoke cigars and look at them and the trainers are there and the owners, and your heart thumps so you can hardly breathe.

Then the bugle blows for post and the boys that ride come running out with their silk clothes on and you run to get a place by the fence with the niggers.

I always am wanting to be a trainer or owner, and at the risk of being seen and caught and sent home I went to the paddocks before every race. The other boys didn't but I did.

We got to Saratoga on a Friday and on Wednesday the next week the big Mullford Handicap was to be run. Middlestride was in it and Sunstreak. The weather was fine and the track fast. I couldn't sleep the night before.

What had happened was that both these horses are the kind it makes my throat hurt to see. Middlestride is long and looks awkward and is a gelding. He belongs to Joe Thompson, a little owner from home who only has a half dozen horses The Mullford Handicap is for a mile and Middlestride can't untrack fast. He goes away slow and is always way back at the half, then he begins to run and if the race is a mile and a quarter he'll just eat up everything and get there

Sunstreak is different He is a stallion and nervous and belongs on the biggest farm we've got in our country, the Van Riddle place that belongs to Mr Van Riddle of New York Sunstreak is like a girl you think about sometimes but never see. He is hard all over and lovely too. When you look at his head you want to kiss him. He is trained by Jerry Tillford who knows me and has been good to me lots of times, lets me walk into a horse's stall to look at him close and other things. There isn't anything as sweet as that horse He stands at the post quiet and not letting on, but he

is just burning up inside Then when the barrier goes up he is off like his name, Sunstreak. It makes you ache to see him It hurts you. He just lays down and runs like a bird dog There can't anything I ever see run like him except Middlestride when he gets untracked and stretches himself

Geel I ached to see that race and those two horses run, ached and dreaded it too. I didn't want to see either of our horses beaten. We had never sent a pair like that to the races before Old men in Beckersville said so and the niggers said so. It was a fact

Before the race I went over to the paddocks to see. I looked a last look at Middlestride, who isn't such a much standing in a paddock that way, then I went to see Sunstreak

It was his day I knew when I see him I forgot all about being seen myself and walked right up All the men from Beckersville were there and no one noticed me except Jerry Tillford. He saw me and something happened. I'll tell you about that

I was standing looking at that horse and aching In some way, I can't tell how, I knew just how Sunstreak felt inside He was quiet and letting the niggers rub his legs and Mr. Van Riddle himself put the saddle on, but he was just a raging torrent inside He was like the water in the river at Niagara Falls just before it goes plunk down. That horse wasn't thinking about running. He don't have to think about that. He was just thinking about holding himself back 'til the time for the running came I knew that I could just in a way see right inside him. He was going to do some awful running and I knew it. He wasn't bragging or letting on much or prancing or making a fuss, but just waiting I knew it and Jerry Tillford his trainer knew. I looked up and then that man and I looked into each other's eyes. Something happened to me. I guess I loved the man as much as I did the horse because he knew what I knew. Seemed to me there wasn't anything in the world but that man and the horse and me. I cried and Jerry Tillford had a shine in his eyes. Then I came away to the fence to wait for the race. The horse was better than me, more steadier, and now I know better than Jerry. He was the quietest and he had to do the running

Sunstreak ran first of course and he busted the world's record for a mile. I've seen that if I never see anything more Everything came out just as I expected. Middlestride got left at the post and was way back and closed up to be second, just as I knew he would He'll get a world's record too some day. They can't skin the Beckersville country on horses

I watched the race calm because I knew what would happen. I was sure Hanley Turner and Henry Rieback and Tom Tumberton were all more excited than me.

A funny thing had happened to me I was thinking about Jerry Tillford, the trainer, and how happy he was all through the race. I liked him that afternoon even more than I ever liked my own father I almost forgot the horses thinking that way about him It was because of what I had

seen in his eyes as he stood in the paddocks beside Sunstreak before the race started. I knew he had been watching and working with Sunstreak since the horse was a baby colt, had taught him to run and be patient and when to let himself out and not to quit, never. I knew that for him it was like a mother seeing her child do something brave or wonderful. It was the first time I ever felt for a man like that.

After the race that night I cut out from Tom and Hanley and Henry. I wanted to be by myself and I wanted to be near Jerry Tillford if I could work it. Here is what happened.

The track in Saratoga is near the edge of town. It is all polished up and trees around, the evergreen kind, and grass and everything painted and nice. If you go past the track you get to a hard road made of asphalt for automobiles, and if you go along this for a few miles there is a road turns off to a little rummy looking farm house set in a yard.

That night after the race I went along that road because I had seen Jerry and some other men go that way in an automobile. I didn't expect to find them. I walked for a ways and then sat down by a fence to think. It was the direction they went in. I wanted to be as near Jerry as I could. I felt close to him. Pretty soon I went up the side road — I don't know why — and came to the rummy farm house. I was just lonesome to see Jerry, like wanting to see your father at night when you were a young kid. Just then an automobile came along and turned in. Jerry was in it and Henry Rueback's father, and Arthur Bedford from home, and Dave Williams and two other men I didn't know. They got out of the car and went into the house, all but Henry Rueback's father who quarreled with them and said he wouldn't go. It was only about nine o'clock, but they were all drunk and the rummy looking farm house was a place for bad women to stay in. That's what it was. I crept up along a fence and looked through a window and saw.

It's what gives me the fantods. I can't make it out. The women in the house were all ugly, mean-looking women, not nice to look at or be near. They were homely, too, except one who was tall and looked a little like the gelding Middlestride, but not clean like him, but with a hard, ugly mouth. She had red hair. I saw everything plain. I got up by an old rose bush by an open window and looked. The women had on loose dresses and sat around in chairs. The men came in and some sat on the women's laps. The place smelled rotten and there was rotten talk, the kind a kid hears around a livery stable in a town like Beckersville in the winter but don't ever expect to hear talked when there are women around. It was rotten. A nigger wouldn't go into such a place.

I looked at Jerry Tillford. I've told you how I had been feeling about him on account of his knowing what was going on inside of Sunstreak in the minute before he went to the post for the race in which he made a world's record.

Jerry bragged in that bad woman house as I know Sunstreak wouldn't never have bragged. He said that he made that horse, that it was him that won the race and made the record. He lied and bragged like a fool. I never heard such silly talk.

And then, what do you suppose he did! He looked at the woman in there, the one that was lean and hard-mouthed and looked a little like the gelding Middlestride, but not clean like him, and his eyes began to shine just as they did when he looked at me and at Sunstreak in the paddocks at the track in the afternoon. I stood there by the window — gee! — but I wished I hadn't gone away from the tracks, but had stayed with the boys and the niggers and the horses. The tall rotten looking woman was between us just as Sunstreak was in the paddocks in the afternoon.

Then, all of a sudden, I began to hate that man. I wanted to scream and rush in the room and kill him. I never had such a feeling before. I was so mad clean through that I cried and my fists were doubled up so my finger nails cut my hands.

And Jerry's eyes kept shining and he waved back and forth, and then he went and kissed that woman and I crept away and went back to the tracks and to bed and didn't sleep hardly any, and then next day I got the other kids to start home with me and never told them anything I seen.

I been thinking about it ever since. I can't make it out. Spring has come again and I'm nearly sixteen and go to the tracks mornings same as always, and I see Sunstreak and Middlestride and a new colt named Strident. I'll bet will lay them all out, but no one thinks so but me and two or three niggers.

But things are different. At the tracks the air don't taste as good or smell as good. It's because a man like Jerry Tillford, who knows what he does, could see a horse like Sunstreak run, and kiss a woman like that the same day. I can't make it out. Darn him, what did he want to do like that for? I keep thinking about it and it spoils looking at horses and smelling things and hearing niggers laugh and everything. Sometimes I'm so mad about it I want to fight someone. It gives me the fantods. What did he do it for? I want to know why.

Interpreting Your Reading

The whole point of this story lies in the shattering of the boy's illusions. Though the incident is simple, Anderson integrates all the elements of the story so carefully that the climax has tremendous poignancy. Try to get at the means by which Anderson produces this effect. What are the advantages of the first-person narration? Has it weaknesses? Is it everywhere carried out naturally and plausibly, or does it sometimes seem artificial or affected? How much of the boy's life and nature does Anderson reveal? By what means? Study carefully the order

in which material is introduced, the recurrence of certain ideas, Anderson's use of atmospheric detail. How would you begin to answer the boy's question, "What did he do it for?" Does the attempt aid you in formulating the general significance of the story?

THE BATTLER

Ernest Hemingway

Ernest Hemingway (1898–) probably has more imitators than any other contemporary American writer and in both the United States and Europe needs less of an introduction than any of his colleagues. His short stories and his novels are known wherever American literature is read. He prefaced his writing of fiction with work on the Kansas City Star and the Toronto Star, and with service in World War I as a volunteer American ambulance driver and as a member of the Italian Arditi. More recently he has been a Paris correspondent for the Hearst papers, a reporter on the Spanish Civil War (from which he produced his immensely successful novel, For Whom the Bell Tolls), and a great outdoor sports enthusiast (particularly of bull fighting, as witness Death in the Afternoon). His first American collection of short stories, In Our Time, appeared in 1925, his most popular collection, which includes his play, is The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories. His most often discussed novels are The Sun Also Rises (1926), A Farewell to Arms (1929), and To Have and Have Not (1937).

NICK STOOD UP. He was all right. He looked up the track at the lights of the caboose going out of sight around a curve. There was water on both sides of the track, then tamarack swamp.

He felt of his knee. The pants were torn and the skin was barked. His hands were scraped and there were sand and cinders driven up under his nails. He went over to the edge of the track, down the little slope to the water and washed his hands. He washed them carefully in the cold water, getting the dirt out from the nails. He squatted down and bathed his knee.

That lousy crut of a brakeman. He would get him some day. He would know him again. That was a fine way to act.

"Come here, kid," he said. "I got something for you."

He had fallen for it. What a lousy kid thing to have done. They would never suck him in that way again.

"Come here, kid, I got something for you." Then *wham* and he lit on his hands and knees beside the track.

Nick rubbed his eye. There was a big bump coming up. He would have a black eye, all right. It ached already. That son of a crutting brakeman.

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He touched the bump over his eye with his fingers. Oh, well, it was only a black eye That was all he had gotten out of it Cheap at the price He wished he could see it Could not see it looking into the water, though It was dark and he was a long way off from anywhere He wiped his hands on his trousers and stood up, then climbed the embankment to the rails

He started up the track. It was well ballasted and made easy walking, sand and gravel packed between the ties, solid walking The smooth road-bed like a causeway went on ahead through the swamp Nick walked along. He must get to somewhere.

Nick had swung on to the freight train when it slowed down for the yards outside of Walton Junction The train, with Nick on it, had passed through Kalkaska as it started to get dark Now he must be nearly to Mancelona Three or four miles of swamp He stepped along the track, walking so he kept on the ballast between the ties, the swamp ghostly in the rising mist. His eye ached and he was hungry He kept on hiking, putting the miles of track back of him The swamp was all the same on both sides of the track

Ahead there was a bridge Nick crossed it, his boots ringing hollow on the iron Down below the water showed black between the slits of ties. Nick kicked a loose spike and it dropped into the water. Beyond the bridge were hulls It was high and dark on both sides of the track. Up the track Nick saw a fire.

He came up the track toward the fire carefully It was off to one side of the track, below the railway embankment He had only seen the light from it. The track came out through a cut and where the fire was burning the country opened out and fell away into woods Nick dropped carefully down the embankment and cut into the woods to come up to the fire through the trees. It was a beechwood forest and the fallen beechnut burrs were under his shoes as he walked between the trees. The fire was bright now, just at the edge of the trees. There was a man sitting by it Nick waited behind the tree and watched The man looked to be alone. He was sitting there with his head in his hands looking at the fire Nick stepped out and walked into the firelight.

The man sat there looking into the fire. When Nick stopped quite close to him he did not move.

"Hello!" Nick said.

The man looked up.

"Where did you get the shiner?" he said.

"A brakeman busted me."

"Off the through freight?"

"Yes."

"I saw the bastard," the man said. "He went through here 'bout an hour and a half ago. He was walking along the top of the cars slapping his arms and singing."

"The bastard!"

"It must have made him feel good to bust you," the man said seriously.

"I'll bust him."

"Get him with a rock sometime when he's going through," the man advised.

"I'll get him."

"You're a tough one, aren't you?"

"No," Nick answered

"All you kids are tough."

"You got to be tough," Nick said.

"That's what I said."

The man looked at Nick and smiled. In the firelight Nick saw that his face was misshapen. His nose was sunken, his eyes were slits, he had queer shaped lips. Nick did not perceive all this at once, he only saw the man's face was queerly formed and mutilated. It was like putty in color. Dead looking in the firelight.

"Don't you like my pan?" the man asked.

Nick was embarrassed.

"Sure," he said.

"Look here!" the man took off his cap.

He had only one ear. It was thickened and tight against the side of his head. Where the other ear should have been there was a stump.

"Ever see one like that?"

"No," said Nick. It made him a little sick.

"I could take it," the man said. "Don't you think I could take it, kid?"

"You bet!"

"They all bust their hands on me," the little man said. "They couldn't hurt me."

He looked at Nick. "Sit down," he said. "Want to eat?"

"Don't bother," Nick said. "I'm going on to the town."

"Listen!" the man said. "Call me Ad."

"Sure!"

"Listen," the little man said. "I'm not quite right."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm crazy."

He put on his cap. Nick felt like laughing.

"You're all right," he said

"No, I'm not. I'm crazy. Listen, you ever been crazy?"

"No," Nick said. "How does it get you?"

"I don't know," Ad said. "When you got it you don't know about it. You know me, don't you?"

"No."

"I'm Ad Francis."

"Honest to God?"

"Don't you believe it?"

"Yes."

Nick knew it must be true.

"You know how I beat them?"

"No," Nick said.

"My heart's slow. It only beats forty a minute. Feel it "

Nick hesitated.

"Come on," the man took hold of his hand. "Take hold of my wrist. Put your fingers there."

The little man's wrist was thick and the muscles bulged above the bone. Nick felt the slow pumping under his fingers.

"Got a watch?"

"No "

"Neither have I," Ad said. "It ain't any good if you haven't got a watch."

Nick dropped his wrist.

"Listen," Ad Francis said "Take ahold again. You count and I'll count up to sixty."

Feeling the slow hard throb under his fingers Nick started to count. He heard the little man counting slowly, one, two, three, four, five, and on — aloud.

"Sixty," Ad finished. "That's a minute. What did you make it?"

"Forty," Nick said

"That's right," Ad said happily. "She never speeds up "

A man dropped down the railroad embankment and came across the clearing to the fire

"Hello, Bugs!" Ad said.

"Hello!" Bugs answered. It was a Negro's voice. Nick knew from the way he walked that he was a Negro. He stood with his back to them, bending over the fire. He straightened up.

"This is my pal Bugs," Ad said. "He's crazy, too."

"Glad to meet you," Bugs said. "Where you say you're from?"

"Chicago," Nick said.

"That's a fine town," the Negro said. "I didn't catch your name."

"Adams. Nick Adams."

"He says he's never been crazy, Bugs," Ad said

"He's got a lot coming to him," the Negro said. He was unwrapping a package by the fire.

"When are we going to eat, Bugs?" the prizefighter asked.

"Right away."

"Are you hungry, Nick?"

"Hungry as hell "

"Hear that, Bugs?"

"I hear most of what goes on."

"That ain't what I asked you "

"Yes. I heard what the gentleman said."

Into a skillet he was laying slices of ham. As the skillet grew hot the grease sputtered and Bugs, crouching on long nigger legs over the fire, turned the ham and broke eggs into the skillet, tipping it from side to side to baste the eggs with the hot fat

"Will you cut some bread out of that bag, Mister Adams?" Bugs turned from the fire.

"Sure."

Nick reached in the bag and brought out a loaf of bread. He cut six slices Ad watched him and leaned forward.

"Let me take your knife, Nick," he said.

"No, you don't," the Negro said. "Hang onto your knife, Mister Adams."

The prizefighter sat back

"Will you bring me the bread, Mister Adams?" Bugs asked Nick brought it over.

"Do you like to dip your bread in the ham fat?" the Negro asked

"You bet!"

"Perhaps we'd better wait until later. It's better at the finish of the meal. Here "

The Negro picked up a slice of ham and laid it on one of the pieces of bread, then slid an egg on top of it.

"Just close that sandwich, will you, please, and give it to Mister Francis "

Ad took the sandwich and started eating

"Watch out how that egg runs," the Negro warned. "This is for you, Mister Adams The remainder for myself."

Nick bit into the sandwich The Negro was sitting opposite him beside Ad. The hot fried ham and eggs tasted wonderful.

"Mister Adams is right hungry," the Negro said. The little man whom Nick knew by name as a former champion fighter was silent. He had said nothing since the Negro had spoken about the knife.

"May I offer you a slice of bread dipped right in the hot ham fat?" Bugs said.

"Thanks a lot."

The little white man looked at Nick.

"Will you have some, Mister Adolph Francis?" Bugs offered from the skillet.

Ad did not answer. He was looking at Nick.

"Mister Francis?" came the nigger's soft voice.

Ad did not answer. He was looking at Nick.

"I spoke to you, Mister Francis," the nigger said softly.

Ad kept on looking at Nick. He had his cap down over his eyes. Nick felt nervous.

"How the hell do you get that way?" came out from under the cap sharply at Nick.

"Who the hell do you think you are? You're a snotty bastard. You come in here where nobody asks you and eat a man's food and when he asks to borrow a knife you get snotty."

He glared at Nick, his face was white and his eyes almost out of sight under the cap.

"You're a hot sketch. Who the hell asked you to butt in here?"

"Nobody."

"You're damn right nobody did. Nobody asked you to stay either. You come in here and act snotty about my face and smoke my cigars and drink my liquor and then talk snotty. Where the hell do you think you get off?"

Nick said nothing. Ad stood up.

"I'll tell you, you yellow-livered Chicago bastard. You're going to get your can knocked off. Do you get that?"

Nick stepped back. The little man came toward him slowly, stepping flat-footed forward, his left foot stepping forward, his right dragging up to it.

"Hit me," he moved his head. "Try and hit me."

"I don't want to hit you."

"You won't get out of it that way. You're going to take a beating, see? Come on and lead at me."

"Cut it out," Nick said.

"All right, then, you bastard."

The little man looked down at Nick's feet. As he looked down the Negro, who had followed behind him as he moved away from the fire, set himself and tapped him across the base of the skull. He fell forward and Bugs dropped the cloth-wrapped blackjack on the grass. The little man lay there, his face in the grass. The Negro picked him up, his head hanging, and carried him to the fire. His face looked bad, the eyes open. Bugs laid him down gently.

"Will you bring me the water in the bucket, Mister Adams," he said. "I'm afraid I hit him just a little hard."

The Negro splashed water with his hand on the man's face and pulled his ear gently. The eyes closed.

Bugs stood up.

"He's all right," he said. "There's nothing to worry about. I'm sorry, Mister Adams."

"It's all right." Nick was looking down at the little man. He saw the blackjack on the grass and picked it up. It had a flexible handle and was limber in his hand. Worn black leather with a handkerchief wrapped around the heavy end.

"That's a whalebone handle," the Negro smiled. "They don't make them any more. I didn't know how well you could take care yourself and,

anyway, I didn't want you to hurt him or mark him up no more than he is."

The Negro smiled again.

"You hurt him yourself."

"I know how to do it. He won't remember nothing of it. I have to do it to change him when he gets that way."

Nick was still looking down at the little man, lying, his eyes closed in the firelight. Bugs put some wood on the fire

"Don't you worry about him none, Mister Adams. I seen him like this plenty of times before."

"What made him crazy?" Nick asked.

"Oh, a lot of things," the Negro answered from the fire. "Would you like a cup of this coffee, Mister Adams?"

He handed Nick the cup and smoothed the coat he had placed under the unconscious man's head.

"He took too many beatings, for one thing," the Negro sipped the coffee. "But that just made him sort of simple. Then his sister was his manager and they was always being written up in the papers all about brothers and sisters and how she loved her brother and how he loved his sister, and then they got married in New York and that made a lot of unpleasantness."

"I remember about it."

"Sure. Of course they wasn't brother and sister no more than a rabbit, but there was a lot of people didn't like it either way and they commenced to have disagreements, and one day she just went off and never come back."

He drank the coffee and wiped his lips with the pink palm of his hand

"He just went crazy. Will you have some more coffee, Mister Adams?"

"Thanks."

"I seen her a couple of times," the Negro went on. "She was an awful good looking woman. Looked enough like him to be twins. He wouldn't be bad looking without his face all busted."

He stopped. The story seemed to be over.

"Where did you meet him?" asked Nick.

"I met him in jail," the Negro said. "He was busting people all the time after she went away and they put him in jail. I was in for cuttin' a man"

He smiled, and went on soft-voiced.

"Right away I liked him and when I got out I looked him up. He likes to think I'm crazy and I don't mind. I like to be with him and I like seeing the country and I don't have to commit no larceny to do it. I like living like a gentleman."

"What do you all do?" Nick asked.

"Oh, nothing. Just move around. He's got money."

"He must have made a lot of money."

"Sure. He spent all his money, though. Or they took it away from him. She sends him money."

He poked up the fire.

"She's a mighty fine woman," he said. "She looks enough like him to be his own twin."

The Negro looked over at the little man, lying breathing heavily. His blond hair was down over his forehead. His mutilated face looked childish in repose.

"I can wake him up any time now, Mister Adams. If you don't mind I wish you'd sort of pull out. I don't like to not be hospitable, but it might disturb him back again to see you. I hate to have to thump him and it's the only thing to do when he gets started. I have to sort of keep him away from people. You don't mind, do you, Mister Adams? No, don't thank me, Mister Adams. I'd have warned you about him but he seemed to have taken such a liking to you and I thought things were going to be all right. You'll hit a town about two miles up the track. Mancelona they call it. Good-bye. I wish we could ask you to stay the night but it's just out of the question. Would you like to take some of that ham and some bread with you? No? You better take a sandwich," all this in a low, smooth, polite nigger voice.

"Good. Well, good-bye, Mister Adams. Good-bye and good luck!"

Nick walked away from the fire across the clearing to the railway tracks. Out of the range of the fire he listened. The low soft voice of the Negro was talking. Nick could not hear the words. Then he heard the little man say, "I got an awful headache, Bugs."

"You'll feel better, Mister Francis," the Negro's voice soothed. "Just you drink a cup of this hot coffee."

Nick climbed the embankment and started up the track. He found he had a ham sandwich in his hand and put it in his pocket. Looking back from the mounting grade before the track curved into the hills he could see the firelight in the clearing.

Interpreting Your Reading

In Nick, Bugs, and Ad we have a brief but tense display of character and past lives. It is unnecessary to hear what came before or after the incident in the swamp, the reader's imagination welcomes the chance to fill in the background. What classes of men do these three characters represent? What is the nature of the relationship between Bugs and Ad? Compare it with the relationship between George and Lennie in John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*: an intimacy of feeling and dependency which both writers describe with much sympathy. Does Hemingway successfully establish an element of pathos in the case of Ad? Do you think that it is any sort of commentary on man's fate? Comment on the effectiveness of the following characteristics of Hemingway's style: use of short, simple sentences; repetition of words and phrases, absence of description or digression once the dialogue starts.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

John Steinbeck

A Californian by birth, John Steinbeck (1902–) has made California and especially the Salinas River Valley the milieu of almost all of his novels. He had worked in canneries, on farms, as a construction laborer in New York City, and as a winter watchman for a house in the Sierras and had published three books before Tortilla Flat (1935) and In Dubious Battle (1936) gained him national attention as a novelist and social critic. In 1937 Of Mice and Men became a best seller, and his own adaptation of the novel to the stage won him the New York Drama Critics Circle Award. The publication of The Grapes of Wrath in 1939 definitely established him as a first-rank American novelist. Steinbeck lived with the Okies in their California tent camps to assemble his data on the plight of the agricultural workers, which the San Francisco News published before he wrote his Pulitzer prize novel. The Grapes was banned, burned, and damned as often as it was praised, editorialized, and even read (in part) into the Congressional Record. In recent years Mr. Steinbeck has varied his work by publishing a volume on marine biology (Sea of Cortez, with Edward F. Ricketts), a novel on the Nazi occupation of Norway (The Moon is Down), two California novels (Cannery Row and The Wayward Bus), and impressions of a tour of Russia (A Russian Journal, with Robert Capa). The short story that follows is one of the most subtle and delicate that Steinbeck has written. It appeared first in Harper's Magazine in October, 1937, and in 1938 in his collection of stories, The Long Valley.

THE HIGH GRAY-FLANNEL FOG of winter closed the Salinas Valley from the sky and from all the rest of the world. On every side it sat like a lid on the mountains and made of the great valley a closed pot. On the broad, level land floor the gang plows bit deep and left the black earth shining like metal where the shares had cut. On the foot-hill ranches across the Salinas River the yellow stubble fields seemed to be bathed in pale cold sunshine, but there was no sunshine in the valley now in December. The thick willow scrub along the river flamed with sharp and positive yellow leaves.

It was a time of quiet and of waiting. The air was cold and tender. A light wind blew up from the southwest so that the farmers were mildly hopeful of a good rain before long, but fog and rain do not go together.

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Across the river, on Henry Allen's foot-hill ranch there was little work to be done, for the hay was cut and stored and the orchards were plowed up to receive the rain deeply when it should come. The cattle on the higher slopes were becoming shaggy and rough-coated.

Elisa Allen, working in her flower garden, looked down across the yard and saw Henry, her husband, talking to two men in business suits. The three of them stood by the tractor shed, each man with one foot on the side of the Little Fordson. They smoked cigarettes and studied the machine as they talked.

Elisa watched them for a moment and then went back to her work. She was thirty-five. Her face was lean and strong and her eyes were as clear as water. Her figure looked blocked and heavy in her gardening costume, a man's black hat pulled low down over her eyes, clodhopper shoes, a figured print dress almost completely covered by a big corduroy apron with four big pockets to hold the snips, the trowel and scratcher, the seeds and the knife she worked with. She wore heavy leather gloves to protect her hands while she worked.

She was cutting down the old year's chrysanthemum stalks with a pair of short and powerful scissors. She looked down toward the men by the tractor shed now and then. Her face was eager and mature and handsome, even her work with the scissors was over-eager, over-powerful. The chrysanthemum stems seemed too small and easy for her energy.

She brushed a cloud of hair out of her eyes with the back of her glove, and left a smudge of earth on her cheek in doing it. Behind her stood the neat white farmhouse with red geraniums close-banked round it as high as the windows. It was a hard-swept looking little house, with hard-polished windows, and a clean mat on the front steps.

Elisa cast another glance toward the tractor shed. The stranger men were getting into their Ford Coupé. She took off a glove and put her strong fingers down into the forest of new green chrysanthemum sprouts that were growing round the old roots. She spread the leaves and looked down among the close-growing stems. No aphids were there, no sow bugs nor snails nor cut worms. Her terrier fingers destroyed such pests before they could get started.

Elisa started at the sound of her husband's voice. He had come near quietly and he leaned over the wire fence that protected her flower garden from cattle and dogs and chickens.

"At it again," he said. "You've got a strong new crop coming."

Elisa straightened her back and pulled on the gardening glove again. "Yes. They'll be strong this coming year." In her tone and on her face there was a little smugness.

"You've got a gift with things," Henry observed. "Some of those yellow chrysanthemums you had last year were ten inches across. I wish you'd work out in the orchard and raise some apples that big."

Her eyes sharpened. "Maybe I could do it too I've a gift with things all right My mother had it. She could stick anything in the ground and make it grow. She said it was having planter's hands that knew how to do it."

"Well, it sure works with flowers," he said

"Henry, who were those men you were talking to?"

"Why, sure, that's what I came to tell you They were from the Western Meat Company. I sold those thirty head of three-year-old steers. Got nearly my own price too."

"Good," she said. "Good for you."

"And I thought," he continued, "I thought how it's Saturday afternoon, and we might go into Salinas for dinner at a restaurant and then to a picture show — to celebrate, you see."

"Good," she repeated "Oh, yes That will be good"

Henry put on his joking tone. "There's fights to-night. How'd you like to go to the fights?"

"Oh, no," she said breathlessly "No, I wouldn't like fights"

"Just fooling, Elisa We'll go to a movie Let's see It's two now. I'm going to take Scotty and bring down those steers from the hill It'll take us maybe two hours We'll go in town about five and have dinner at the Cominos Hotel. Like that?"

"Of course I'll like it It's good to eat away from home."

"All right then. I'll go get up a couple of horses."

She said, "I'll have plenty of time to transplant some of these sets, I guess."

She heard her husband calling Scotty down by the barn. And a little later she saw the two men ride up the pale-yellow hillside in search of the steers.

There was a little square sandy bed kept for rooting the chrysanthemums. With her trowel she turned the soil over and over and smoothed it and patted it firm. Then she dug ten parallel trenches to receive the sets. Back at the chrysanthemum bed she pulled out the little crisp shoots, trimmed off the leaves of each one with her scissors, and laid it on a small orderly pile.

A squeak of wheels and plod of hoofs came from the road. Elisa looked up. The country road ran along the dense bank of willows and cottonwoods that bordered the river, and up this road came a curious vehicle, curiously drawn. It was an old spring-wagon, with a round canvas top on it like the cover of a prairie schooner. It was drawn by an old bay horse and a little gray-and-white burro. A big stubble-bearded man sat between the cover flaps and drove the crawling team. Underneath the wagon, between the hind wheels, a lean and rangy mongrel dog walked sedately. Words were painted on the canvas in clumsy, crooked letters. "Pots, pans, knives, scissors, lawn mowers, Fixed." Two rows of articles, and the tri-

umphantly definitive "Fixed" below. The black paint had run down in little sharp points beneath each letter.

Elisa, squatting on the ground, watched to see the crazy loose-jointed wagon pass by. But it didn't pass. It turned into the farm road in front of her house, crooked old wheels skirling and squeaking. The rangy dog darted from beneath the wheels and ran ahead. Instantly the two ranch shepherds flew out at him. Then all three stopped, and with stiff and quivering tails, with taut straight legs, with ambassadorial dignity, they slowly circled, sniffing daintily. The caravan pulled up to Elisa's wire fence and stopped. Now the newcomer dog, feeling outnumbered, lowered his tail and retired under the wagon with raised hackles and bared teeth.

The man on the wagon seat called out, "That's a bad dog in a fight when he gets started."

Elisa laughed. "I see he is. How soon does he generally get started?"

The man caught up her laughter and echoed it heartily. "Sometimes not for weeks and weeks," he said. He climbed stiffly down over the wheel. The horse and the donkey dropped like unwatered flowers.

Elisa saw that he was a very big man. Although his hair and beard were graying, he did not look old. His worn black suit was wrinkled and spotted with grease. The laughter had disappeared from his face and eyes the moment his laughing voice ceased. His eyes were dark and they were full of the brooding that gets in the eyes of teamsters and of sailors. The calloused hands he rested on the fence were cracked, and every crack was a black line. He took off his battered hat.

"I'm off my general road, ma'am," he said. "Does this dirt road cut over across the river to the Los Angeles highway?"

Elisa stood up and shoved the thick scissors in her apron pocket. "Well, yes, it does, but it winds around and then fords the river. I don't think your team could pull through the sand."

He replied with some asperity, "It might surprise you what them beasts can pull through."

"When they get started?" she asked.

He smiled for a second. "Yes. When they get started."

"Well," said Elisa, "I think you'll save time if you go back to the Salinas road and pick up the highway there."

He drew a big finger down the chicken wire and made it sing. "I ain't in any hurry, ma'am. I go from Seattle to San Diego and back every year. Takes all my time. About six months each way. I aim to follow nice weather."

Elisa took off her gloves and stuffed them in the apron pocket with the scissors. She touched the under edge of her man's hat, searching for fugitive hairs. "That sounds like a nice kind of a way to live," she said.

He leaned confidentially over the fence. "Maybe you noticed the writ-

ing on my wagon I mend pots and sharpen knives and scissors. You got any of them things to do?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly "Nothing like that." Her eyes hardened with resistance

"Scissors is the worst thing," he explained "Most people just ruin scissors trying to sharpen 'em, but I know how. I got a special tool. It's a little bobbitt kind of thing and patented But it sure does the trick."

"No My scissors are all sharp"

"All right then. Take a pot," he continued earnestly, "a bent pot or a pot with a hole. I can make it like new so you don't have to buy no new ones That's a saving for you"

"No," she said shortly. "I tell you I have nothing like that for you to do"

His face fell to an exaggerated sadness. His voice took on a whining undertone "I ain't had a thing to do to-day Maybe I won't have no supper to-night You see I'm off my regular road. I know folks on the highway clear from Seattle to San Diego They save their things for me to sharpen up because they know I do it so good and save them money."

"I'm sorry," Elisa said irritably "I haven't anything for you to do."

His eyes left her face and fell to searching the ground. They roamed about until they came to the chrysanthemum bed where she had been working "What's them plants, ma'am?"

The irritation and resistance melted from Elisa's face. "Oh, those are chrysanthemums, giant whites and yellows. I raise them every year, bigger than anybody around here"

"Kind of a long-stemmed flower? Looks like a quick puff of colored smoke?" he asked

"That's it What a nice way to describe them"

"They smell kind of nasty till you get used to them," he said.

"It's a good bitter smell," she retorted, "not nasty at all."

He changed his tone quickly. "I like the smell myself."

"I had ten-inch blooms this year," she said.

The man leaned farther over the fence "Look. I know a lady down the road a piece has got the nicest garden you ever seen. Got nearly every kind of flower but no chrysanthemums. Last time I was mending a copper-bottom wash tub for her (that's a hard job but I do it good), she said to me, 'If you ever run acrost some nice chrysanthemums I wish you'd try to get me a few seeds' That's what she told me."

Elisa's eyes grew alert and eager. "She couldn't have known much about chrysanthemums. You *can* raise them from seed, but it's much easier to root the little sprouts you see there."

"Oh," he said "I s'pose I can't take none to her then."

"Why yes, you can," Elisa cried. "I can put some in damp sand, and

you can carry them right along with you They'll take root in the pot if you keep them damp And then she can transplant them."

"She'd sure like to have some, ma'am. You say they're nice ones?"

"Beautiful," she said "Oh, beautiful" Her eyes shone She tore off the battered hat and shook out her dark pretty hair "I'll put them in a flower pot, and you can take them right with you Come into the yard"

While the man came through the picket gate Elisa ran excitedly along the geranium-bordered path to the back of the house And she returned carrying a big red flower pot. The gloves were forgotten now She kneeled on the ground by the starting bed and dug up the sandy soil with her fingers and scooped it into the bright new flower pot Then she picked up the little pile of shoots she had prepared With her strong fingers she pressed them into the sand and tamped round them with her knuckles The man stood over her "I'll tell you what to do," she said "You remember so you can tell the lady"

"Yes, I'll try to remember"

"Well, look These will take root in about a month Then she must set them out, about a foot apart in good rich earth like this, see?" She lifted a handful of dark soil for him to look at. "They'll grow fast and tall Now remember this. In July tell her to cut them down, about eight inches from the ground."

"Before they bloom?" he asked.

"Yes, before they bloom." Her face was tight with eagerness. "They'll grow right up again About the last of September the buds will start."

She stopped and seemed perplexed "It's the budding that takes the most care," she said hesitantly "I don't know how to tell you." She looked deep into his eyes searchingly. Her mouth opened a little, and she seemed to be listening. "I'll try to tell you," she said. "Did you ever hear of planting hands?"

"Can't say I have, ma'am."

"Well, I can only tell you what it feels like It's when you're picking off the buds you don't want Everything goes right down into your fingertips You watch your fingers work. They do it themselves. You can feel how it is They pick and pick the buds. They never make a mistake They're with the plant. Do you see? Your fingers and the plant You can feel that, right up your arm They know They never make a mistake You can feel it. When you're like that you can't do anything wrong Do you see that? Can you understand that?"

She was kneeling on the ground looking up at him. Her breast swelled passionately.

The man's eyes narrowed He looked away self-consciously. "Maybe I know," he said. "Sometimes in the night in the wagon there —"

Elisa's voice grew husky She broke in on him. "I've never lived as you

do, but I know what you mean When the night is dark — the stars are sharp-pointed and there's quiet Why, you rise up and up!"

Kneeling there, her hand went out toward his legs in the greasy black trousers. Her hesitant fingers almost touched the cloth. Then her hand dropped to the ground.

He said, "It's nice, just like you say. Only when you don't have no dinner it ain't."

She stood up then, very straight, and her face was ashamed. She held the flower pot out to him and placed it gently in his arms "Here Put it in your wagon, on the seat, where you can watch it. Maybe I can find something for you to do."

At the back of the house she dug in the can pile and found two old and battered aluminum sauce pans. She carried them back and gave them to him. "Here, maybe you can fix these."

His manner changed. He became professional. "Good as new I can fix them." At the back of his wagon he set a little anvil, and out of an oily tool box dug a small machine hammer. Elisa came through the gate to watch him while he pounded out the dents in the kettles His mouth grew sure and knowing At a difficult part of the work he sucked his under-lip.

"You sleep right in the wagon?" Elisa asked.

"Right in the wagon, ma'am Rain or shine I'm dry as a cow in there."

"It must be nice," she said "It must be very nice. I wish women could do such things."

"It ain't the right kind of a life for a woman."

Her upper lip raised a little, showing her teeth. "How do you know? How can you tell?" she said

"I don't know, ma'am," he protested. "Of course I don't know. Now here's your kettles, done. You don't have to buy no new ones."

"How much?"

"Oh, fifty cents'll do. I keep my prices down and my work good. That's why I have all them satisfied customers up and down the highway."

Elisa brought him a fifty-cent piece from the house and dropped it in his hand. "You might be surprised to have a rival sometime. I can sharpen scissors too And I can beat the dents out of little pots. I could show you what a woman might do"

He put his hammer back in the oily box and shoved the little anvil out of sight. "It would be a lonely life for a woman, ma'am, and a scary life, too, with animals creeping under the wagon all night" He climbed over the singletree, steadyng himself with a hand on the burro's white rump He settled himself in the seat, picked up the lines. "Thank you kindly, ma'am," he said. "I'll do like you told me, I'll go back and catch the Salinas road"

"Mind," she called, "if you're long in getting there, keep the sand damp"

"Sand, ma'am — Sand? Oh, sure You mean around the chrysanthe-

mums. Sure I will." He clucked his tongue. The beasts leaned luxuriously into their collars. The mongrel dog took his place between the back wheels. The wagon turned and crawled out the entrance road and back the way it had come, along the river

Elisa stood in front of her wire fence watching the slow progress of the caravan. Her shoulders were straight, her head thrown back, her eyes half-closed, so that the scene came vaguely into them. Her lips moved silently, forming the words "Good-by — good-by" Then she whispered, "That's a bright direction There's a glowing there." The sound of her whisper startled her She shook herself free and looked about to see whether anyone had been listening. Only the dogs had heard They lifted their heads toward her from their sleeping in the dust, and then stretched out their chins and settled asleep again Elisa turned and ran hurriedly into the house

In the kitchen she reached behind the stove and felt the water tank. It was full of hot water from the noonday cooking. In the bathroom she tore off her soiled clothes and flung them into the corner And then she scrubbed herself with a little block of pumice, legs and thighs, loins and chest and arms, until her skin was scratched and red When she had dried herself she stood in front of a mirror in her bedroom and looked at her body. She tightened her stomach and threw out her chest. She turned and looked over her shoulder at her back

After a while she began to dress slowly She put on her newest under-clothing and her nicest stockings and the dress which was the symbol of her prettiness. She worked carefully on her hair, pencilled her eyebrows, and rouged her lips.

Before she was finished she heard the little thunder of hoofs and the shouts of Henry and his helper as they drove the red steers into the corral. She heard the gate bang shut and set herself for Henry's arrival.

His step sounded on the porch. He entered the house calling, "Elisa, where are you?"

"In my room, dressing I'm not ready. There's hot water for your bath. Hurry up. It's getting late."

When she heard him splashing in the tub, Elisa laid his dark suit on the bed, and shirt and socks and tie beside it She stood his polished shoes on the floor beside the bed. Then she went to the porch and sat primly and stiffly down. She looked toward the river road where the willow-line was still yellow with frosted leaves so that under the high gray fog they seemed a thin band of sunshine. This was the only color in the gray afternoon She sat unmoving for a long time.

Henry came banging out of the door, shoving his tie inside his vest as he came. Elisa stiffened and her face grew tight. Henry stopped short and looked at her. "Why — why, Elisa. You look so nice!"

"Nice? You think I look nice? What do you mean by 'nice'?"

Henry blundered on. "I don't know. I mean you look different, strong and happy."

"I am strong? Yes, strong. What do you mean 'strong'?"

He looked bewildered. "You're playing some kind of a game," he said helplessly. "It's a kind of a play. You look strong enough to break a calf over your knee, happy enough to eat it like a watermelon."

For a second she lost her rigidity. "Henry! Don't talk like that. You didn't know what you said." She grew complete again. "I am strong," she boasted. "I never knew before how strong."

Henry looked down toward the tractor shed, and when he brought his eyes back to her, they were his own again. "I'll get out the car. You can put on your coat while I'm starting."

Elisa went into the house. She heard him drive to the gate and idle down his motor, and then she took a long time to put on her hat. She pulled it here and pressed it there. When Henry turned the motor off she slipped into her coat and went out.

The little roadster bounced along on the dirt road by the river, raising the birds and driving the rabbits into the brush. Two cranes flapped heavily over the willow-line and dropped into the river-bed.

Far ahead on the road Elisa saw a dark speck in the dust. She suddenly felt empty. She did not hear Henry's talk. She tried not to look; she did not want to see the little heap of sand and green shoots, but she could not help herself. The chrysanthemums lay in the road close to the wagon tracks. But not the pot, he had kept that. As the car passed them she remembered the good bitter smell, and a little shudder went through her. She felt ashamed of her strong planter's hands, that were no use, lying palms up in her lap.

The roadster turned a bend and she saw the caravan ahead. She swung full round toward her husband so that she could not see the little covered wagon and the mismatched team as the car passed.

In a moment they had left behind them the man who had not known or needed to know what she said, the bargainer. She did not look back.

To Henry she said loudly, to be heard above the motor, "It will be good, to-night, a good dinner."

"Now you're changed again," Henry complained. He took one hand from the wheel and patted her knee. "I ought to take you in to dinner oftener. It would be good for both of us. We get so heavy out on the ranch."

"Henry," she asked, "could we have wine at dinner?"

"Sure. Say! That will be fine."

She was silent for a while; then she said, "Henry, at those prize fights do the men hurt each other very much?"

"Sometimes a little, not often. Why?"

"Well, I've read how they break noses, and blood runs down their

chests. I've read how the fighting gloves get heavy and soggy with blood."

He looked round at her. "What's the matter, Elisa? I didn't know you read things like that." He brought the car to a stop, then turned to the right over the Salinas River bridge.

"Do any women ever go to the fights?" she asked

"Oh, sure, some What's the matter, Elisa? Do you want to go? I don't think you'd like it, but I'll take you if you really want to go."

She relaxed limply in the seat "Oh, no. No I don't want to go I'm sure I don't" Her face was turned away from him "It will be enough if we can have wine It will be plenty" She turned up her coat collar so he could not see that she was crying weakly — like an old woman.

Interpreting Your Reading

From the first section of the story what impression do you gain of Elisa, of her relationship with her husband, of the satisfactoriness of her way of life? Characterize the stranger as fully as you can. What is the effect of his visit upon Elisa? How do you account for it? What does she imply when she whispers, "That's a bright direction There's a glowing there"? What does Henry mean when he says that Elisa looks "nice"? When he calls her "strong"? What happens to this "strength" when she sees the chrysanthemums on the road? Would you make any connection between Elisa and the chrysanthemums as a symbol? Explain Elisa's sudden interest in violence and blood Do you think that wine with dinner was a sufficient sublimation of her passions? Were her tears from anger, from sorrow, from taut nerves? What can you infer about Elisa's future from this story?

WALKING WOUNDED

Irwin Shaw

Playwright and short-story writer, Irwin Shaw (1913-) is well known to readers of American magazines, particularly The New Yorker, Collier's, and Esquire. He was born in New York City and educated at Brooklyn College. During the War he served with the Signal Corps in North Africa and the Middle East, in England, France, and Germany, and was a writer for Yank and the Stars and Stripes. Mr Shaw's plays include Bury the Dead (1936) and The Assassin (1945) In 1944 he was the recipient of the O. Henry Memorial Award for the year's best short story His latest volume of collected stories is Act of Faith (1946), from which "Walking Wounded" is taken His first novel, The Young Lions, appeared in 1948.

HE WONDERED what had happened to the curtains. He lay stiffly on the bed, listening, with the old irritated tightening of the nerves, to the wild and grating hubbub of the Cairo street outside his window, the insane wailing of newsboys, the everlasting iron drip of garry-horses' hooves, the pained yelps of peddlers. The sun, bright and hurtful as hot nickel, cut in through the open windows. On the floor lay the curtains, torn, with bits of cord still running from them to the top of the windows, like a ruptured spider web.

"What happened to the curtains?" he asked. His voice felt dry and sandy in his throat and the right side of his head began to ache.

Mac was shaving at the washstand. His beard made a crinkly, Spartan sound against the razor. "Last night," Mac said, without turning. "In the excitement."

"What excitement?"

"You pulled the curtains down."

"Why?"

Mac shaved quietly and intently around the short, soldierly mustache. "Don't know," he said. "Either you wanted to throw me out, or throw yourself out, or just tear down the curtains."

"Oh, God!"

Mac scrubbed his face with water. "Pretty drunk, Peter," he said.

"What else did I do?"

"Two lieutenants and a major. In the lounge. Ten minutes of insults."

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"A major, Christ!" Peter closed his eyes.

"I think you hit a lieutenant" Mac's voice was muffled in a towel. "Anyway, you hit something. Your hand's all cut up"

Peter opened his eyes and looked at his hand. Across the back of it, there was a wide, ugly wound, just beginning to puff up around the edges. As he looked at it, he realized that it was hurting him.

"I poured iodine over it," Mac said. "You won't die."

"Thanks." Peter let his hand drop, licked his dry lips. "What did I say to the major?"

"'Base wallah.' 'Imperial vulture.' 'Gezira bloodsucker.' 'Headquarters hangman.'"

"That's enough." The right side of Peter's head hurt very strongly for a moment.

"You were a little unfair," Mac said calmly. "He was a nice type. Been in the desert three years. Just come back from Sicily with dysentery. Wounded twice. Been attached to headquarters four days."

"Oh, Christ," Peter said. "Oh, Christ."

The room was silent as Mac put on his shirt and combed his hair.

"Get his name?" Peter asked finally.

"Major Robert Lewis. Might be a good idea to say good morning."

"How about the lieutenants?"

Mac took out his notebook. "MacIntyre and Clark," he read. "They await your pleasure."

Peter sat up and swung his legs over the side of the bed. The room faded and glittered for a moment and he had to hold on to the bed when he stood up.

"Some day, soon," he said, "I have to stop drinking."

"A little whisky," Mac said kindly, "is good for the soul. Anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks."

Mac stood at the door.

"Mac . . ."

"Yes, Captain . . . ?" Tiny, astringent, helpful mockery in the title.

"Mac, this is the first time anything like this ever happened to me."

"I know," Mac said softly. He went quietly out of the room.

Peter walked slowly over to the wash basin, looked at himself in the mirror. The familiar long, thin face, the uneven dotted crenelation of his wound across his forehead, the strange dark mark in the eye that had been blind for three weeks, all seeming to tremble slightly now in the bitter sunlight, as it had trembled for two months.

He shaved carefully and went to take a shower. He came back, feeling better, and put on fresh clothes. He switched his tabs with the three pips to his clean shirt, looking absently and automatically to see if there was any lipstick on them. Three and a half years ago, at Arras, there had been

lipstick one morning, and he had walked around all day long, ignorant, wondering why smiles hid on sergeants' lips.

Then he went down to apologize to the major.

He sat at his desk, sweating. The heat of Egypt was like the inside of a balloon. The balloon was being constantly filled, the pressure getting greater and greater. Typewriters clicked drily in the swelling air, and flies, the true owners of Egypt, whirled cleverly and maliciously before his eyes.

Sergeant Brown, his thick glasses clouded with sweat, clumped in and put a stack of papers on his desk, clumped out again. The back of Sergeant Brown's shirt was soaked where he had been pressing against the back of a chair, and sweat ran in trickles down his infantryman legs to the heavy wool socks and gaiters.

Peter stared at the stack of papers. Ruled forms and tiny and intricate notations that had to be gone over slowly, corrected, signed.

Outside, a donkey brayed painfully. It sounded like an immense wooden machine, in agony, wood grating against wood, incredibly loud. It made the little, paper-stacked room seem hotter than ever.

Peter re-read the letter he had received that morning from Italy. "... I am taking the liberty of answering your letter to Col. Sands, who was badly wounded last week. I am afraid there is nothing we can do about requesting your being posted to this regiment, as there is no provision in our establishment for medically graded officers."

The donkey brayed again outside. It sounded like the death of all the animals of Egypt on this hot morning.

Peter stared at the papers on his desk. Three flies danced over them, lighted, swept off. The typewriters rattled flatly in the heat. He took the top paper off the pile, looked at it. The figures leapt and wavered in the heat and a drop of sweat fell from his forehead and mistily covered a 3, a 7, an 8. His hands glistened in little sick beads and the paper felt slippery under his fingers. Hobnails sounded on the marble floor in the corridor, ostentatious and over-military among the clerks and filing cabinets. His throat burned drily with the fifteenth cigarette of the morning.

He stood up jerkily and took his hat and went out. In the corridor he passed Mrs. Burroughs. She was a tall, full-bodied girl who wore flowered prints and always seemed to manage silk stockings. She was going home to England to divorce her husband, who was a lieutenant in India. She was going to marry an American air-force major who had been switched to London from Cairo. She was very pretty and she had a soft, hesitant voice, and her bosom was always oppressively soft and noticeable under the flowered prints.

She smiled at him, hesitant, polite, gentle. She had two rosebuds clasped in her dark hair. "Good morning," she said, stopping, her voice

cool, shy, inviting in the drab corridor. She always tried to stop him, talk to him

"Good morning," Peter said stiffly. He never could look squarely at her. He looked down. No silk stockings this morning. The pretty legs bare, the skin firm and creamy. He had a sudden, hateful vision of Mrs Burroughs landing in London, running to be crushed in the arms of the American major in the press of Waterloo Station, her eyes bright with tears of love and gratitude, her husband, used and forgotten, in India . . .

"I'm going to Groppi's," he heard himself say, surprisingly. "Tea. Would you like to join me?"

"Sorry," Mrs. Burroughs said, her voice sounding genuinely sorry. "So much work. Some other time I'd be delighted . . ."

Peter nodded awkwardly, went out. He hated Mrs Burroughs.

The street was full of heat, beggars, dirt, children with fly-eaten eyes, roaring army lorries. He put on his hat, feeling his forehead, wet and warm, rebel under the wool. A drunken New Zealander, at eleven o'clock in the morning, wobbled sorrowfully in the full glare of the sun, hatless, senseless, left of dignity, 7,000 miles from his green and ordered island.

Groppi's was cooler, dark and shaded. The red-fezzed waiters in the long white gaballiehs moved quietly through the pleasant gloom. Two American sergeants with gunners' wings on their shirts solemnly were drinking two ice-cream sodas apiece.

Peter had tea and read the morning paper. The birth rate had gone up in England and an American magazine had suggested that Princess Elizabeth marry an American. The *Egyptian Mail* reprinted it with approval in a flood of Anglo-American feeling. After six years, somebody said in Parliament, men in the forces were to be sent home. The Russians were pouring across the Dnieper. Peter always saved the Russian news for last. Every step the Russians took was that much nearer home, nearer the rugged and manly weather of Scotland, nearer Anne . . .

He tried to think of Anne, what she looked like, what her skin felt like. He looked up at the ceiling and half closed his eyes to shut out the tea and ice-cream shop, to close out Egypt, summer, war, army, distance, absence, close out everything but his wife. But he couldn't remember what she looked like. He remembered the dress she wore when they were married and the inn they'd stayed at after Dunkirk and what they'd played at the concert the last night in London, and he remembered that he loved her. But her face, the sound of her voice . . . Lost. She refused to have photographs taken of her. Some whim or female superstition, far away in England . . .

He paid and went out and started back to his office. But when he stood in front of the peeling, ornately balconied, sand-bagged building and thought of the small, hot office, the endless papers, the sweat and hobnails, he couldn't go in. He turned and walked slowly down the street.

He looked at his watch. Still an hour before the bars opened. He walked on the shady side, erect and soldierly, slowly, like a man with a grave purpose. A horribly dirty woman with a horribly dirty child, as dirty and street-worn as only Egyptians can be, followed him, whining, for half a block. Peter didn't walk any faster, although he felt his nerves jerking at the sound of the woman's voice.

The woman left him finally, and he walked deliberately through the crowded streets, stopping from time to time to peer into shop windows French perfume, women's dresses, mangoes, books, photographs, his mind recorded heavily. He went into the photographer's and had his picture taken, refusing to smile, looking soberly square into the camera, intimidating the photographer. He would send the picture to Anne. Three years. How long could a woman be expected to remember a man? His face would stare solemnly at her morning, noon, and night, crying, "Remember me, remember your husband . . ."

Out in the street again he resumed his grave pacing down the shady side of the street. Fifteen minutes more and the bars would open. He grinned crookedly to himself as he thought of his pose before the camera, frozen Scotch passion grimly and puritanically peering across three years and two oceans. Anne would probably giggle at the absurdly stern, accusing face.

"Officer, wanna lady, wanna lady?"

Peter looked down. A tiny, filthy ten-year-old boy, barefooted, in a torn, bag-like single garment, was smiling up at him conspiratorially, pulling at his blouse.

"French lady," the boy whispered wickedly. "Fine French lady."

Peter stared at him disbelievingly, then broke into a roar of laughter. The boy, after a moment of doubt, also laughed.

"No, thank you, sir," Peter said.

The boy shrugged, grinned up at him. "Officer," he said, "cigarette?"

Peter gave him a cigarette and lit it for him and the boy darted off, to try the French lady on a Polish corporal.

The bar had a nice beery smell and was dark and cool and the bartender drew eight glasses at a time, letting the foam settle whitely on the glass rims.

"The two lieutenants," Peter was saying, "were a little stuffy, but the major was fine."

"I knew he would be," Mac said. "I talked to him last night."

"I had breakfast with him," Peter waved for two more beers, "and he guessed he'd be doing the same thing himself if he had to hang around this town five months."

Mac comfortably drained his beer.

"The birth rate in England," Peter said, "has gone up. I read it in the

Mail this morning There're three million Englishmen out of the country and the birth rate's rocketing. . . ." He heard his own voice loud and angry and humorless. "How in the name of God do they dare print things like that?" He saw Mac grinning widely, but he couldn't stop. "Who're the fathers? Where're the fathers? Bloody damned newspaper!"

"My," Mac said, "you have it bad today"

Suddenly Peter realized that Mac, placid and tolerant, was bearing a great deal of the burden of Peter's nerves

"Mac," he said quietly, "Forgive me"

"Uh?" Mac looked at him, surprised

"Wailing Wall Crome Agony, Cairo division" Peter shook his head in disgust "I keep feeding it to you seven days a week."

"Oh, shut up I've lived with lots worse."

"Any time I get on your nerves, sing out, will you?"

"Sure thing. Drink your beer" Mac was embarrassed.

"I must be going a little crazy." Peter looked at his hands, which had taken to trembling in the last few months. The cigarette jerked minutely between his fingers, in a spasmodic rhythm. "This town. When I was with the regiment . . . Oh, hell . . ." The truth was that out in the desert, under the guns, on a pint of water a day, and the sudden air often dire with Stukas, he had been much happier There were no women in the desert, no reminders of a civilized and normal life. There was clean, sterile sand, the noise of armor, thousands of grumbling, good-humored men intimate with an equal death, and above all there was the sense of immense and hardy effort and accomplishment, as first they had held the Afrika Corps and then driven it back Cairo then had been a beautiful town, two days at a time, a hot bath and unlimited Scotch, and sweet clean sheets and relief from the guns. But now, under the dry flood of paper, under the stiffness and pettiness of headquarters politics, under the cheap weight of men who had clung to soft jobs for three years, with the streets full of bare-legged girls, with the war on another continent a thousand miles away . . .

Now the regiment, what was left of it, was broken up. Most of them were in graves on the road to Tunis, others were in hospitals, the rest scattered among other units, after the four years that had started in France. Mac, who had been his platoon sergeant at Arras, calmly instructing the untrained men how to load and fire the guns they had never used before, then taking them out into the fresh May fields of France hunting for parachutists. Himself, who had crawled through the German lines to Dunkirk, who had entered Tripoli the first hour, who had blown up in the jeep outside Mareth, with his driver dead in the air beside him . . . Now, both of them clerks in small offices, chained to paper and civil servants.

"Six years," he said, "some bloody MP said we'd be sent home after

six years. What do you think a woman thinks when she reads that she'll get her man back in only six years?"

"Always remember," Mac grinned, "what Monty said. 'The war can't last more than seven years. We'll run out of paper.'"

"If only I could get back to England," Peter said, "and sleep with my wife for two nights, everything would be all right. Just two nights."

Mac sighed. He was a quiet, efficient, small, matter-of-fact man, noticeably graying, and sighing was strange and incongruous to him. "Peter," he said, "can I talk plainly?"

Peter nodded.

"Peter, you ought to get yourself a girl."

They sat in silence. Peter played somberly with his beer. In France, even though he had just been married, he had been the gay young officer Handsome and debonaire, he had played joyfully and thoughtlessly with the pretty ladies of the country towns at which he'd been stationed, and in Paris, when he'd had a month there, a charming, beautifully dressed wife of a French captain stationed in Algiers.

But when he'd got back to England with the gray-faced remnants of his regiment, after the hideous, bloody days of the break-through and had taken his wife silently into his arms, all frivolity, all smallness and lack of faith had seemed wanton and irreligious in the face of so much ruin, such agony. Leaving England for Africa, he had felt that behind him he had to leave the best part of his life orderly and decent.

"Maybe," he said to Mac, "Maybe . . ."

"A man's got to be practical," Mac said. "Three years. Oh, my God!"

Peter had to smile at the drastic expression on the practical man's face.

"You'll just explode," Mac said, "and blow away."

Peter laughed loudly, nervously. "Whisky," he said, "provides certain compensations."

"Whisky," Mac said grimly, "will send you home a doddering wreck. You'll do no one any good that way."

"Maybe. Maybe . . ." Peter shrugged. "Anyway, I hate these women out here. Having the best time of their lives. Ugly, impossible girls no one would ever look at in peacetime, just because there are a hundred men for every woman . . . Snobbish, over-confident . . . Bitches, all of them. A man has to sacrifice all decent, male pride to chase after one of these . . ." He talked faster and faster, all the bitter observation of the past years flooding to his tongue. "They demand abasement, homage, the ugliest, horrible and meanest of them. Women," he said, "have been among the most horrible of the war's casualties. All humility's gone, all normal value, all friendship. They're man-greedy. They're profiteering on the war, like the worst usurer and manufacturer of machine-tools, except that their profits are lieutenants and generals, not cash. After the war," he said, "we should have rehabilitation hospitals for women who have been

in troop areas, just like the hospitals for maimed men, to teach them how to live normal lives again . . .”

Mac was laughing by now, helplessly, into his beer. “Enough,” he said. “Enough, John Knox! All I wanted to say is that I have a date tonight, and my girl has a friend who’s just come from Jerusalem and it might do you a world of good just to have dinner with a woman for once. Do you want to go?”

Peter flushed, looked down at the beer-ringed table. “I won’t even know how to talk to a woman any more”

“Do you want to go?”

Peter opened his mouth, closed it “All right,” he said. “All right.”

“Jerusalem is nice enough . . .” It was on the dance floor at the Auberge des Pyramides, under the stars, with the three great tombs standing huge and a rebuke to time in the darkness just outside the lights and the music Joyce was talking as they went slowly and painfully around the dance floor. “The city’s clean, and the King David’s an amusing hotel, but the people’re simply dreadful” She had a brittle, drawling voice, pitched just high enough so that everyone near by could hear clearly what she was saying. “There,” she said brightly, as Peter managed a full turn, “we’re doing much better, aren’t we?”

“Yes,” Peter said, sweating in the heavy Nile heat, only slightly tempered by night, as he tried to concentrate on the beat of the music Joyce’s voice distracted him and put him off and somehow she never seemed to stop talking. She worked in the consular service and by nine-thirty Peter had a full store of information on the doings of the consulate in Jerusalem for the last year and a half, at which time Joyce had come out from England. He had hardly said a word all night, stammering, half finishing sentences, suffering, feeling like the clumsiest farmer. Still, she was pretty, most desirable in a full white evening gown (“We always dress in Jerusalem”), with full, sleek shoulders bare and daring under the gay lights

“That’s King Farouk. . . .” For the first time all evening her voice dropped a bit. “Isn’t it?”

Peter looked. “Yes,” he said.

“Isn’t he attractive? What an original beard!”

Peter looked at King Farouk. “He looks like a fat, self-satisfied young man,” Peter said, the first full sentence he had got out all evening “And I understand he grew the beard because he has a terrible case of acne”

“Dance around the edge of the dance floor,” Joyce whispered. “I’d like people to see me.”

Dutifully and heavily Peter danced around the edge of the floor until the music stopped. He followed Joyce to the table. Joyce smiled vivaciously at seven or eight officers seated at various tables throughout the establishment.

"It's amazing," she said, brightly and loudly, "how many men I know in Cairo." They sat down. There was an awful silence while Peter wondered where in the name of God Mac was, and his girl, and Joyce smiled prettily first at one table, then another.

"Are you married?" Peter heard his voice, crooked and rasping, asking inexplicably. For the first time that evening Joyce gave him her undivided attention.

"Why," she said, looking at him queerly and coldly, "what a strange question!"

"It's just that there's a girl around my office," Peter said, almost dazedly. "Married to a lieutenant in India. Marrying an American major in London . . ." The expression on Joyce's face became more and more strained. "I don't know what made me think of her," Peter said lamely.

"No," Joyce said coldly, "I'm not married."

"I am," Peter said, despairingly.

"Really?" Joyce smiled automatically at a colonel four tables away.

"My wife," said Peter, not knowing why he was talking, feeling his tongue too loose from the drinking that had been continuous since six that evening, "my wife is a woman of admirable character, although I can't remember what she looks like. Her name is Anne. She works for the Air Ministry in Manchester. After Dunkirk, I was stationed on the beach at Dover for five months. I used to manage to get away week-ends. We'd just stay in one room and just look at each other. After France . . . I felt as though my wife had healed me of a dreadful disease. She healed me of mud and death and friends dying on all sides. She's most beautiful, but I don't remember what she looks like. She's very calm and simple and her voice is low, although I don't remember that, either. I sent her my photograph today. Six years is too long for a man to expect a woman to remember him. Someone ought to tell Parliament that . . . Don't you think?"

Joyce was staring at him, her mouth frozen to one side. "Yes," she said.

"If I could only see her for two nights . . ." Well, finally, the thought crossed his consciousness, the lady from Jerusalem is listening to me. "Right before I came out here, I was moved to another beach. It was raining. Autumn and miserable and barbed wire at the high-tide marks and mines all over the beaches. I called her long-distance and she told me she had a week and asked me if she should come down. I told her no. It was so miserable. Cheap little shacks waiting for the Germans in the rain. I knew we were leaving for Africa and I didn't want our last days together to be dreary, in that abominable place. I told her no, but she said, 'You wait right there. I'm coming down tonight.'" Suddenly, above the dance music in the Valley of the Nile, Peter remembered what his wife's voice had sounded like, merry and sensual and confidently commanding over the faulty wires on that autumn night on a wet beach on the English Channel. "She came down and we had the week together,

and the rain and the barbed wire made no difference at all. I've never been so gay, and it was early in the war, and we always had a coal-fire and hot rum and lovely heavy breakfasts, with the curtains still drawn. And never a tear when she left And I started for Africa singing in my heart " He was talking straight ahead to the pyramids in the ancient desert darkness now, not to the silly, bare-shouldered girl across the table "I haven't heard from her in two months Not a letter in two months " He shrugged "After the war," he said, "I'm going to go in for politics I'm going to stand for Parliament There must be somebody in Parliament who knows what a war is like, who knows that one war is enough, six years is too much . . . "

"Why, Joyce, how nice!" It was the colonel, standing gallantly at the table "Dance?"

Joyce looked doubtfully at Peter. Peter stood up, a little unsteadily "Delighted," he said ambiguously Without looking at Peter, Joyce went off with the colonel, smiling impartially at dozens of officers in Sam Browne belts as she danced on the edge of the floor

Peter hazily watched the flashing plump white dress among the brave khaki and brass pips. He passed his hand over his eyes, thinking, as he remembered his outburst, God, I must be going crazy.

He saw a captain step in and dance with Joyce, then an American major. "The world," he said softly to himself, "is full of American majors " He laughed gently to himself, stood up, walked slowly out of the night club Outside, with the music thin and distant in his ears, the pyramids loomed, crumbling in the darkness, in memory of the unremembered dead.

He got into a cab and started for Cairo.

When the cab got to Gezira Island, he tapped the driver on the shoulder. "Sporting Club," he said.

The old, wheezing taxi laboriously turned. "I need a drink," Peter told himself seriously. "I need a drink very badly." He thought of old Mac caught there with two girls and the tremendous bill. He felt badly about it, but he'd pay his share, although it would mean considerably less drinking for the rest of the month. But he couldn't stay with that damned girl. The truth was he couldn't stay with any girl. Anne, unphotographed, in Manchester . . . Still, she should write more often than once every two months. . . .

The bar at Gezira was still open. There were some South Africans and some American fliers lounging against it. One of the American fliers was singing, in a soft Southern voice, "Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me . . . "

"Scotch," Peter said to the bartender, feeling for the first time that evening, a cessation of loneliness, his constant climate.

"Fo' Ah'm gawn t' Alabama, with mah banjo on mah knee . . . " the American pilot sang sweetly and happily

"Gin and lime," said one of the South Africans, a gigantic captain with

huge bare arms, whom the others called Lee. "Gin and lime all around" He turned to Peter "What're you drinking, Captain?"

"I've ordered, thanks." Peter smiled at him.

"Man says he's ordered," the American pilot sang "What do you know about that? British captain says he's ordered. Order again and order again, oh Captain, order again . . ."

The bartender put two Scotches in front of Peter, grinning The huge South African captain poured it all into one glass They lifted their glasses.

"To South Africa," one of the Americans said.

They drank

"To sergeants" The American who had been singing grinned at a large South African lieutenant with a mustache The lieutenant looked around him uneasily "Quiet, please," he said "I'll be in jail five years"

"This gentlemen looks like a gentlemen." Lee put his arm around the lieutenant with the mustache. "Doesn't he?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"Jail," said the lieutenant with the mustache

"He's not a gentleman He is a sergeant. He is my bloody sergeant from my bloody company"

"Ten years," said the lieutenant with the mustache.

"We're all AWOL, Sergeant Monks, lieutenant for the evening, Lieutenant Fredericks . . ." He waved to a slightly smaller red-headed South African down the bar "And myself We're farmers Independent men When the bloody O C said 'no leaves,' we said farewell Sixty miles out on the desert for three weeks. Miserable little clerk of an O.C Sergeant, I said, here's a pip. Take off those bloody stripes We wish to show you the glories of Shepheard's and Gezira, so that you can come back and dazzle the poor bastards in the other ranks with tales of the high life of Cairo"

"I've been talking to brigadiers all afternoon and evening," Monks complained "Wearing on the nerves."

"If the O.C. shows up, it's all taped," Lee said "I grab Monks by one arm, Freddy grabs him by the other. 'We've just arrested the bugger, sir,' we say. 'Impersonating an officer.'"

"Ten years," Monks said, grinning. "This round is on me."

Peter laughed. He lifted his glass. "To sergeants everywhere." They all drank.

"On my right," said Lee, "is the American Air Force."

The American Air Force raised its glasses at Peter and the pilot who sang started in on "Chattanooga Choo-choo." There were two lieutenants and a twenty-four-year-old major.

"The American Air Force is going home," said Lee. "Their tour is over. Home by way of England. The infantry's tour is never over Oh, the poor, stinking, bloody infantry, their tour is never over . . ."

"Unskilled labor," one of the pilots said calmly. "We're delicate and highly sensitive mechanisms. We are war-weary. Our Schneiders are low as an Egyptian whore. We've bombed too many places. We've seen too much flak. We are lopsided from wearing ribbons. We are going home now to instruct the young how to shoot."

"I am going home to play with my wife," the twenty-four-year-old major said soberly.

"The infantry is not under the same Awful Strain," said the pilot who had been singing. "All they have to do is walk in and be shot. Their nerves are not stretched to the breaking point like ours. Captain," he said, leaning back and talking to Peter, "you look a little war-weary yourself."

"I'm pretty war-weary," Peter said.

"He looks sensitive," the major said. "He looks fine and sensitive enough to be at least a navigator. He looks like Hamlet on a rough night."

"I was in the tanks," Peter said.

"It's possible," said the major, "to get war-weary in a tank, too, I suppose."

"It's possible," Peter said, grinning.

". . . breakfast in Carolina . . ." sang the musical pilot.

"When're you leaving for home?" Peter asked.

"6 A.M. tomorrow. 0600 hours, as they say in the army," said the major.

"Five or six glorious days in London among our brave English Allies and cousins," said the other pilot, "and then the Stork Club, the Harvard-Yale football game, all the blonde, full-bosomed, ribbon-conscious, lascivious American girls . . ."

"London," said Peter. "I wish I were going with you."

"Come along," said the major expansively. "We have a nice empty Liberator. Pleased to have you. Closer relations with our British comrades. Merely be at the airport at 0600 hours, as they say in the army."

"Did you see," asked the singing pilot, "in the *Mail* today? Some idiot wants Princess Elizabeth to marry an American."

"Excellent idea," said the major. "Some upstanding representative citizen of the Republic. Post-war planning on all fronts. My nomination for Prince Escort is Maxie Rosenbloom."

Everyone considered the suggestion gravely.

"You could do worse," the pilot said.

"Infusion of sturdy American stock into an aging dynasty," the major said. "The issue would be strongly built, with good left hands . . ."

"Do you mean it?" Peter asked. "You really could take me?"

"Delighted," the Major said.

The singing pilot started in on "All Alone," and everyone but Peter joined him. Peter stared unseeingly at the glasses and bottles behind the bar. In three days he could be home. Three days and he could walk into Anne's room, quietly, unannounced, smiling a little tremulously as she

looked up unsuspectingly. Maybe it was possible. He had had no leave since he'd come to Africa, except for two weeks' convalescent. He could go immediately to Colonel Foster's apartment, explain to him. Colonel Foster liked him, was very sympathetic. If he gave him a written order, releasing him from duty for twenty-one days, he, Peter, would undertake to get transportation back. Somehow, somehow . . . He would take all the responsibility himself. He was sure that Colonel Foster, who was a good soul, would do it.

Peter stood up straight. He spoke to the American major "Perhaps I'll see you at six o'clock"

"Fine," the major said heartily. "It's going to be a great trip. We're loaded with Scotch." He waved as Peter turned and left the bar.

"All alone, by the telephone . . ." the wailing, mocking voices quavered in the night. Peter got into a taxicab and gave Colonel Foster's address.

He felt he was trembling. He closed his eyes and leaned back. It was all absolutely possible. England was only three days away. Two weeks there and the desert and the guns and the dying and ruled paper and heat and loneliness and insane expanding tension would disappear. He could face the rest of the war calmly, knowing that he would not explode, would not lose his reason. It was possible. Men were going home to their wives. That American major. All so cheerful and matter-of-fact about it. England in three days, after the three years . . . Colonel Foster would most certainly say yes. Peter was sure of it as the taxi drove up to the dark building where Colonel Foster lived. Peter paid the driver and looked up. The colonel's window was alight, the only one in the entire building. Peter felt his breath coming fast. It was a symbol, an omen. The man was awake. His friend, who could give him England tonight with five strokes of a pen, by luck was wakeful in the quiet night, when all the rest of the city slept around him. It would be irregular, and Colonel Foster would be running some risk, but he had rank enough and was independent enough to take the chance. . . .

Peter rang the night-bell to the side of the locked doors of the apartment building. Far in the depths of the sleeping stone and brick, a forlorn and distant bell sang weirdly.

As he waited for the hall-boy to open the doors, Peter hastily rehearsed his story. No leave in three years. The tension getting worse and worse. Medically graded, no chance of getting to an active unit. Regiment disbanded. Work deteriorating. Given to sudden fits of temper and what could only be described as melancholia, although a doctor wouldn't believe it until it was too late. He knew the British Army couldn't provide transportation, but here were these Americans with an empty Liberator. He'd get back somehow.

As he went over it, in the darkness, with the far-away bell sounding

as though it were ringing at the bottom of a troubled sea, Peter was sure the logic was irrefutable, Foster couldn't refuse.

When the hall-boy finally opened the door, Peter sprang past him, raced up the steps, too impatient to take the elevator.

He was panting when he rang Colonel Foster's bell, and the sweat was streaming down the sides of his face. He rang the bell sharply, twice. He heard his breath whistling into his lungs, and he tried to compose himself, so that Colonel Foster would think him absolutely calm, absolutely lucid . . .

The door opened. The figure at the door was silhouetted against the yellowish light behind it.

"Colonel," Peter said, panting, "I'm so glad you're up. I must talk to you. I hate to disturb you, but . . ."

"Come in." The door was opened wider and Peter strode down the hall, into the living room. He heard the door close and turned around. "I . . ." he began. He stopped. The man who was standing there was not Colonel Foster. It was a large, red-faced man, bald, in a tattered red bathrobe. He had a mustache and tired eyes and he was holding a book in his hand. Peter looked at the book *The Poems of Robert Browning*.

The man stood there, waiting, pulling his bathrobe a little tighter, a curious little smile on his weary face.

"I . . . I saw the light, sir," Peter said. "I thought Colonel Foster would be up and I took the liberty of . . . I had some business with . . ."

"Colonel Foster doesn't live here," the man said. His voice was clipped and military, but tired, aging. "He moved out a week ago."

"Oh," Peter said. He suddenly stopped sweating. He swallowed, made a conscious effort to speak quietly. "Do you know where he lives, sir?"

"I'm afraid not. Is there anything I can do, Captain? I'm Colonel Gaines." He smiled, false teeth above the old robe. "That's why when you said Colonel, at the door, I . . ."

"No, sir," Peter said. "Nothing, sir. I'm dreadfully sorry. This time of night . . ."

"Oh, that's all right." The man waved a little embarrassedly. "I never go to sleep. I was reading."

"Well . . . Thank you, sir. Good night."

"Uh . . ." the man looked hesitatingly at him, as though he felt that somehow Peter should be helped in some dubious, obscure way. "Uh — perhaps a drink. I have some whisky I was just going to — for myself . . ."

"No, thank you, sir," Peter said. "I'd better be getting along."

Clumsily, they went down the passage together to the door. The man opened the door. He stood there, red-faced, huge, British, like a living Colonel Blimp, lonely and tired, with Robert Browning in the foreign night.

"Good night, sir."

"Good night . "

The door closed and Peter walked slowly down the dark stairs.

Peter started toward his hotel, but the thought of the disordered room and Mac lying there, steadily asleep, steadily and slightly snoring in the next bed, was impossible.

He walked slowly past the dark policemen standing quietly with their rifles on the street corners. Down the street garry-lights, small and flickering and lonesome, wandered past and the sound of the horses' hooves was deliberate and weary.

He came to the English Bridge and stood on the banks of the river, looking at the dark water swirling north toward the Mediterranean. Down the river a felucca, its immense sail spread in a soaring triangle, slowly made its way among the shadows from the trees along the shore. Across the river a minaret, poignant with faith, shone sharp and delicate in the moonlight.

Peter felt spent and drained. A nervous and hysteric pulse pulled at his bad eye and a gigantic sob seemed wedged into his throat.

Overhead, far away, there was the sound of a plane. It came nearer, passed across the stars, died away, going somewhere.

The wedge dislodged and the sob broke out like tears and blood.

Peter closed his eyes and when he opened them again the wild pulse had stopped, his throat was clear. He stared across the river at the minaret, faithful and lovely in the light of the moon, by the side of the old river.

Tomorrow, he thought, tomorrow there may be a letter from home . . .

Interpreting Your Reading

In "Walking Wounded" Mr Shaw has laid the emphasis on the element of frustration — not merely emotional but occupational and moral as well — which played an enormous part in disrupting men's lives and efficiency during the war. What is the significance of the title? Is the setting effectively established? What is its importance in the story? How successful are such minor details as Mrs. Burroughs' divorce, the birth rate in England, the filthy urchins, the reminiscence of the last days with Anne, Joyce's boredom, the volume of Robert Browning's poems? Analyze your reaction to Peter. How do you feel about his tears? about his hope for a letter "tomorrow"? Is the climax of the story (if you can call it that) sufficiently forceful? Would you have ended the story in any other way? Do you feel that Mr. Shaw has overwritten the story in length? in dialogue? in tone? Define galabia, gharry, wallah, pips, gezira, felucca, mangoes. Who are John Knox, King Farouk?

THE WHITE HORSES OF VIENNA

Kay Boyle

*Kay Boyle (1903–) is an American novelist who believes that for her “writing is of so unnational a character that . . . the question of ‘roots’ in any particular soil or tradition is not of any moment.” Born in Minnesota, educated in painting and music in Ohio and Pennsylvania, she has lived most of her life in Haute-Savoie, France, “writing and spending the winters skiing and the summers climbing mountains” Miss Boyle is the wife of the writer Laurance Vail. Her first collection of impressionistic short stories, *Wedding Day*, appeared in 1930. It was followed by three further collections: *First Lover* (1933), *The White Horses of Vienna* (1936), and *The Crazy Hunter* (1940). Striving always for a hard, clear prose style, she complains of the tame conventionality of most women’s writing, excepting, of course, Gertrude Stein’s “*The White Horses of Vienna*” won her the first prize of the O. Henry Memorial Award for 1935.*

THE DOCTOR OFTEN CLIMBED the mountain at night, climbed up behind his own house hour after hour in the dark, and came back to bed long after his two children were asleep. At the end of June he sprained his knee coming down the mountain late. He wrenched it out of joint making his way down with the other men through the pines. They helped him into the house where his wife was waiting and writing letters by the stove, and the agony that he would not mention was marked upon his face.

His wife bound his leg with fresh, wet cloths all through the night, but in the morning the knee was hot with fever. It might be weeks before he could go about again, and there was nothing to do but write to the hospital in Vienna for a student-doctor to come out and take over his patients for a time.

“I’ll lie still for a fortnight or so,” said the doctor, and he asked his wife to bring him the bits of green wood that he liked to whittle and his glazed papers and his fancy tag ends of stuff. He was going to busy himself making new personages for his theater, for he could not stay idle for half an hour. The June sun was strong at that height, and the doctor sat on the *liegestuhl* with his knee bared to the warm light, working like a well man and looking up now and again to the end of the valley where the mountains stood with the snow shining hard and diamond-bright on their brows.

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"You'll never sit still long enough for it to do you any good," said the doctor's wife sharply. She was quite a young, beautiful woman, in spite of her two growing sons and in spite of her husband's ageless, weathered flesh. She was burned from the wind and the snow in winter and burned from the sun at other times of year; she had straight, long, sunburned limbs, and her dark hair was cut short and pushed behind her ears. She had her nurse's degree from Vienna and she helped her husband in whatever there was to do: the broken bones, the deaths, the births. He even did a bit of dentistry too when there was need, and she stood by in her nurse's blouse and mixed the cement and porcelain fillings and kept the instruments clean. Or at night, if they needed her, she climbed the mountain with him and the other men, carrying as well a knapsack of candles over her shoulders, climbing through the twig-broken and mossy silence in the dark.

The doctor had built their house himself with the trees cut down from their forest. The town lay in the high valley, and the doctor had built their house above it on the sloping mountainside. There was no real road leading to it, one had to get to him on foot or else on a horse. It was as if the doctor had chosen this place to build so that the village might leave him to himself unless the need were very great. He had come back to his own country after the years as a prisoner of war in Siberia and after the years of studying in other countries and the years of giving away as a gift his tenderness and knowledge as he went from one wild place to another. He had studied in cities, but he could not live for long in them. He had come back and bought a piece of land in the Tyrol with a pine forest sloping down it, and he built his house there, working throughout the summer months late into the evening with only his two sons and his wife to help him lift the squared, varnished beams into place.

Inside the log walls the doctor made a pure white plaster wall and put his dark-stained bookshelves against it and hung his own paintings of Dalmatia and his drawings of the Siberian country. Everything was as neat and clean as wax, for the doctor was a savagely clean man. He had a coarse, reddish, well-scrubbed skin through which the gold hairs sprang; they sprang out of his scalp, wavy and coarse, and out of his forearms and his muscular, heavy thighs. They would have sprung too round his mouth and along his jaw had he not shaved himself clean every morning. His face was as strong as rock, but such rains of tenderness washed over it that it seemed split apart with love: one side given to anguish, and the other to shelter for everyone else alive.

None of the places where he had been before, Paris or Moscow or Munich or Constantinople, had left an evil mark. None of the grand places or people had ever done to him what they can do. But because of his own strong, humble pride in himself, his shirt was always a white one and of fresh, clean linen no matter what sort of work he was doing. In the

summer he wore the short leather trousers of the country, for he had peasants behind him and he liked to remember that it was so. But the woven stockings that ended just above his calves were perfectly white, and the nails of his broad, coarse hands were white. They were spotless, like the nails of a woman's hand.

The day the student-doctor arrived from Vienna and walked up from the village the doctor and his wife were both out in the sun before the house. She had been hanging the children's shirts up on the line to dry, and she came round to the timber piazza, drying her hands in her dress. The doctor was hopping around on one leg like a great, golden, wounded bird, he was hopping from one place to another, holding his wrenched leg off the ground and seeking the bits of paper and stuff and wood and wire that he needed to make his dolls.

"Let me get the things for you," his wife cried out. "Why must you do everything for yourself? Why can't you let anyone help you?"

The doctor hopped across to the timber table in the sun and picked up the clown's cap he was making and fitted it on the head of the doll he held in his hand. When he turned round he saw the student-doctor coming up the path. He stood still for a moment, with his leg still lifted up behind him, and then his face cleared of whatever was in it and he nodded.

"God greet you," he said quietly, and the young man stopped too where he was on the path and looked up at them. He was smiling in his long, dark, alien face, but his city shoes were foul with the soft mud of the mountainside after rain and the sweat was standing out on his brow because he was not accustomed to the climb.

"Good day," he said, as city people said it. The doctor and his wife stood looking down at him, and a little wave of pallor ran under the woman's skin.

The doctor had caught a very young fox in the spring, and it had now grown to live in the house with them without shyness or fear. The sound of their voices and the new human scent on the air brought it forth from the indoor dark of the house. It came out without haste, like a small, gentle dog, with its soft, gray, gently lifted brush and its eyes blinking slowly at the sun. It went daintily down the path toward the stranger, holding its brush just out of the mud of the path and with the black bead of its nose smelling the new smell of this other man who had come.

The young doctor from Vienna leaned over to stroke it, and while his head was down the doctor's wife turned to her husband. She had seen the black, smooth hair on the young man's head and the arch of his nose and the quality of his skin. She could scarcely believe what she had seen and she must look into her husband's face for confirmation of the truth. But her husband was still looking down the little space toward the stranger. The fox had raised the sharp point of his muzzle and licked the young doctor's hand.

"Is this a dog or a cat?" the young man called up smiling

"It's a fox," said the doctor, and his face was filled with compassion. The young man came up with his hat in his hand and said that his name was Heine and shook their hands, and the doctor gave no sign

"You live quite a way from the village," said the student-doctor, looking back the way he had come

"You can see the snow mountains from here," said the doctor and he showed the young man the sight of them at the far end of the valley. "You have to climb this high before you can see them," he said "They're closed off from the valley"

This was the explanation of why they lived there, and the young man from the city stood looking a moment in silence at the far, gleaming crusts of the everlasting snows. He was thinking still of what he might say in answer when the doctor asked his wife to show Doctor Heine the room that would be his. Then the doctor sat down in the sun again and went on with the work he had been doing.

"What are we going to do?" said his wife's voice in a whisper behind him in a moment

"What do you mean? About what?" said the doctor, speaking aloud. His crisp-haired head did not lift from his work, and the lines of patience and love were scarred deep in his cheeks as he whittled.

"About *him*," said the doctor's wife in hushed impatience.

"Send one of the boys down for his bag at the station," said the doctor "Give him a drink of *apfelsaft* if he's thirsty."

"But don't you see, don't you see what he is?" asked his wife's wild whisper.

"He's Viennese," said the doctor, working.

"Yes, and he's Jewish," said his wife "They must be mad to have sent him. They know how everyone feels."

"Perhaps they did it intentionally," said the doctor, working carefully with what he had in his hands. "But it wasn't a good thing for the young man's sake. It's harder on him than us. If he works well I have no reason to send him back. We've waited three days for him. There are people sick in the village"

"Ah," breathed his wife in anger behind, "we shall have to sit at the table with him."

"They recommend him highly," said the doctor gently, "and he seems a very amiable young man."

"Ah," said his wife's disgusted whisper, "they all look amiable. Every one of them does."

Almost at once there was a tooth to be pulled, and the young wife was there in her white frock with the instruments ready for the new young man. She stood very close, casting sharp looks at Doctor Heine, watching his slender, delicate hands at work, seeing the dark, silky hairs

that grew on the backs of them and the black hair brushed smooth on his head. Even the joints of his tall, elegant frame seemed to be oiled with some special, suave lubricant that was evil as the Orient to their clean, Nordic hearts. He had a pale skin, unused to the weather of mountain places, and his skull was lighted with bright, quick, ambitious eyes. But at lunch he had talked simply with them, although they were country people and ignorant as peasants for all he knew. He listened to everything the doctor had told him about the way he liked things done, in spite of his modern medical school and his Viennese hospitals, taking it all in with interest and respect.

"The doctor," said the young wife now, "always stands behind the patient to get at teeth like that."

She spoke in an undertone to Doctor Heine so that the peasant sitting there in the dentist chair with the cocaine slowly paralyzing his jaws might not overhear.

"Oh, yes. Thank you so much," said Doctor Heine with a smile, and he stepped behind the patient. "It's quite true. One can get a better grip that way."

But as he passed the doctor's wife the tail of his white coat brushed through the flame of the little sterilizing lamp on the table. Nobody noticed that Doctor Heine had caught fire until the tooth was out and the smell of burning cloth filled the clean, white room. They looked about for what might be smoldering in the place, and in another moment the doctor's wife saw that Doctor Heine was burning very brightly. The back of the white jacket was eaten nearly out and the coat within it was flaming. He had even begun to feel the heat on his shirt when the doctor's wife picked up the strip of rug from the floor and flung it about him. She held it tight round him with her bare, strong arms, and the young man looked back over his shoulder at her and laughed.

"Now I shall lose my job," he said. "The doctor will never stand for me setting fire to myself the first day like this."

"It's my fault," said the doctor's wife, holding him fast still in her arms. "I should have had the lamp out of the way."

She began to beat his back softly with the palm of her hand, and when she carried the rug to the window, Doctor Heine went to the mirror and looked over his shoulder at the sight of his clothes all burned away.

"My new coat!" he said laughing. But it must have been very hard to see the nice, gray flannel coat that he had bought to look presentable for his first place scalloped black to his shoulders where the fire had eaten its covert way.

"I should think I could put a piece in," said the doctor's wife, touching the good cloth that was left. And then she bit her lip suddenly and stood back, as if she had remembered the evil thing that stood between.

When they sat down to supper the little fox settled himself on the

doctor's good foot, for the wool of his stocking was a soft bed where the fox could dream a little while. They had soup and the thick, rosy-meated leg of a pig and salt potatoes, and the children listened to their father and Doctor Heine speaking of music and painting and books. The doctor's wife was cutting the meat and putting it on their plates. It was at the end of the meal that the young doctor began talking of the royal white horses in Vienna, still royal, he said, without any royalty left to bow their heads to, still shouldering into the arena with spirits a man would give his soul for, bending their knees in homage to the empty, canopied loge where royalty no longer sat. They came in, said Doctor Heine in his rich, eager voice, and danced their statuesque dances, their "Pas de Deux," their "Croupade," their "Capriole." They were very impatient of the walls round them and the bits in their soft mouths, and very vain of the things they had been taught to do. Whenever the applause broke out round them, said Doctor Heine, their nostrils opened wide as if a wind were blowing. They were actresses, with the deep, snowy breasts of prima donnas, these perfect stallions who knew to a breath the beauty of even their mockery of fright.

"There was a maharajah," said the young doctor, and the children and their father listened, and the young wife sat giving quick, unwilling glances at this man who had no blood nor knowledge of the land behind him, at this wanderer whose people had wandered from country to country and whose sons must wander, having no land to return to in the end. "There was a maharajah just last year," said Doctor Heine, "who went to the performance and fell in love with one of the horses. He saw it dancing and he wanted to buy it and take it back to India with him. No one else had ever taken a Lippizaner back to his country, and he wanted this special one, the best of them all, whose dance was like an angel flying. So the state agreed that he could buy the horse, but for a tremendous amount of money. They needed the money badly enough, and the maharajah was a very rich man."

Oh, yes, thought the young mother bitterly, you would speak about money, you would come here and climb our mountain and poison my sons with the poison of money and greed! "But no matter how high the price was," said Doctor Heine, smiling because all their eyes were on him, "the maharajah agreed to pay it provided that the man who rode the horse so beautifully came along as well. Oh, yes, the state would allow that too, but the maharajah would have to pay an enormous salary to the rider. He would take him into his employ as the stallion's keeper, and he would have to pay him a salary as big as our own President is paid," said Doctor Heine with a burst of laughter.

"And what then, what then?" said one of the boys as the student-doctor paused to laugh. The whole family was listening, but the mother was filled with sorrow. These things are strange to us, she was thinking. They belong

to more sophisticated people, we do not need them here. The Spanish Riding School, the gentlemen of Vienna, they were as alien as foreign places.

"So it was arranged that the man who rode the horse so well should go along too," said Doctor Heine. "It was finally arranged for a great deal of money," he said, and the mother gave him a look of fury. "But they had not counted on one thing. They had forgotten all about the little groom who had always cared for this special horse and who loved him better than anything else in the world. Ever since the horse had come from the stud farm in Styria the little groom had cared for him, and he believed that they would always be together, he believed that he would go wherever the horse went, just as he had always gone to Salzburg with the horse in the summer, and always come back to Vienna with it in the wintertime again."

"And so what, what happened?" asked the other boy.

"Well," said the student-doctor, "the morning before the horse was to leave with the maharajah and the rider they found that the horse had a deep cut on his leg, just above the hoof in front. Nobody could explain how it had happened; but the horse was so wounded that he could not travel then, and the maharajah said that he could go on without him and that the trainer should bring the horse over in a few weeks when the cut had healed. They did not tell the maharajah that it might be that the horse could never dance so beautifully again. They had the money and they weren't going to give it back so easily," said Doctor Heine, and he laughed as if their shrewdness pleased his soul. "But when the cut had healed," he went on, "and the horse seemed well enough to be sent by the next boat, the trainer found the horse had a cut on the other hoof, exactly where the other wound had been. So the journey was postponed again, and again the state said nothing to the maharajah about the horse being so impaired that it was likely he could never fly like an angel again. But in a few days the horse's blood was so poisoned from the wound that they had to destroy him."

They all waited breathless with pain a moment, and then the doctor's wife said bitterly:

"Even the money couldn't save him, could it?"

"No," said Doctor Heine, a little perplexed. "Of course it couldn't. And they never knew how the cuts had come there until the little groom committed suicide the same day the horse was destroyed. And then they knew that he had done it himself because he couldn't bear the horse to go away."

They were all sitting quietly there at the table, with the dishes and remnants of food still before them, when someone knocked at the outside door. One of the boys went out to open it and he came back with the Heimwehr men following after him, the smooth little black-and-white cockades lying forward in their caps.

"God greet you," said the doctor quietly when he saw them.

"God greet you," said the Heimwehr men

"There's a swastika fire burning on the mountain behind you," said the leader of the soldiers. They were not men of the village, but men brought from other parts of the country and billeted there as strangers to subdue the native people. "Show us the fastest way up there so we can see that it's put out."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," said the doctor, smiling. "You see, I have a bad leg."

"You can point out to us which way the path goes!" said the leader sharply.

"He can't move," said the doctor's wife, standing straight by her chair. "You have reports on everything. You must know very well that he is injured and has had a doctor come from Vienna to look after the sick until he can get round again."

"Yes," said the leader, "and we know very well that he wouldn't have been injured if he stayed home instead of climbing mountains at night."

"Look here," said the student-doctor, speaking nervously and his face gone thin and white, "he can't move a step, you know."

"He'll have to move more than a step if they want him at the *Rathaus* again," said the Heimwehr leader. "There's never any peace as long as he's not locked up."

The young doctor said nothing after they had gone, but he sat quietly by the window, watching the fires burning on the mountains in the dark. They were blooming now on all the black, invisible crests, marvelously living flowers of fire springing out of the arid darkness, seemingly higher than any other things could grow. He felt himself sitting defenseless there by the window, surrounded by these strong, long-burning fires of faith. They were all about him, inexplicable signals given from one mountain to another in some secret gathering of power that cast him and his people out, forever out upon the waters of despair.

The doctor's wife and the children had cleared the table, and the doctor was finishing his grasshopper underneath the light. He was busy wiring its wings to its body, and fastening the long, quivering antennæ in. The grasshopper was colored a deep, living green, and under him lay strong, green-glazed haunches for springing with his wires across the puppet stage. He was a monstrous animal in the doctor's hands, with his great, glassy, gold-veined wings lying smooth along his back.

"The whole country is ruined by the situation," said the student-doctor suddenly angry. "Everything is politics now. One can't meet people, have friends on any other basis. It's impossible to have casual conversations or abstract discussions any more. Who the devil lights these fires?"

"Some people light them because of their belief," said the doctor,

working quietly, "and others travel round from place to place and make a living lighting them"

"Politics, politics," said the student-doctor, "and one party as bad as another. You're much wiser to make your puppets, Herr Doktor. It takes one's mind off things, just as playing cards does. In Vienna we play cards, always play cards, no matter what is happening"

"There was a time for cards," said the doctor, working quietly with the grasshopper's wings "I used to play cards in Siberia, waiting to be free. We were always waiting then for things to finish with and be over," he said "There was nothing to do, so we did that. But now there is something else to do. One's hands are not tied"

He said no more, and in a little while the student-doctor went upstairs to bed. He could hear the doctor's wife and the children still washing the dishes and tidying up, their voices clearly heard through the fresh planks of his new-made floor.

Usually in the evening the doctor played the marionette theater for his wife and children, and for whatever friends wanted to come up the mountainside and see. He had made the theater himself and now he had the new personages he had fashioned while nursing his twisted knee, and a week or two after the student-doctor had come he told them at supper that he would give them a show that night.

"The Burgermeister is coming up with his wife and their young sons," he said, "and the Apotheker and his nephews sent word that they'd drop in as well"

He moved the little fox from where it was sleeping on the wool sock on his foot, and he hopped on his one good leg across the room. Doctor Heine helped him carry the theater to the corner and set it up where the curtains hung, and the doctor hopped, heavy and clean and birdlike, from side to side and behind and before to get the look of the light and see how the curtains drew and fell.

By eight o'clock they were all of them there and seated in the darkened room, the doctor's and the Burgermeister's boys waiting breathless for the curtain to rise, and the Apotheker's nephews smoking in the dark.

"I think it's marvelous, your husband giving plays like this, keeping the artistic thing uppermost even with times as they are," said Doctor Heine quietly to the doctor's wife. "One gets so tired of the same question everywhere, anywhere one happens to be," he said, and she gave him a long, strange, bitter glance from the corners of her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "Yes. I suppose you do think a great deal of art"

"Yes, of course," said Doctor Heine, gulelessly. "Art and science of course."

"Yes," said the doctor's wife, saying the words slowly and bitterly. "Yes. Art and science. What about people being hungry, what about this generation of young men who have never had work in their lives because

the factories have never opened since the War? Where do they come in?"

"Well —" Doctor Heine began, and then the whispered dialogue ended. The curtain had been jerked aside and a wonderful expectancy lay on the air.

The scene before them was quite a simple one: the monstrosly handsome grasshopper was sitting in a field, presumably a field for there were white linen-petalled, yellow-hearted daisies all round him. He was a great, gleaming beauty, and the people watching cried out with pleasure. The doctor's sons could scarcely wait until the flurry of delight had died and the talking had begun.

There were only two characters in the play, and they were the grasshopper and the clown. The clown came out on the stage and joined him after the grasshopper had done his elegant dance. The dance in itself was a masterpiece of grace and wit, with the music of Mozart playing on the gramophone behind. The children cried with laughter and Doctor Heine shouted aloud and the Bürgermeister shook with silent laughter. It lifted its legs so delicately and sprang with such precision this way and that through the ragged-petalled daisies of the field that it seemed to have a life of its own in its limbs, separate from and more sensitive than that given it by any human hand. Even the little fox sat watching in fascination, his bright, unwild eyes shining like points of fire in the dark.

"*Wunderbar, wunderschön!*" Doctor Heine called out. "It's really marvelous! He's as graceful as the white horses at Vienna, Herr Doktor. That step with the forelegs floating! It's extraordinary how you got it without ever seeing it done."

And then the little clown came out on the stage. He came through the daisies of the field, a small, dwarfed clown with a sword ten times too big for him girded round his waist and tripping him at every step as he came. He was carrying a bunch of paper flowers and smiling, and there was something very obsequious about the little clown. There was something very *friseur* about him. He had no smell of the really open country or of the roots of things, while the grasshopper was a fine, green-armored animal, strong and perfectly equipped for the life he had to lead.

The clown had a round, human face and he spoke in a faltering human voice, and the grasshopper was the superthing, speaking in the doctor's tender, ringing voice. Just the sound of the doctor's pure, loving voice released in all its power was enough to make the gulty and weak shake in their seats as if it were some accusation against them. It was a voice as ready for honest anger as it was for gentleness.

"Why do you carry artificial flowers?" the grasshopper asked, and the clown twisted and turned on his feet, so ridiculous in his stupidity that the children and all the others watching laughed aloud in the timber room. "Why do you carry artificial flowers?" the grasshopper persisted. "Don't you see that the world is full of real ones?"

"Oh, it's better I carry artificial ones," said the clown in the humorous accent of the country boor, and he tripped on his sword as he said it. "I'm on my way to my own funeral, *nicht?* I want the flowers to keep fresh until I get there"

Everyone laughed very loud at this, but after a little, as the conversation continued between the grasshopper and the clown, Doctor Heine found he was not laughing as loudly as before. It was now evident that the grasshopper, for no conceivable reason, was always addressed as "The Leader," and the humorous little clown was called "Chancellor" by the grasshopper for no reason at all. The Chancellor was quite the fool of the piece. The only thing he had to support him was a very ludicrous faith in the power of the Church. The Church was a wonderful thing, the clown kept saying, twisting his poor bouquet.

"The cities are full of churches," said The Leader, "but the country is full of God."

The Leader spoke with something entirely different in his voice: he had a wild and stirring power that sent the cold of wonder up and down one's spine. And whatever the argument was the Chancellor always got the worst of it. The children cried aloud with laughter, for the Chancellor was so absurd, so eternally on his half-witted way to lay his bunch of paper flowers on his own or somebody else's grave, and the Leader was ready to waltz away at any moment with the power of stallion life that was leaping in his limbs.

"I believe in independence," the poor, humbly smiling little clown said, and then he tripped over his sword and fell flat among the daisies. The Leader picked him up with his fragile, lovely forelegs and set him against the painting of the sky.

"Ow, *mein Gott*, the clouds are giving away!" cried the clown, and the grasshopper said gently:

"You are relying upon the heavens to support you. Are you afraid they are not strong enough?"

It was one evening in July and the rain had just drawn off over the mountains. There was still the smell of it on the air, but the moon was shining strongly. The student-doctor walked out before the house and watched the light bathing the dark valley, rising over the fertile slopes and the pine forests, running clear as milk above the timberline across the bare, bleached rock. The higher one went, the more terrible it became, he thought, and his heart shuddered within him. There were the rocks, seemingly as high as substance could go, but beyond that, even higher, hidden from the sight of the village people but clearly seen from the doctor's house, was the bend of the glacier and beside it were the peaks of everlasting snow. He was lost in this wilderness of cold, lost in a warm month, and the thought turned his blood to ice. He wanted to be indoors, with

the warmth of his own people, and the intellect speaking. He had had enough of the bare, northern speech of these others who moved higher and higher as the land moved.

It was then that he saw the little lights moving up from the valley, coming like little beacons of hope carried to him. People were moving up out of the moonbathed valley, like a little search party come to seek for him in an alien land. He stood watching the slow, flickering movement of their advance, the lights they carried seen far below, a small necklace of men coming to him; and then the utter white-darkness spread unbroken as they entered the wooded places and their lamps were extinguished by the trees.

"Come to me," he was saying within himself, "come to me. I am a young man alone on a mountain."

The doctor and his wife were sitting at work by the table when Doctor Heine came quickly into the room and said:

"There's some men coming up. They're almost here now. They look to me like the Heimwehr come again."

The doctor's wife stood up and touched the side of the timber wall as if something in it would give her fortitude. Then she went to the door and opened it, and in a moment the Heimwehr men came in.

"God greet you," the doctor said as they gathered round the table.

"God greet you," said the Heimwehr leader. "You're wanted at the *Rathaus*," he said.

"My leg isn't good enough to walk on yet," said the doctor. "How will you get me down?"

"We brought a stretcher along," said the Heimwehr leader. "We have it outside the door."

The doctor's wife went off to fetch his white wool jacket and to wake the two boys in their beds. Doctor Heine heard her saying:

"They're taking father to prison again. Now you must come and kiss him. Neither of you is going to cry."

The men brought the stretcher just within the doorway and the doctor hopped over to it and lay down. He looked very comfortable there under the wool rug that his wife had laid over him.

"Look here," said Doctor Heine, "why do you have to come after a person at night like this? Do you think the Herr Doktor would try to run away from you? What are you up to? What's it all about?"

The Heimwehr leader looked him full in the eyes.

"They got Dollfuss this afternoon," he said. "They shot him down in Vienna. We're rounding them all up to-night. Nobody knows what will happen to-morrow."

"Ah, politics, politics again!" cried Doctor Heine, and he was wringing his hands like a woman about to cry. Suddenly he ran out the door after the stretcher and the men who were bearing the doctor away. He felt for the doctor's hand under the cover and he pressed it in his, and the doctor's

hand closed over his in comfort. "What can I do? What can I do to help?" he said, and he was thinking of the pure white horses of Vienna and of their waltz, like the grasshopper's dance across the stage. The doctor was smiling, his cheeks scarred with the marks of laughter in the light from the hurricane lamps that the men were carrying down.

"You can throw me peaches and chocolate from the street," said the doctor. "My wife will show you where we are. She's not a good shot. Her hand shakes too much when she tries. I missed all the oranges she threw me after the February slaughter."

"What do you like best?" Doctor Heine called down the mountain after him, and his own voice sounded small and senseless in the enormous night.

"Peaches," the doctor's voice called back from the stretcher. "We get so thirsty. . . ."

"I'll remember," said Doctor Heine, his voice calling after the descending lights. He was thinking in anguish of the snow-white horses, the Lippizaners, the relics of pride, the still unbroken vestiges of beauty bending their knees to the empty loge of royalty where there was no royalty any more.

Interpreting Your Reading

In order to understand the tensions and conflicts in this story you must know something of the political situation in Austria leading up to the assassination of Dollfuss in 1934. Be prepared to give an account of the pertinent facts. In the light of it, interpret the puppet play. Is the injured doctor a Nazi? What relationship of the three chief characters would be dictated by the political situation taken in isolation? How do human values alter this relationship? Analyze the means by which Miss Boyle reveals the nature of her three main characters and their interaction. What symbolic use does she make of the white horses of Vienna? Do you find the last sentence of the story a key to the motivation of one of the characters? How would you state the theme of the story? Explain. *liegestuhl, apfelsaft, Heimwehr, Rathaus, pas de deux, Lippizaner, burgermeister, friseur, apotheker.*